WEEK ENDING
OCT. 22, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In this Issue

THE LAW'S DELAY *Tracing the Wanderings of Blind Justice in the* SACCO-VANZETTI CASE

Now—Mandarin Yellow

Extraordinary Beauty in a Pressureless Pen with Non-Breakable Barrel—28% Lighter than rubber

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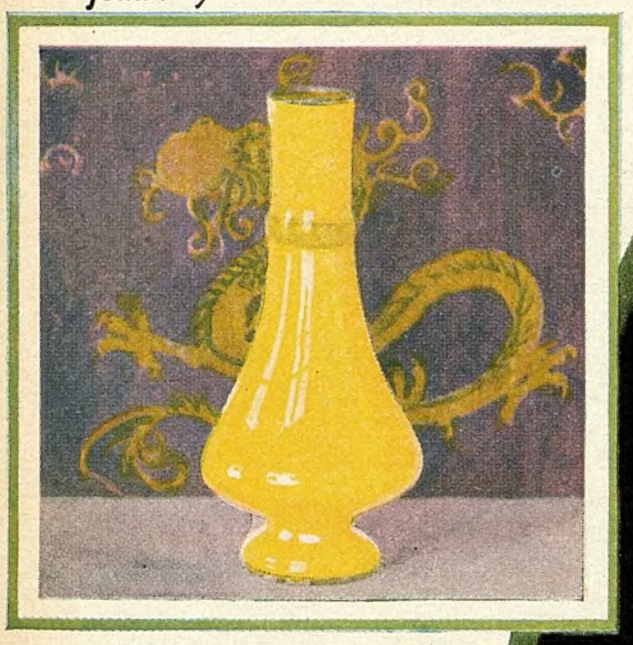
This handsome color adapted from this Vase, found by Geo. S. Parker in the Orient



Mandarin Yellow—long secluded among Oriental Art Objects—now is given the world in the Parker Duofold Pen, and Duofold Pencil to match.

This rare and exotic color was found by Geo. S. Parker in a vase amid an art collection in the Far East. He brought it to America, and we reproduced it in Parker Permanite—the lustrous material that we now use instead of rubber for Parker Pen and Pencil Barrels.

We make these Permanite Duofold barrels in 3 hand-sizes—Over-size, Junior and slender Lady Duofold. And in 5 jewel-like color combinations—Jade, Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Black and Gold—and now Mandarin Yellow—all with smart black tips.

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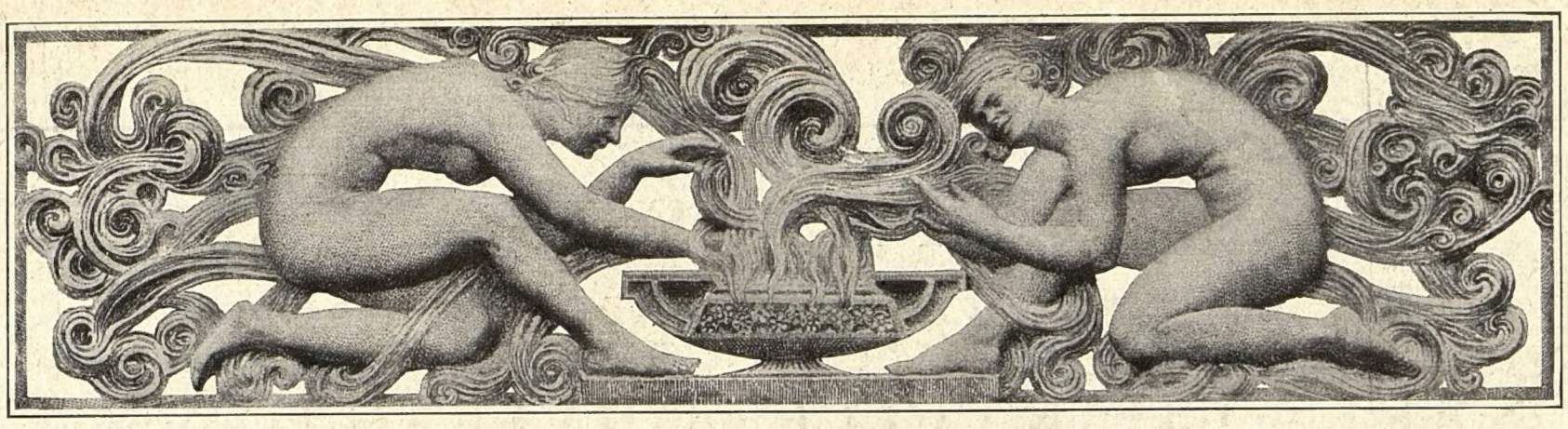

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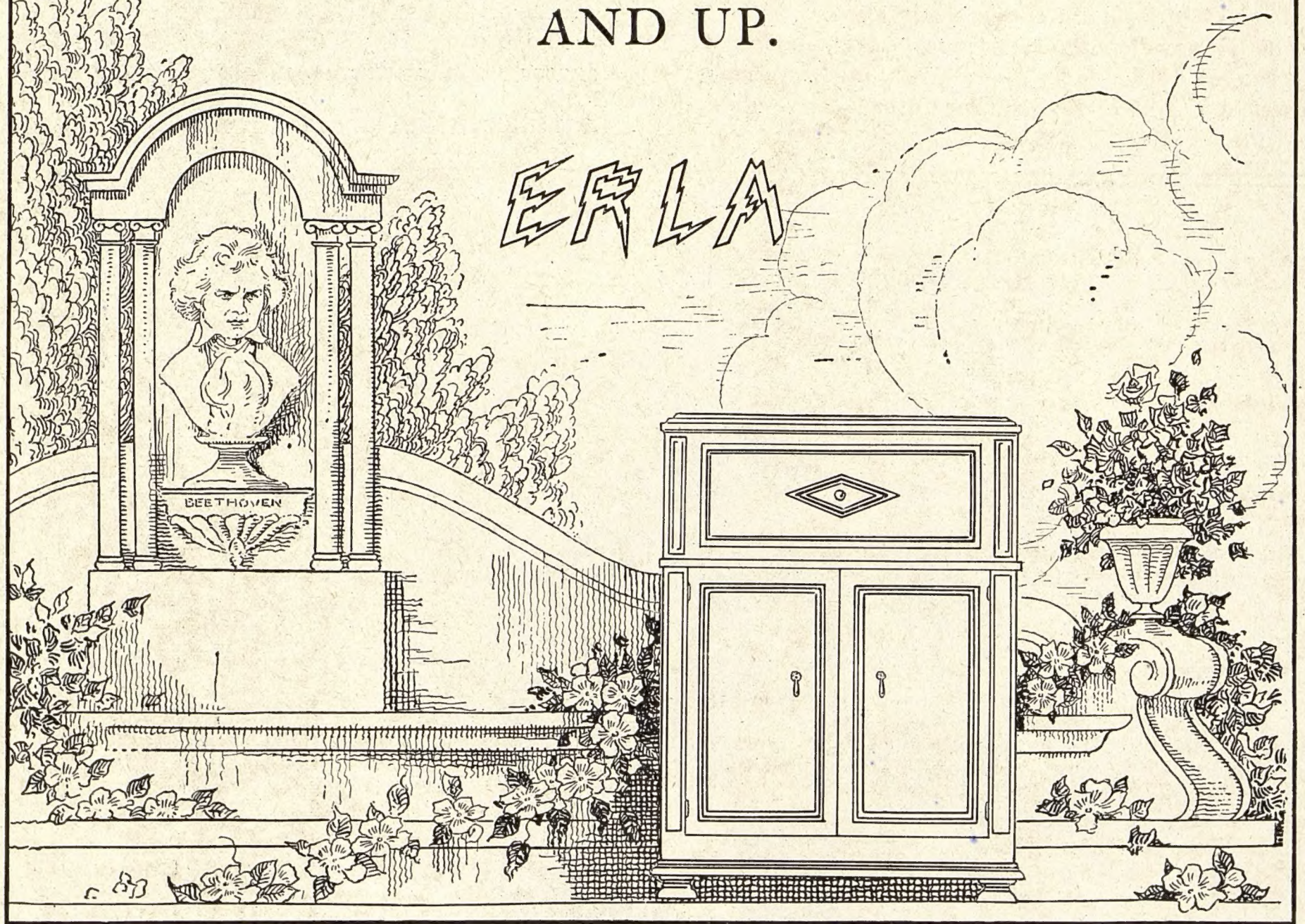

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

JUSTICE—NOT ONLY BLIND BUT STUPID

Little Jimmy, age seven, had been told not to play with matches. One day his mother came home from an afternoon's shopping and found the house a charred ruin. The evidence pointed to Jimmy's guilt.

Father quizzed Jimmy. The little fellow insisted he didn't do it. But all the circumstances indicated him to be the culprit.

"Tonight," said his father, "I'm going to give you the beating of your life."

Jimmy was locked up in a dark closet on bread and water to await punishment. When the time came his mother interceded for him. After all, perhaps there was some doubt about his guilt.

"All right," Father decided; "we'll put it off for a week and look into it."

Back went Jimmy to the dark closet on bread and water. At the expiration of this reprieve he was brought out again to get his whipping. But this time Grandmother came along.

"Let the beating wait, then," Father decreed, "until the end of the summer. But keep him locked in the closet."

By this time Grandfather thought Jimmy was deserving of mercy, and persuaded Father to let the boy off until Christmas. Of course, he was kept in dark confinement until the time came. At Christmas-time, all possible avenues of mercy having been exhausted for little Jimmy, he was duly brought from his prison and flogged.

That sounds like a fantastic fairy-tale about the wicked, ogreish days of long ago.

It is nothing of the sort.

It is a true record, reduced to parable, of the dealings of the sovereign State of Massachusetts with Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, who were electrocuted in Boston on August 23, seven years and approximately four months after the commission of the crime for which they were sentenced.

The State stood in the same relation to Sacco and Vanzetti as Jimmy's father stood to Jimmy.

It found them guilty and decreed their punishment.

Then it waited more than seven years to carry out its decree.

There is still doubt in the minds of millions of persons as to the guilt of these two men. However, all the duly constituted authorities decided that they had received a fair and impartial trial. The Judge sentenced them to die.

But he did not sentence them, nor could he sentence them, according to the practise of humane civilization, to seven years of torture.

It is no part of the State's function to place men "on the threshold of death for seven years, making them dance a kind of funeral hesitation waltz, syncopated with hope and despair, without realizing that they have already died a thousand times." The quotation is from the newspaper *Impero* of Rome.

We can not think of a more flagrant series of blunders committed in the sovereign name of justice than the Sacco-Vanzetti case offers.

The course pursued by little Jimmy's father would outrage the sense of justice of all fair-minded parents.

The course pursued by the State of Massachusetts is a tragic reflection on the justice and efficiency of our criminal procedure.

Read The Law's Delay, beginning on page twenty-one.

IN THIS ISSUE

Married Spinsters.....By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 11
Discussing the frost that often blights the orange blossoms

Thin Ice.....By KATHLEEN NORRIS 14
The love story of a wife—Willoughby dreams of escape (Part Two)

The Law's Delay.....By WILDER GOODWIN 21
Tracing the wanderings of blind justice in the Sacco-Vanzetti case

A Machine-Gun Hit.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 31
A review of a thrilling film of gangster life in the Middle West

Grandfather's Cluck.....By FRANK R. ADAMS 33
A short story of a boy's good-by and a girl's au revoir

The Battle of Saratoga—150 Years Ago..By CLIFFORD RAYMOND 43
The true story of the turning-point in the American Revolution

I Fought Them All.....By TOM SHARKEY 59
The Irish sailor's last great battle with Jeffries (Conclusion)

A Thing Like That.....By GEORGE S. BROOKS 66
Two sides of a tragedy—a short story

Cooking's No Trouble for Me.....By TONI, JR. 68
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

The Break of the Game.....By WALTER ECKERSALL 72
The specialist—Yale vs. Harvard (1908)

The Signal-Lamp.....By WADSWORTH CAMP 75
The story of a man, a wife, and the red light of danger

The Red Knight of Germany.....By FLOYD GIBBONS 83
Richthofen avenges his brother and wins five more victories (Part Nineteen)

News of the World (p. 29); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (69); Twenty Questions (70); Cross-Word Puzzle (71); Fashions (80-81); Food (82); Poem (88); Love o' Lil (89); Bright Sayings of Children (89); Vox Pop (90). Cover by Leslie Thrasher.

IN OUR *NEXT* ISSUE

CAPTAIN EDWARD PERHAM, after fifty years of peaceful cruising, found himself piloting a rum-runner, sailing under the orders of a gunman, and responsible with his life for a $3,000,000 liquor cargo guarded by sixty desperadoes who were equally skilled with pistols and machine guns. The true story of his amazing experiences is told in SHANGHIED BY RUM-RUNNERS, by EVAN JOHN DAVID.

WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT has written another enthralling romance of courage and danger in the Chinese war arena. ONE OF THE FIRST TEN tells of a man who held fame of little account and a girl who backed his resolution.

A grandson of Rockefeller, heir to a great fortune, walking the streets of Boston in mid-winter—hungry—at seventeen; and, at twenty-four, supporting himself at Yale by working as night cashier in a hospital—sounds almost unbelievable. But John Rockefeller Prentice is doing it. LIN BONNER tells why and how in WHEN JOHN D.'S GRANDSON SLID DOWN TO HIS LAST DIME.

THE LAST OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, by STEUART M. EMERY, is the story of the famous charge of the Six Hundred at Balaklava and of the last survivor of the handful who returned, whose recent death closed the records of that glorious band of martyrs to obedience.

ETIQUETTE IN MARRIAGE: WHAT IS IT? by ELEANOR GILBERT, is an intimate after-supper view of some of the things that make husbands and wives long for single bliss.

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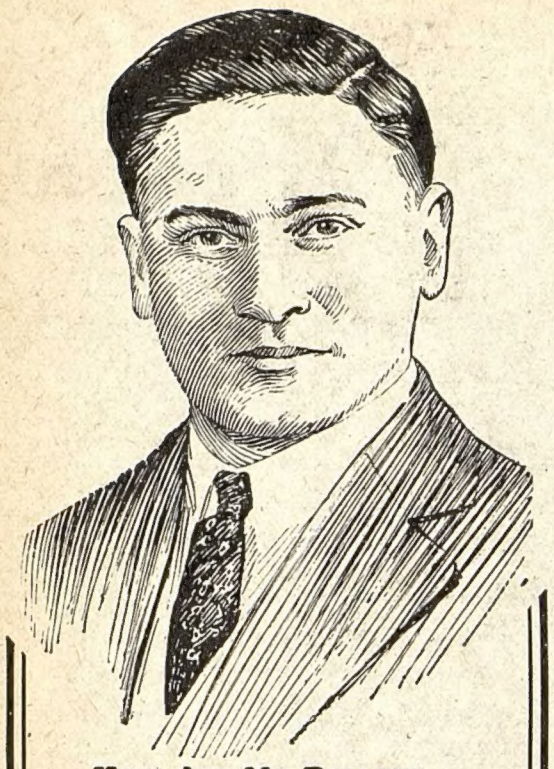

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Love

... 6 Love and Other Tales. Guy de Maupassant
... 24 Kiss and Other Tales. Anton Chekhov
... 29 Dreams: Stories of Passion's Pawns. Schreiner
... 74 Physiology of Sex Life. Dr. Greer
... 84 Love Letters of a Nun
... 87 What is Love? Daring Essay. Montaigne
... 89 Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius
... 98 How to Love. Clement Wood
... 172 The Evolution of Sex. Clement Wood
... 175 A Hindu Love Book (The Kama Sutra)
... 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights. Gautier
... 197 What Frenchwomen Learned of Love
... 199 A French Prostitute's Sacrifice
... 203 Love Rights of Women. Havelock Ellis
... 213 Havelock Ellis' Plea for Sane Sex Life
... 222 Vampire and Other Poems. Kipling
... 250 Romeo and Juliet. Shakespeare
... 256 Venus and Adonis. Shakespeare
... 283 Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow
... 317 A Night Flirtation. Anton Chekhov
... 410 French Amorous Misadventures
... 540 Brightly Colored Tales of Passion
... 541 Passion Stories of Many Hues
... 546 Emerson's Analysis of Love
... 665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
... 672 Illicit Love, etc. Boccaccio
... 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
... 676 More Love Letters of Parisian Actress
... 707 Epigrams of Love, Life, Laughter
... 746 Daughter of Eve. Frank Harris
... 803 Costa Rican Love Tales
... 817 Her Burning Secret. Valdagne
... 892 Follies of Lovers: French Stories
... 929 French Love Maxims. Stendhal
... 963 French Love-Artists. Symons
... 987 Art of Kissing. Clement Wood
...1045 A Mad Sweetheart. Balzac
...1089 Common Sense of Sex. James Oppenheim
...1166 Infatuation and Other Tales. Hecht
...1176 A Mad Love. Frank Harris
...1190 What Price Love? Anton Chekhov
...1195 First Love and Other Stories
...1202 Forbidden Love. Barry Pain
...1244 How to Write Love Letters
...1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
...1249 Best Jokes About Lovers

Murder

... 27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Hugo
... 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Stevenson
... 46 Salome: Love Murder. Oscar Wilde
... 66 Crimes of the Borgias. Dumas
... 107 Dream-Woman and Yellow Tiger. Collins
... 149 Historic Crimes and Criminals
... 162 Murders in Rue Morgue. Poe
... 247 Macbeth. William Shakespeare
... 279 Markheim's Murder. Stevenson
... 315 Pen, Pencil, Poison, Crime Story
... 366 Religion's Failure to Combat Crime
... 524 Death, Catalepsy, etc., Explained
... 558 Great Pirates and Their Deeds
... 819 Strange Murders. C. J. Finger
... 824 Torquemada: Spanish Torturer
... 883 Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
...1019 Bluebeard and His Unhappy Wives
...1042 Crime at Red Inn. Balzac
...1057 Truth About N. Y.'s Chinatown
...1086 My Favorite Murder. Ambrose Bierce

Adventure

... 21 Carmen: Adventure Story. Merimee
... 23 Great Stories of the Sea
... 152 Son of the Wolf. Jack London
... 182 Daisy Miller's Adventures. James
... 188 Queer Adventures of Baron Munchausen
... 288 Tales of Far North. Jack London
... 333 Mulvaney Army Stories. Kipling
... 399 Sinbad the Sailor: Arabian Nights
... 400 Ali Baba and Aladdin: Arabian Nights
... 469 Egypt's Exploration and Excavation
... 482 Five Weeks in Balloon. Jules Verne
... 483 Battles of Seaman. Capt. Maryat
... 485 Voyage to the Moon. Jules Verne
... 513 Travels of Marco Polo, the Venetian
... 516 Book of Real Adventures
... 537 Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth
... 559 Robinson Crusoe. Daniel Defoe
... 580 Polar Exploration and Adventure
... 602 Mysteries of Egypt's Pyramid
... 642 New Atlantis: Lost Island
... 698 Tales of Chicago Streets. Hecht
... 770 Adventures of Kit Carson, Hero
... 795 Gunga Din and Other Poems. Kipling
... 797 20 Years Among African Negroes
... 880 What I Saw in Russia. A. G. Hays
... 927 Stolen Bacillus, etc. H. G. Wells
... 939 Poe's Tales of Imaginative Science
... 944 Masterpieces of Adventure Stories
... 945 Tales of Oriental Life
... 946 Tales of Desert Places
... 956 Italian Tales of Love and Revenge
...1001 Italian Bandit Tales. Irving
...1002 Dictionary of Sea Terms
...1024 Tales of Big Snows. Jack London
...1053 Guide to N. Y.'s Strange Sections
...1124 On the Bum: Tramp Life Sketches
...1168 Adventure Stories. Jack London
...1169 Tales of Ships and Sea. London
...1201 Desert Island Adventures. Wyss

Better English

... 56 Dictionary of American Slang
... 82 Common Faults in English
... 192 Book of Synonyms
... 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
... 437 How to Write Movie Scenarios
... 514 How to Write Poetry
... 639 Most Essential English Words
... 681 Spelling Self Taught
... 682 Grammar Self Taught
... 683 Punctuation Self Taught
... 696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
... 697 Words Often Mispronounced
... 708 The Romance of Words
... 734 Handbook of Useful Phrases
... 821 How to Improve Your Vocabulary
... 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
... 823 Composition Self Taught
... 855 How to Write Letters
... 902 Foreign Words and Phrases
... 986 How to Talk and Debate

Sex Hygiene

... 14 What Every Girl Should Know
... 91 Manhood: Facts of Life for Boys
... 127 What Expectant Mothers Should Know
... 536 What Women Past 40 Should Know
... 653 What Every Boy Should Know
... 654 What Young Men Should Know
... 655 What Young Women Should Know
... 656 What Married Men Should Know
... 657 What Married Women Should Know
... 661 America and Sex Impulse. Dreiser
... 689 Woman's Sexual Life. Fielding
... 690 Man's Sexual Life. Fielding
... 691 Child's Sexual Life. Fielding
... 692 Homosexual Life. Fielding
... 717 Modern Sex Morality. Clement Wood
... 726 Venereal Diseases. Dr. Greer
... 800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis. Wood
... 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
... 811 Genetics for Beginners. Fenton
... 812 Heredity Explained. C. L. Fenton
... 846 Womanhood: Facts of Life for Girls
... 903 All About Syphilis. Dr. Pusey
... 904 Sex Symbolism. Wm. J. Fielding
... 950 Determination of Sex. Fielding
...1250 Judge Lindsey on Companionate Marriage

Women

... 69 Mary, Queen of Scots. Dumas
... 77 What Men Learned About Women
... 106 Frenchwoman's Daring Views of Life
... 123 Mme du Barry: A King's Mistress
... 134 Misanthrope: Woman - Hater. Moliere
... 163 Sex Life in Greece and Rome
... 177 Subjection of Women. J. S. Mill
... 189 Eugenics Explained. Havelock Ellis
... 196 Marquise: Secret Passion. Sand
... 208 Debate on Birth Control. Sanger
... 209 Modern Aspects of Birth Control
... 221 How to Know Women. Maeterlinck
... 223 Wife of a King. Jack London
... 229 Ridiculous Women. Moliere
... 241 Merry Wives of Windsor. Shakespeare
... 286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
... 292 Mlle. Fifi and Other Tales. Maupassant
... 304 What Women Learned About Men
... 308 She Stoops to Conquer. Goldsmith
... 323 Life of Joan of Arc
... 353 A Doll's House. Henrik Ibsen
... 376 Woman of No Importance. Wilde
... 378 Maid of Orleans. M. V. Samuels
... 417 Nature and Meaning of Dreams
... 556 Hints on Etiquette. E. Floyd
... 631 The Naturewoman. Upton Sinclair
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... 666-667 Memories of a Parisian Actress (2 vols., 10 cents)
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... 901 Woman: Eternal Primitive. Fielding
... 922 A Wife's Confession. Maupassant
... 947 Queen of Spades. Alexander Pushkin
... 955 Italian Tales of Heroism and Love
... 982 The Real Mary Baker Eddy. Wood
...1017 Without Benefit of Clergy. Kipling
...1043 A Study of Woman. Balzac
...1044 Another Study of Woman. Balzac
...1046 Coquette vs. a Wife. Balzac
...1067 Splendors of a Courtezan. Balzac
...1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
...1079 Phallic (Sex) Symbols in Religion
...1092 Simple Beauty Hints. Goddard
...1096 How to Dress on a Small Salary
...1111 Prostitution in Medieval World
...1113 Love from Many Angles
...1122 Degradation of Woman
...1135 Prostitution in Modern World
...1167 Sinister Sex, etc. Ben Hecht
...1177 Woman and New Race. Havelock Ellis
...1182 How to Make Your Own Cosmetics
...1193 Woman's Way and Other Tales
...1209 Charming Hostess: Entertaining Guide
...1212 Marriage and Morals in Soviet Russia
...1219 How to Make Homes Homelike
...1233 Better Meals for Less Money

Marriage

... 43 Marriage vs. Divorce (Debate)
... 83 Origin and Evolution of Marriage
... 176 Essays on Sex. Havelock Ellis
... 228 Plain Talks With the Married
... 254 Taming of the Shrew. Shakespeare
... 645 Confidential Chats with Wives
... 648 Facts About Sex Rejuvenation
... 727 Psychology of the Affections
... 789 U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
... 820 Best Jokes About Married Life
... 864 Confidential Chats with Husbands
... 900 An Arabian Marriage. Wilbur Daniel Steele
... 953 Gourdon's 4 Days of Love. Zola
... 958 Love Tales of Italian Life
... 964 How to Be Happy Though Married
... 988 Art of Courtship. Clement Wood
... 997 Simple Recipes for Home Cooking
...1031 How to Own Your Home
...1032 Home Vegetable Gardening
...1041 How to Cane and Upholster Chairs
...1073 How to Paint Woodwork
...1090 How to Grow Home Fruits
...1148 Sex Crimes and American Law
...1189 How to Make Money at Home
...1197 Moral Divorce and Other Tales
...1225 How to Avoid Marital Discords
...1238 Beginning Married Life Right
...1258 Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage. Marcet Haldeman-Julius

Ghosts

... 16 Ghosts. Henrik Ibsen
... 40 Haunted House and Brain
... 41 Christmas Carol. Dickens
... 122 Debate on Spiritualism. Doyle
... 124 Reincarnation Explained
... 145 Great Ghost Stories
... 215 Miraculous Revenge. G. B. Shaw
... 345 Clarimonde: Ghost Lover. Gautier
...445-446 Psychical Research (Spirit World) 2 vols., 10 cents
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... 969 Supernatural Tales. Machen
... 970 Out of the Earth. Machen
... 996 Dual and Multiple Personality
...1059 Myth of Immortality. McCabe
...1075 Tales of Ghouls and Ghosts
...1080 Haunted Houses. Ambrose Bierce
...1132 New Light on Witchcraft
...1153 Haunted Mind, etc. Hawthorne
...1160 Two Masterly Ghost Stories
...1162 Tales of Ghosts and Villains
...1170 Funny Ghost Stories. Jerome

Jokes

... 59 Epigrams of Wit and Wickedness
... 187 Whistler's Famous Humor
... 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
... 382 Best Lincoln Anecdotes
... 422 Best Yankee Jokes
... 621 Wit and Wisdom of Disraeli
... 658 Toasts for All Occasions
... 662 Funny Answers. Mark Twain
... 669 Josh Billings' Funny Epigrams
... 738 Poor Richard's Almanac
... 768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
... 771 Humor of "Bill" Nye
... 842 Best Jokes of 1925
... 879 Best Jokes About Preachers
... 889 Best Jokes About Kissing
... 908 Funny Burlesques & Epigrams
... 959 Masterpieces of American Humor
... 960 Masterpieces of American Wit
... 961 Humorous Verse
... 962 Comic Poems
... 971 Best Humorous Anecdotes
... 972 Popular Joke Book
...1012 Best Negro Jokes
...1013 Best Irish Jokes
...1014 Best American Jokes
...1015 Comic Dialect Poems
...1016 Funny Nonsense Poems
...1018 Humorous Limericks
...1033 Masterpieces of Russian Humor
...1034 Masterpieces of Spanish Humor
...1035 Masterpieces of Italian Humor
...1036 Masterpieces of German Humor
...1082 Best Jewish Jokes
...1093 Best Amusing Puns
...1119 Follies in Fiction. Stephen Leacock
...1146 Best College Humor
...1173 Nonsense Alphabets
...1184 Best Scotch Jokes
...1191 Best Broadway Wisecracks
...1200 Nonsense Stories and Pictures
...1214 Best Ford Jokes
...1220 Best Rube Jokes
...1228 Best Jokes About Drunks
...1231 Best Jokes of 1926
...1246 Best Hobo Jokes

Detective

... 102 Sherlock Holmes Tales. Conan Doyle
... 266 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
... 290 The Gold Bug. Edgar A. Poe
... 336 Mark of the Beast. Kipling
... 396 Embers: Sheriff and Escaped Convict
... 886 Piece of String. Guy de Maupassant
... 942 Great Detective Stories
...1026 Sherlock Holmes Detective Tales
...1027 Sherlock Holmes Mystery Stories
...1028 Sherlock Holmes Crime Stories
...1029 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
...1101 Sherlock Holmes Problem Stories

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...1260 Story of a Lynching

Entertainment

... 78 Hints on Public Speaking
... 86 How to Get Most from Reading
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... 168 Witty Epigrams of Oscar Wilde
... 301 Sailor Chanties & Cowboy Songs
... 347 Book of Riddle Rimes
... 470 Jazz: What It is, etc.
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... 518 How to Make All Kinds of Candy
... 606 How to Play Chess
... 626 Old Favorite Negro Songs
... 668 Humorous Fables. Mark Twain
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...1192 Bookbinding Self Taught
...1210 Mathematical Oddities
...1230 1927 Directory of Radio Stations
...1239 Party Games for Grown-Ups
...1253 General Information Quizzes
...1254 Contract Bridge Made Easy

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... 355 Aucassin and Nicolete: French Lovers
... 395 Cellini: Swordsman, Lover, Sinner
... 434 Love of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton
... 438 Memoirs of a French Royal Mistress. Madame de Pompadour
... 515 Louis XVI and His Corrupt Court
... 712 Shelley and Women He Loved
... 713 Lord Byron and Women He Loved
... 747 Love of Eleonora Duse and D'Annunzio
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... 871 Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise
... 975 Cleopatra and Her Lovers
... 976 Casanova: History's Greatest Lover
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...1085 Frenchwoman's Love-Life
...1106 Bohemian Life in Greenwich Village
...1133 Love Tales of Queen of Navarre
...1178 Chorus Girl and Her Lover's Wife
...1213 Romance That Balzac Lived

Mystery

... 12 Tales of Mystery. E. A. Poe
... 15 Accursed House. Balzac
... 34 Mystery of Man in Iron Mask
... 37 Strange Dream of John Ball
... 161 Country of Blind. H. G. Wells
... 232 Three Strangers. Thomas Hardy
... 319 Infamous Intrigue. Dumas
... 331 Finest Story in World. Kipling
... 363 Miggles: Girl in Night. Bret Harte
... 766 Gallant Cassian: Love Puppets
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...1022 Heroic Tale of North. Jack London
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...1006 Book of Children's Games
...1186 Handbook of Golf Rules
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...1245 How to Get Most Out of Recreation
...1255 Question and Answer Games

Horror

... 85 Attack on the Mill. Zola
... 95 Confessions of an Opium-Eater
... 100 Red Laugh of War. Andreyev
... 108 Fall of House of Usher. Poe
... 143 Time of the Terror. Balzac
... 225 Strange Loves. Manuel Komroff
... 300 Terrorism in France. Dumas
... 306 Hanging of a Shropshire Lad
... 357 City of Dreadful Night. Kipling
... 386 Creatures That Once Were Men
... 416 God of Vengeance (Underworld)
... 915 Mad and Other Tales, Maupassant
... 938 French Tales of Passion & Cruelty
... 941 Gruesome Tales. E. A. Poe
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... 7 How to Get a Liberal Education
... 25 Pocket Rhyming Dictionary
... 42 History of Human Race
... 112 Secret of Self-Development
... 171 Has Life Any Meaning? Debate
... 190 Psycho - Analysis Explained. Fielding
... 227 Introduction to Zoology. Fenton
... 267 Meaning of Ford's 5-Day Week
... 297 Do We Need Religion? McCabe
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... 342 Hints on News Reporting
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... 411 Facts to Know About Phrenology
... 419 Origin and Nature of Life
... 431 U. S. Commercial Geography
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...1179 How to Make Pies & Pastries
...1180 How to Cook Fish & Meats
...1181 How to Make Ice Cream
...1242 Care of Skin & Hair. Dr. Fishbein

Passion

... 230 Quest for a Blonde Mistress
... 285 Unconventional Amour. Moore
... 314 Short Stories of French Life
... 344 Passion in the Desert. Balzac
... 350 Hedda Gabler. Ibsen
... 379 Lustful King Enjoys Himself
... 444 Smart Epigrams. De Gourmont
... 595 Happy Hypocrite's Love-Life
... 659 Lost Phoebe. Theodore Dreiser
... 674 The Falcon, etc. Boccaccio
... 733 Brazilian Love Stories. Lobato
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...1165 Jazz, etc. Ben Hecht
...1194 Love's Heroism & Other Tales
...1196 Girl with 3 Husbands, etc.

Skepticism

... 3 Skeptical Essays. Voltaire
... 26 Should We Go to Church? George Bernard Shaw
... 30 What Life Means to Me. Jack London
... 33 Brann: Smasher of Shams
... 49 Controversy on Creation. Haeckel
... 61 What Is Religion? Tolstoy
... 88 Vindication of Paine. Ingersoll
... 129 Rome or Reason? Ingersoll
... 139 Crimes vs. Criminals. Ingersoll
... 160 Wit & Wisdom of Voltaire
... 185 The Gods. Robert G. Ingersoll
... 191 Evolution vs. Dogma. Shipley
... 224 God: Known & Unknown. Butler
... 365 Myths of Religious Statistics
... 408 Einstein's Relativity Explained
... 439 12 Years in a Monastery
... 706 Should the Bible Be in Schools?
... 834 Younger Generation's Views of Life
... 841 The Future of Religion
... 851 Bible Myths & Legends
... 928 Religion of a Darwinist
... 935 Necessity of Atheism. Shelley
...1007 Revolt vs. Religion. McCabe
...1008 Origin of Religion. McCabe
...1060 Futility of Belief in God
...1066 Forgery of Old Testament
...1071 Psycho-Analysis of Jesus
...1076 Morals in Ancient Babylon
...1077 Morals in Ancient Egypt
...1078 Morals in Greece & Rome
...1102 Pagan Christs Before Jesus
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...1215 Ingersoll: Benevolent Agnostic
...1224 Religion in the Great Poets
...1229 Triumph of Materialism
...1237 Beliefs of Scientists. McCabe
...1243 Failure of Christian Missions
...1248 Lies of Religious Literature

Evolution

... 13 Man and His Ancestors
... 47 Strange Animals of Ancient Seas
... 53 Insects & Men. Clarence Darrow
... 202 Survival of the Fittest
... 274 Strange Animals of Ancient Lands
... 275 Building of the Earth
... 321 History of Evolution
... 327 The Ice Age on the Earth
... 481 The Stone Age of Man
... 555 Structure of the Earth
... 557 Is the Moon a Dead World?
... 568 Darwin and Evolution
... 607 Solving Mystery of Comets
... 609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
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DELINEATOR	Gain	71	COLLIER'S WEEKLY	Gain	14
McCALL'S	Gain	70	RED BOOK	Gain	12
PICTORIAL REVIEW	Gain	47			
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	Gain	34	WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION	Loss	33
COSMOPOLITAN	Gain	28	LITERARY DIGEST	Loss	60
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	Gain	16	SATURDAY EVENING POST	Loss	108

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PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

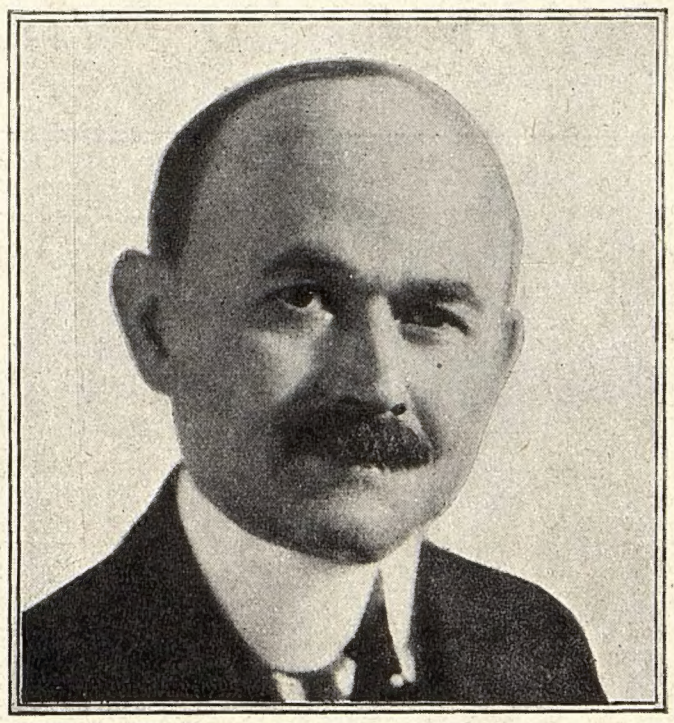
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and its workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by anyone of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself, it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise*, not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver. He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage — these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods, and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) BEN LINDSEY.

NOTE: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century it has been showing men and women how to lead happy successful well-rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you*.

No matter what your own particular difficulties are—poor memory, mind wandering, indecision, timidity, nervousness or lack of personality—Pelmanism will show you the way to correct and overcome them. And on the positive side it will uncover and develop qualities which you never dreamed existed in you. It will be of direct, tangible value to you in your business and social life. In the files at the Pelman Institute of America are hundreds of letters from successful Pelmanists telling how they doubled, trebled and even quadrupled their salaries, thanks to Pelman training.

"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

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now have peppy radio batteries – always

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Tungar causes no radio interference. It cannot blow out tubes.

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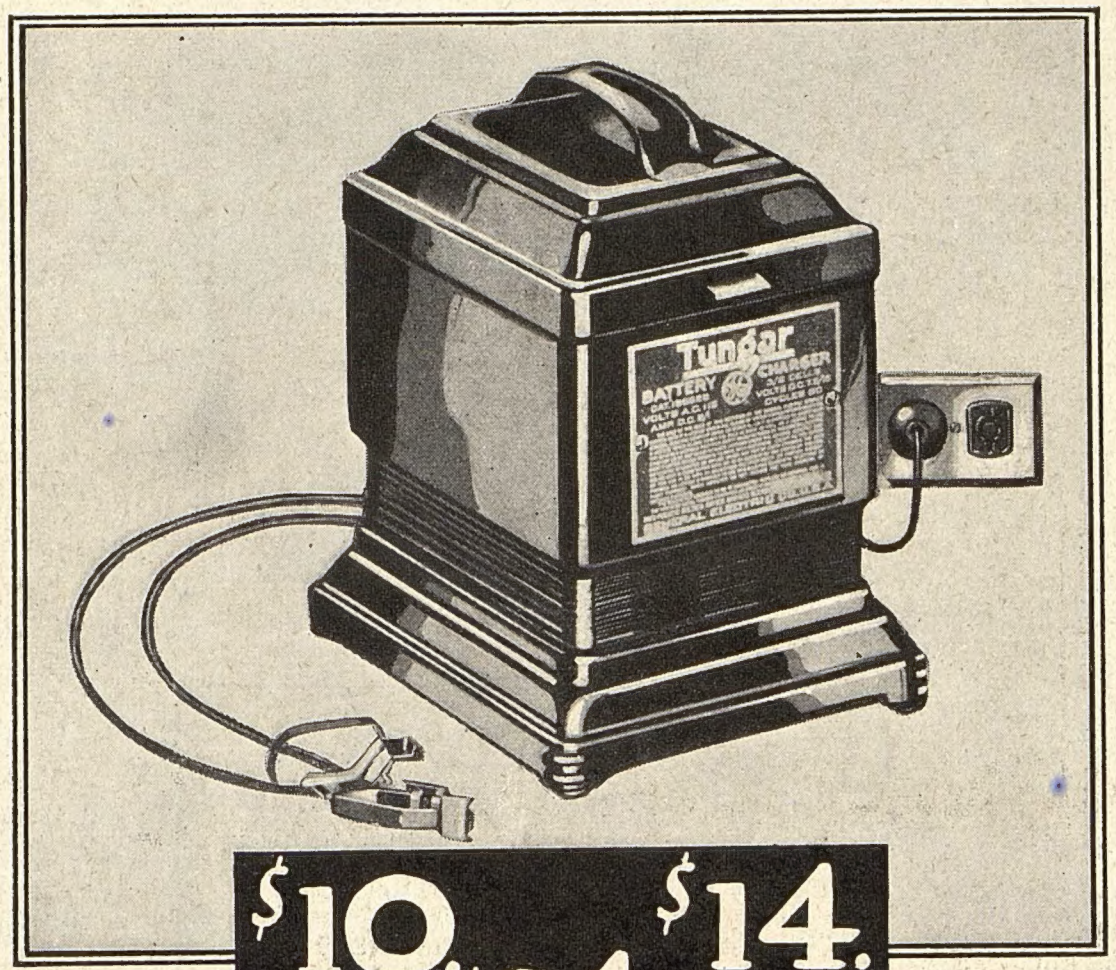

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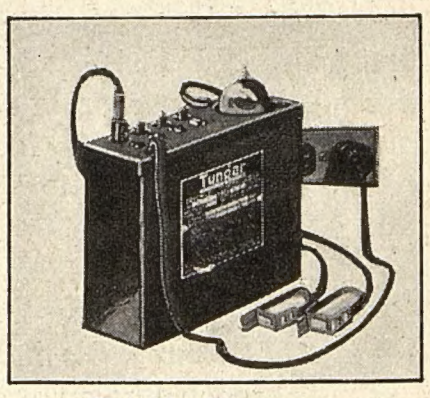

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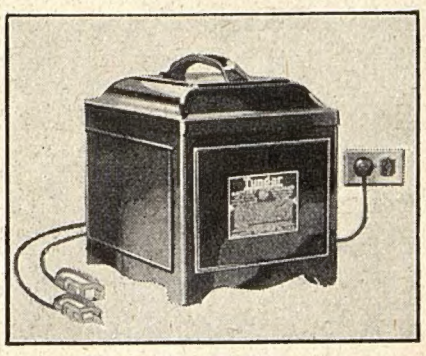

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Keep your radio set ready—at all times—for all the good things that come over.

Just turn on a Tungar (the name of the General Electric battery charger) at night, leave it as you would the light in the hall . . . . in the morning your storage batteries are pepped up and ready for active duty.

More than a million G-E Tungars are in use today. For the Tungar long ago established its reputation for dependable, trouble-free, economical service.

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Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Married SPINSTERS

Discussing the Frost that Often Blights the Orange Blossoms

An Article by
Princess ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

WATCHING the domestic wheels go round is no amusement for a work-weary male.

Pictures by OSCAR F. SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 14 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, a well known figure in London and New York society, was married for the second time, some weeks ago, to Lorimer Hammond, a young American writer. Princess Kropotkin was divorced from her first husband, Boris P. Levedeff, in Russia. She is the daughter of the late Prince Peter Kropotkin, a descendant of the old Russian nobility, who was exiled from Russia for his revolutionary activities.]

WE were discussing the final fade-out of prudishness—the difference that economic independence has wrought in the unmarried woman, and the almost complete disappearance of the old type of narrow-minded, prudish, foolish spinster. A lazy after-dinner conversation, half humorous, half serious.

"There was a young lady from Crete
Who was so excessively neat,
When she got out of bed
She stood on her head
To keep her from soiling her feet,"

quoted the flippant journalist.

"Oh, she was obviously a spinster," said the débutante complacently.

"There is no such thing nowadays," said the beauty expert, with a show of authority.

A snort came from the famous neurologist. We waited for his wisdom.

"That so?" he said laconically. "Not single, anyway. The spinsters are all married. I know. Their husbands come to me—dozens of them. Here is the list of the charming little ways of one of these wives. I spent a week trying to find out why the husband's nerves have gone to bits."

He produced the list. The most outstanding items were:

The bedrooms are sprayed with disinfectants every day.

She keeps a washable rug on the night-table, and puts it down before stepping in or out of bed. If her husband steps on it, it has to go to the wash.

Never waits dinner for any one more than four minutes—not three, or five, but exactly four.

Cries if anything gets broken, and makes an incredible row if anything is moved from its accustomed place.

"And," said the neurologist, folding the list, "she also says no decent woman shows

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MARRIED SPINSTERS Continued from Page Eleven]

her feelings for her husband, even in private. So he's gone to Africa, lion-shooting. My advice. That's better than bootleg liquor or undesirable acquaintances. If he had less money it wouldn't have been Africa."

Here was truth, undisguised and tragic.

The fussy, frigid wife; the husband seeking an outlet for his emotional life elsewhere.

It is a curious fact that, though there are portraits in plenty in literature, both classic and modern, of the spinster—comical, catty, charming, lonely, or pathetic—virtually no attention has been given to the spinster who marries, yet remains true to type.

There are dozens of these of different types, all of them with certain traits which are distinctive spinsterishnesses. Out of the aggregate of fussiness, exaggerated love of animals, worship of inanimate objects, narrowness, envy, or spite, there emerges one general characteristic: Spiritual sterility. Running in a groove, so that there is no room for any other human being alongside.

HEAVEN forbid that I should label all unmarried spinsters as spiritually sterile! The person whom every one thinks of as the absolutely typical spinster may be more or less pleasant. She may be narrow, hard, and aggravating beyond measure, or she may just have silly little ways which annoy but do not hurt. But the more typical she is, the more *apart* she is from other folk. She doesn't merge or identify herself with either the troubles or the joys of her relatives or friends.

This characteristic, in the intimacy of marriage, becomes a serious matter. A spinster wife is a formidable evil to contend with. Her spinsterishness is, in fact, a most refined form of cruelty, more subtle in its power to cause her partner suffering than some blatant vice.

What can be more cruel than to make another human being feel that every manifestation of normality, physical or spiritual, is a proof of brutishness? Yet is this not what those who live with such women are made to feel?

I remember how angry a girlhood friend made me when she threw into the laundry bag any garment of underwear that chanced to fall on the floor. Her mother's home was one of the most immaculate I have ever seen. But the only answer I got when I pointed this out was:

"Any floor is dirty."

"What about the old saying that you have to eat, not only wear, a peck of dirt before you die?" I insisted.

"That is metaphorical," said she placidly.

"You will never keep a husband," her old nurse warned her. Unlike so many of our nurses' forebodings, this came true. She married, and her husband left her after three months. I was drawn into the tangle in my attempt to reconcile them. I saw the husband.

"I'm every kind of a cad," he said frankly. "But it is better to part now than later. Elizabeth is a born old maid. Her every-day life is made up of unbearably small things. Nothing will change her, I least of all, as I am not brutal enough."

I had to share a room recently for a night with the sister-in-law of a friend. As we retired to bed, my hostess whispered:

"Say anything you like to her."

Within half an hour I grasped the import of this remark.

That fool woman laid layers of tissue paper between her underclothes—excessively neat garments, of course, and plenty of them—and covered the pile with more paper.

Years ago an English friend asked me if all Russians were as "unnecessarily truthful" as I was. I certainly did my best to live up to that reputation.

But first I listened patiently to a long story of how aggravating her husband was. The usual list of minor misdemeanors was recited: spilling ashes; throwing clothes and newspapers around; being noisy; not wiping his feet on the mat; and bringing in friends unexpectedly. The final crime was keeping a dog "because he needs a pal," she quoted aggrievedly.

I was reminded of the Grand Duke who reviewed some perfectly machine-like troops. "If only they didn't breathe!" he exclaimed.

I told her the story, and I couldn't resist adding my fervent hope that her husband would elope with one of those filthy old women in Paris who pick rags out of the garbage-pails.

It is hard enough for men to understand a woman's normal preoccupation with the details, which to her mind are the essentials of a successful home. An attitude of exaggerated attention to such details spells irritation and misery. Watching the domestic wheels go round is no amusement for a work-weary male.

The comment of four men at the conclusion of a delightful week-end spent in the home of a very able writer was illuminating. The excellent food came in for much praise, and every one of those four men said the same thing:

"You never see Myra fussing over household matters."

With agony I recall a complete antithesis to Myra in the person of Edith.

Edith was a gifted artist. Brilliantly educated and successful in her work, she married, at thirty-five, a clever young lawyer. In a passion of self-offering, she gave up her art.

"Bertram's career is what matters," she announced. "My duty is my home and it will be my share in his career."

With an energy and thoroughness learned in the school of success, Edith took up her new task.

P. & A. photo

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, descendant of the Russian pre-Romanof nobility.

Some months later I was summoned to a party. A distinguished company sat around the perfectly appointed table. Bright faces, beautiful flowers, delicate lace and crystal, and a cheerful hum of conversation promised a successful party.

But Edith's eyes wandered restlessly; she seemed distrait and strained. Her usual flow of conversation was strangely absent, and I noticed the two distinguished guests on either side of her making desperate attempts to rivet her attention. Everything was going quite smoothly, the food was excellent, the service irreproachable. I was puzzled.

As we entered the sitting-room after dinner, I pressed Edith's hand and said, "It went off perfectly." Edith gave me an angry glance and hissed through clenched teeth:

"Perfect? Ruined! The dinner was utterly ruined."

I gazed at her in amazement.

"Didn't you notice the cocktail? I told the maid how to make a Martini and forgot about the olives. Imagine serving it with cherries!" she said furiously.

Years have not changed Edith. Her home is a fetish. Nothing ever goes wrong in it nowadays. When you call on her she is as charming as ever, though she is less well read and has fewer friends.

Her husband apparently has a perfect wife. Yet, when he was telling me of a fishing trip he was planning, he said with a grin: "Lord, but it will be good to wallow!"

Like so many other women of the same type, Edith does not like children. They are "messy and noisy."

An attractive gray-haired woman shrugged amazed shoulders at a friend and myself when we told her that Sunday crowds on Coney Island could be most amusing.

"How can you want to go near a crowd?" she said. "I hate them! They're full of sweaty, smelly babies."

"You take your dog out on a lead," I reminded her, and received an icy stare. No service, however menial, is shirked by these good ladies when caring for their pets.

There is a vast difference between the love of animals that is a normal and delightful trait and this attachment of the spinster type for dogs or cats or birds. Nor can one quarrel with those extremely lonely women who spend their maternal love upon some pet.

But there are plenty of women who, having human ties, find it easier to lavish their love on an animal. With an animal there are no barriers to overcome; no need to build the edifice of understanding patiently, laying it stone by stone; no real sacrifice or self-control is necessary.

Those who have been members of large families are rarely of this spinsterish type. It is almost impossible to indulge in a kinkish development of one's ego with a sufficient number of brothers and sisters jeering at such kinks. None of the famous *Sanger* family in The Constant Nymph would ever develop spinsterish personalities.

THE typical spinster has often dwelt quite considerably in her mind on matters of sex. Either partially or fully cognizant of fundamental facts, she has usually not had much real acquaintance with men. Most of the thoroughly spinsterish women that I know are either the daughters of widowed mothers or the companions of very elderly fathers or brothers.

The result is that, though such a spinster is prepared to accept a man as a man, she rarely knows anything about a man as a male. The ordinary habits of an active man in his prime, his mental processes and reactions, are entirely outside her world.

In a very interesting investigation made under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene of New York City, we find a number of women, in answering a question put as to knowledge of what marriage means before marriage, saying that they "had a thorough scientific knowledge, but no *human* knowledge."

However difficult such a lack of knowledge may make life to any woman and her husband, in the case of a woman no longer in her first youth this difficulty is multiplied a hundredfold. Age blunts that youthful ardor of sharing everything, which is the secret of adaptability. It requires great courage and humility at thirty to scrap all those "ways" of life which hitherto have hindered one in no appreciable manner, and to either adapt them or invent new ways pleasing to one particular man.

An old Cockney washwoman who worked for me told me the lesson her "old man" taught her.

"'E didn't like the way I did me 'air. Dragged back and in a bun, it was. So I says to 'im, 'That's 'ow me mother wore 'ers, and wot's good enough for 'er is good enough for me!' And before I'd got the words out of me mouth, 'e clouts me over the ear and sez, 'But I ain't yer father, see?' And I bin seeing for forty year now."

A blend of self-absorption, timidity, and conceit produces a pure vintage of spinsterishness which is the very reverse of intoxicating, and which, as many men know to their sorrow, can be recognized only after it has been tasted. Like stupidity, spinsterishness is, I believe, a state of will rather than a quality of mind.

Of course, in these days of luxurious psychoanalytic cures which have replaced the more brutal marital fist of simple social censure, one is expected to tender one's sympathetic understanding to the spinsterish wife whose politely termed "coldness" drives her husband to one of the outlets men seek in such cases.

"Go back far enough," said Dr. Gregory Stragnell, a psychiatrist, in discussing this subject with me, "and you will find that this spinster-woman is the product of age-old tabus, of restrictions imposed originally by the males

of the clan upon their women to insure the purity of the race. For centuries women have been taught to hold back in every way; have had restrictions of all kinds imposed on them; have until recent times been bereft of the right even to hold property.

"It is natural that these restrictions have bred frigidity, have taught women to hold back, and have finally produced women incapable of breaking through their inhibitions, however much they may wish to do so.

"Any one who can help such women to understand their own faults and difficulties, and the great danger that lies in these, will be performing a social service. Thousands of cases of marital unhappiness are directly due to these spinster characteristics in the wives."

ALL hysteria, we know, is a lack of relation, in the subject's mind, between the known fact and the experienced reality. Under this category come such women as are unable to adjust themselves to the natural intimacy of marriage. But far more serious than the crude cases are those where the woman, though complying with the demands of marriage, remains withdrawn, unresponsive, and separate.

Compliance in such a marriage is little else than conformity to social standards. This compliance even goes as far as the burden of motherhood. Yet, as a doctor said to me:

"These women remain, even when they are mothers, on the spinster-level in creative life. Their inability to merge themselves into another human being, or to contribute to any relationship, makes them the worst possible sponsors of the young generation."

Welfare workers tell again and again of girls who have left their homes because their mothers are so preoccupied with keeping the furniture intact that the family is barely allowed to sit on the chairs, and guests are discouraged because they wear things out.

Among the many debts I owe my own very wise mother is the lesson of not worshiping inanimate objects. When a maid smashes her best china, after an admonition she says:

"Well, that's the way china dies; and since death comes to every one at some time or other—"

This worship of objects, to which so many spinster-wives are addicted, makes their lives remain on a play level. Reality passes them by. Their husbands usually come in for less consideration than their pets or gardens or other belongings. This attitude in a mother has a disastrous influence on the children.

The angel-faced small daughter of an acquaintance met me once on her door-step with a finger to her lips.

"Shh," she warned me. "You mustn't make a noise. Mummie's sitting up with Kiki."

Kiki was a particularly noisome Pom. Kiki was ill and Mummy was nursing her.

"Well, may I see Daddy instead?" I asked.

"Oh, Daddy's got 'flu; but you can see him," said the blue-eyed angel.

Children have an uncanny way of knowing the exact scale of importance of the inmates of their home, and even where the mother's disregard of the father is less blatant than in this case, a lack of interest is immediately reflected in the children, as in a crooked mirror. This, of course, is not a situation peculiar to homes where the wife is of the spinster type, but it is one which is to be found in the majority of such homes.

The isolation of the husbands of spinster-wives is so usual as to be almost unnoticed by any but the closest friends. A man whose wife attends to his material needs efficiently, and who does not nag him in public, passes as a fairly satisfactory spouse. That she gives him nothing emotionally or spiritually, no enthusiasm when he is interested in anything, is rarely known to outsiders.

Very often this caring for the material well-being of a husband, and the complete oversight and inability to participate in his real life, is the result of life before marriage with relatives to whom care and attention were given automatically and grudgingly. As in many similar cases, where the husband has not gone

WHERE the wife so doles out the gift of herself as to make the husband miserable, he must inevitably turn to others.

about complaining of anything, the recent divorce of a young author from his wife greatly surprised the friends of the man.

Last year the man had been a perfect tennis fiend. To my amazement, this summer I found him playing a good but distinctly leisurely game. I began to wonder, as the game progressed, whether his recent divorce had changed him. He seemed so much more human.

In one of those revealing twilight talks, that followed the game, he said:

"I was starving. That may sound like an excuse, but it is absolutely true. You know Leila [his former wife] pretty well. Now, honestly, can she give anything to any human being?"

I had to admit that I doubted it.

"It isn't that she was not nice to me; but when she did listen to what I was saying, I just—*wasn't there.*"

It is not always tennis that claims the husband of the wife for whom he "just isn't there." Every man has a normal desire for the chance of self-expression, and he seeks an outlet for this desire. The trouble is that there are so many outlets which are dangerous to the happiness of the family.

The result of marriage where all emotion is eliminated through the complete apartness of a spinster-wife is only too often, for the husband, either liquor, gambling, or undesirable male or women friends. Emotion is as essential to the creative activity and happiness of any human being as air to the lungs. Where the wife so doles out the gift of herself as to make the recipient self-conscious, humiliated, and miserable, the husband must inevitably turn to others.

"What is a husband, anyway?" said a man of my acquaintance to his very spinsterish wife.

"An infliction from heaven," came the acid answer.

I MUST admit that, however hard I try to adopt a scientific attitude when I meet these spinster-wives, however much I sympathize with their inability to overcome "inhibitions," "age-long restraints," "fantasy-attachments," or what not, I can not help feeling that what is mainly plain self-absorption should not need so much analyzing. No superficial compliance with the marriage laws can justify a woman who complains when her mate deserts her.

"If yer ain't going to give all yer 'as, and a lot of what yer 'asn't, you'd better by far stay single," as my Cockney washwoman used to say.

THE END

Thin ICE

The Love Story of a Wife—Willoughby Dreams of Escape

A Serial by

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Pictures by CHARLES D. MITCHELL

(Reading time: 23 minutes.)

WILLOUGHBY CHAMBERLAIN covered her face with her hands. "Oh, my God," she murmured. "What shall I do?"

She had just received a radiogram signed: LOVE TOM. Tom was her husband. He had been in Europe almost half a year. Now, after making his homeward trip via the Panama Canal, he was arriving in San Francisco on the Manchuria, unexpectedly. His idea of a surprise.

Willoughby felt for Tom Chamberlain—idle and good-natured Tom, partly supported by his wealthy mother—a half-maternal affection. But in his absence she had met Andrew Fernald, and Andrew had taught her what the word "love" can mean.

Now she had two decisions to make. Was she to drive from Palo Alto and meet Tom with cold talk of wanting to be free? And what was she to write to Andrew? At last words got themselves down on note-paper. "I must make some move immediately," she told Fernald, "but exactly what, I can't decide."

Then she helped get her children—baby Richie, Patsy, and Willa—into their best, to go and meet Daddy: a dreary ceremony.

Tom's arrival, with its confusion, its customs routine, she got through in a state of drowsy heaviness—unconscious that her manner was a wordless message. And Tom was no fool. At bedtime he surprised her with: "Have you got a beau, Bill? Come on. Who is he?"

Then out came the story, with Willoughby shaken and ashamed.

"You can get a divorce, Bill," Tom said quietly, "if you're sure of yourself."

It was as simple as that. Even a little flat, somehow. But Willoughby was soon to stiffen into a mood of fear.

"I'd want the kids, Bill," Tom said. "It's my only condition."

On this point he was firm.

PART TWO

THE morning was to the casual eye exactly like all their mornings. A stir of Kitty, the nurse, and the children at seven, Kitty coming in to the crib beside Willoughby's bed to capture the baby a little later, and Willoughby turning in her pillows to smile drowsily at maid and child, and go to sleep again.

Only, this morning, she could not get to sleep.

Tom slept deeply, heavily: he could always sleep. His wife, peeping out of her dressing-room with her big Oriental robe held about her and her bright head still damp from a shower, wakened him at half-past eight.

"Gosh, I still can feel that sort of breathing, tilting motion of being at sea!" he said, yawning, staring about the pleasant room, jerking a pillow under his tumbled head.

Everything the same—everything different. Willoughby said to herself that it was like a house with death in it. In the nursery Richie, the baby, was playing with stone blocks, winter sunshine streaming through the plain, transparent window curtains upon his ringed soft hair, and the faded romper that was getting tight for his delicious fatness and sturdiness, and his bears and Raggedy Ann.

"Girls get off, Kitty?"

"Oh, sure they did!"

The percolator chuckled darkly in the glittering winter brightness of the breakfast-room. No fog this morning; everything in the garden sparkled and twinkled and shone. Sodden leaves were packed under the maples, cars were moving in the wide street: cars taking women to market, children to school, men to trains. Students went by, girls and boys in thick sweaters, with smart woolen stockings and sturdy low shoes. Their voices rang in the cool, sharp air:

"A YEAR from now you'll be mine—safe, happy—"

"Alice! Wait for us! Alice!"

Foy Lung brought in the omelet: he would not let Stella wait on the family when they were alone. Willoughby made the toast in a buzzing toaster, clapping up the little hinged sides, glancing at the headlines of her newspaper between looks at the browning bread.

"HAVE you been following that absurd Los Angeles cas, Tom?"

"Nope. But a fellow who got on at San Diego was telling me something about it. Harrison girl engaged, eh?"

"Yes, but it won't take. She's been engaged three times before this—"

And then, suddenly, when the Chinese had slapped away on his wooden-soled slippers and

they were alone, Tom turned his chair sidewise to the table, rested an elbow among the scattered plates, and lighted his pipe.

"Let's talk, Willoughby. How—how definite are you about the thing?"

She understood him at once, and a flicker of fear and determination came into her face.

"About—? Oh, well—" She sighed, glanced away, brought her fine eyes to his again. "Well, pretty definite, I guess, Tom."

"You mean you really want to—break?"

His last word came after a hesitation in which he had indicated with a jerk of his head the room in which they sat, the house behind the room, the nursery upstairs.

Willoughby was amazed that it could be so difficult. Hundreds of women were doing it all the time, women for whose strength of character she felt no particular respect. And yet to her, a woman of superior force, it was so hard.

"The point is this, Tom: Whether, when a man and woman have ceased to care for each other, it isn't the only—the only *decent* thing to do?"

"Suppose we cut out that rubber-stamp bunk," Tom, glancing at the paper he still held in his hand, suggested rudely yet mildly.

The color came into Willoughby's cheeks. He was a spoiled boy: she must be patient.

"The decent thing," Tom said then, stressing the word as she had done, "is to consider the kids—the home—the family—the rights of society!"

"Those words are rubber-stamp, too," Willoughby countered neatly, yet without feeling.

"Yes," he admitted; "I suppose they are."

There was a brief silence. Then Willoughby said:

"If it made anybody happy, Tom, there might be some sense in it. But for two persons to hang together just for the sake of appearances, when all the spirit—the reality—has gone out of their relationship—well, I think that's ridiculous. To me that is—that is simply a sort of prostitution."

"That's what every woman says when she wants to get free," Tom said.

His wife did not like the generalization, but she was holding herself well in hand. Her face showed no change of expression.

"Even so," she submitted reasonably, "isn't it true? We've been together almost twelve years, Tom, and we've had some—"

Some happy times together, was to have finished the sentence. But the words tore at her heart suddenly, unaccountably, and the treacherous rush of emotion that came with them suffocated her. Tears came to her eyes.

"The tragedy," she said, beginning again after a moment, "lies in the fact that we *have* changed—we have outgrown each other. Not in our merely *recognizing* it!"

TOM was silent, looking at her, glancing away, with a clouded forehead and bitten lower lip, looking at her again.

"But what about the kids?" he submitted bluntly.

"I don't think the atmosphere of a household without affection is especially good for children," Willoughby answered seriously. "I say affection," she interrupted her own argument impatiently. "I don't mean that. Of course I'm fond of you, and I hope you are of me. But I only mean that you—you don't feel to me what you did feel, Tom. No man can, after twelve years.

"The bloom, the thrill, the novelty of it dies away—it *has* to die away! And children see that—they know it—they feel it. Isn't an environment of dignity, an environment without criticism and argument, better for them than one that keeps the name of family life without its reality?"

"I haven't been a specially good husband, nor a specially good son, or citizen, for the matter of that," Tom said clearly and firmly, throwing his newspaper on the floor and emptying his pipe. "I know that. I had an awful crush on that dumb-bell Lisa Grayson, when Patsy was a baby—it made you very unhappy, I remember. And of course I've had times of drinking too much. I suppose that was one reason Mother cabled me to come to Paris—to scold me, straighten me out, remind me how damn' lucky I was to have my kids, my home, and all that!

"Being over there, where they don't seem to place much value on those things," he added after a moment, as Willoughby did not speak, "I got to have a different feeling about it. I meant to tell you so, if this other thing hadn't come up. Probably," Tom went on, with a quite obvious effort to avoid sentimentalism—"probably I wouldn't have improved much, but I—I thought I would. However, now you spring this new idea on me. You've met somebody you like better. Fernald—?"

"Andrew Fernald. He's an architect—a Philadelphian. He's doing the Sutter Memorial Library here, and has an office with Tait & Donaldson."

Even saying his name, even allowing her thoughts to rush to him, braced her and lifted her heart.

"And how far has it gone?"

"Just—" Willoughby paused. "Just that we like each other," she said simply, "and that if I were free I think he would want to—to marry me."

TOM laughed briefly, disagreeably, the red color mounting in his face.

"That's fair enough!" he sneered.

"I thought I could be honest with you, Tom," she reproached him mildly. And she saw him pull himself together.

"You're right. You're quite right! Well," he said with an effort, "go on. What did you plan? What was your idea about me, and the children, and this place?"

"Andrew has a home in Philadelphia. He showed me a picture of it in the snow—a beautiful place. I suppose—I suppose they would be with me there most of the time, and make visits when you wanted them, here or in Paris, with your mother and you."

It sounded horrible, low-class, vulgar. But why? The *thought* of it had seemed reasonable enough.

"Why not have it the other way about?" Tom suggested, narrowing his eyes and staring into space as he formulated it. "Why not have them live with me, and make their visits to *you?*"

She tried to be reasonable.

"Because they are so little, Tom. Richie's only a baby. And the girls will need me more and more! Your mother'd find them a tremendous responsibility—they take constant watching, constant care, of course. All small children do."

"I could do some of that," Tom reminded her, stubbornly, unyieldingly.

Willoughby sighed patiently.

"Tom, there's no use our discussing it unless you will be reasonable. I am putting this thing to you so honestly and so frankly because it isn't my nature to hide things and lie, and beat about the bush. You've told me yourself—your mother feels—Clara feels—that I've lived up to my bond with you. Ours hasn't been an even marriage. I've given you every freedom, and asked none for myself. You've had your golf tournaments, you've gone East for the big ball games, you've just spent six whole months away from the children and me—part business and partly your mother's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Fifteen]

health, I know—but I never questioned you!

"Now I've found a man who seems to offer me more—more than I ever dreamed life could offer me. You can hold me, I suppose—I don't know. But why *should* you? Is it *fair?*"

"All right," he said, in a rather gruff tone, without looking at her. "But leave me the kids!"

"Ridiculous!" Willoughby said lightly, breathlessly. And she rose from the table, as an indication that the conversation, for the time being, was finished.

"I DON'T see what's ridiculous about it," Tom argued.

"But why"—Willoughby paused, with her hand on the door that led into the pantry—"why punish them?"

"I don't know," Tom said deliberately, getting up to stand at the window-side of the small room, his eyes upon the leafless trees in the street and the sun-bathed gardens and homes up and down on either side, his back turned squarely to his wife. "I don't know that living with a stepfather is such a particular advantage for children. They need their mother—I grant you that. But if their mother goes off with another man—"

"Tom, please—please don't be vulgar!"

"Well, I don't know what you call it."

"Well, not *that*."

"Is he a bachelor, by the way?"

"Andrew? No, he was married. But his wife left him, and he let her get her divorce. She's a Countess Ravillier—Ramillier—something like that. She's divorced again."

"And he's rich?"

She shrugged. "Not very."

"But you think he's rich enough to care for my children?"

"No, I didn't think that," she said honestly. "If I thought that far at all—and of course the realization that you and I must have an understanding, must have this talk, always came first," Willoughby floundered. "If I thought of it at all," she recommenced, "I suppose it was with the idea that your mother would still wish to take charge of them financially.

"It wasn't all worked out, Tom, however cold-blooded it may sound to you. It was—it is just that it seems to mean happiness for me and for him, and no great loss to you, and no change that the children will feel at all. They'll still have me, and Kitty—"

Her voice hesitated; she stopped short.

"I see," Tom said slowly. "You. And Kitty."

Willoughby stood, the picture of housewifeliness, of motherhood, at the pantry door, one hand resting against the glass plate that protected the much-pushed panel. Not slender, but tall and well made, her sunshiny hair a mass of ringlets and little gilded fish-tails, her eyes widely set, and earnest and very blue, her white, columned throat bare where the beruffled dressing-gown fell away from it, she was a thing for all men to desire—the immortal Desire of all generations, personified.

He had known her for twelve years, but he had never seen her before in a mood so quietly, so serenely confident of charm. It was as if, from being a mere spectator of beauty all her life, she had suddenly stepped into the picture

SHE stood at the pantry door—a thing for all men to desire.

—into the play—and found that hers was a leading rôle. She carried herself, she spoke, with all the sureness of the merchant who has the pearl of great price to sell.

"I have to talk to Foy Lung—I want him to be sure to have carrots for the children; he's been forgetting carrots for a long, long time," she said dutifully, and vanished.

The swinging door rocked for a minute behind her, and was still.

II

AT ten Tom went into the city, where he shared an office with two other men of his age—brokers. And at 1 o'clock Willoughby met Andrew Fernald at a little tea-room in San Mateo, and they talked for an hour together.

It was as simple as that. No particular intrigue, no strain, no fear of detection. Willoughby had telephoned Andrew at eleven, and, upon her admission that she did not feel it safe to come into the city, he had suggested his coming down the Peninsula instead.

So Willoughby went to the Crackleware Tea Potte—a small, cottagy place, all orange hangings and bright green china—and sat in a secluded window, the curve of an old-fashioned settle rising safely between her and the rest of the room, and watched the road through the diamond-paned window.

And presently Andrew's small closed car came along under the shabby, gaunt eucalyptus, and past the roadside walls and garden gates, and she saw him bring it in the side road over packed wet leaves and broad shallow puddles, and park it far back, and get out. He began to walk toward the house, a square-built, dark man, not as tall as Tom, but distinguished-looking, with his blue jaw, and clean-shaven olive-skinned face, and keen gray eyes. He wore heavy gloves, a tan cap, a heavy, belted tan coat.

Life suddenly became satisfying, enchanting, to Willoughby, and she was only conscious of a fear that she would die of sheer felicity in the knowledge that nothing could rob her now of the sound of his voice, the glance of his keen eyes, the all-satisfying sense of being near him.

THE waitress was fussing with glasses, with bread-and-butter plates.

"Have you ordered?" Andrew asked quietly.

And at the sound of his voice Willoughby thought her heart would burst, or would float out of the top of her head—up—up—up—

She said something at random, and he flung aside his coat and cap and his big gloves, and sat down. And after that it was all heaven—the heaven of flawless companionship, of sympathy, of reading in his attentive eyes and quick words and half-frowning, half-tender expression the deep and passionate admiration and understanding for which she had hungered all her life.

"Did you miss me yesterday, Andrew?"

"Did I miss you! It was a blank. I don't know what I did—I was quite beside myself. Oh, my dear child," said Andrew, absorbed in the manipulation of his artichoke, "this world can be a waste—a desert. Women existed yesterday only because they suggested you or didn't suggest you! All men were going home to women like Willoughby—"

"It is incredible," she admitted, after a while, "incredible that it should be so hard! Hour after hour yesterday the telephone kept hinting to me—coming away from the dock, driving through the streets, even then I kept feeling myself pulled—physically pulled!—toward your office building, toward any common corner grocery that had a telephone bell outside it!

"If it hadn't been for your flowers, I think I should have been ill. They were on my dressing-table, and just finding them there, and your card, seemed to brace me—warm my heart again, pull my courage together."

He looked very serious.

"Have you been able to say anything—does he understand?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you mean it?"

"Oh, yes. He suspected from my manner. He's shrewd in some ways, although he's so

boyish—so undeveloped in others. He asked me, almost immediately, if there was something of this sort afoot, and I said yes. It seemed simpler."

"Break him up?" the man asked briefly, grimly, with a darkened brow.

"No—not exactly. I think it surprised him. But he—he practically consented."

Andrew Fernald's face changed oddly. A light the world did not often see there flickered in his dark eyes. But when he spoke it was only in sympathy for her.

"This is the first step, Willoughby. It's hard, of course. But you'll not let it discourage you, dear?"

"No," she said, unsmiling, rueful. "No. We've thought it all out in cold blood—it is the best thing to do; we know each other now; know our own minds and hearts. I'll— Don't worry about me! I'll go through with it."

"I have courage, I have confidence enough for us both," the man said. And again she saw his eyes flash with deep, strange lights, topaz and ultramarine, flaming darkly like the heart of an opal. "A year, possibly a year and a half, from now you'll be mine—safe, happy—"

"I know it, Andrew. But why," Willoughby demanded, with an impatient break in her voice—"why do we marry at nineteen and twenty-three? A girl of nineteen, what does she know—what can she know? And one has to pay so high. It was all ignorance, adventure, excitement—but there was nothing *bad* about it, Andrew, there was no reason why we *shouldn't* do what seemed so simple and natural—so much 'fun'!"

"THAT'S marriage," the man said philosophically. "The cruelest, the most inexorable torture that civilization knows today. If there was a way out as easy as the way in—

"Any pair of little fools with two dollars for a license can stumble in," Andrew added, with a brief, bitter laugh. "But, oh, the heartaches and the explanations and the hurt when they want to stumble out!"

"I know," Willoughby said, almost inaudibly. "I think of Tom's mother—the children—" She stopped.

"But it isn't today what it used to be!" Andrew reminded her briskly.

"Oh, no, of course not!" she said, brightening. "Every one does it now. Nobody thinks anything about it now."

But immediately Willoughby's voice lost something of its confident ring, and she added a little uneasily:

"But Tom is a reactionary, you know. He believes things—he does things—without ever questioning them or analyzing them. He says now that he will never—*would* never, rather, for we didn't get as far as 'will'—give up his children."

"Well," Andrew said, watching her intently with anxious eyes, "you would never ask him to!"

"Not entirely, of course. I'd want to be generous about that!" Willoughby exclaimed, distressed.

"You would want to be generous about everything, my darling. But he doesn't mean that he would not wish you to have the children at all?"

Willoughby could not discuss this. She said, nervously, that the conversation between Tom and herself that morning had not gotten so far—she was sure Tom would be reasonable—no man could expect to take girls as young as Willa and Patsy, and a boy Richie's age, away from their mother.

And immediately she and Andrew became mutually miserable and doubtful, sick with fear that some insuperable impediment would operate to separate them, that the need they had for each other, the flame of their love, would ebb slowly—die away into the limbo of all the world's unconsummated desires.

A mood of bitter depression succeeded the confident moods that had sustained them for long, exquisite weeks. The delays, the discussions, the inevitable horrors of the divorce, dismayed and appalled them.

Andrew argued hoarsely, against his own sickened and sinking hopes. Willoughby sat crushing the melting and untasted ice-cream in her glass saucer, tears running down and shining on her cheeks.

"We've got to get through this somehow,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Must I go on living with you, and you with me, when the joy has all gone out of it?"

[THIN ICE
Continued from Page Seventeen]

he said to her seriously, when he walked with her to her car.

"I know," she said lifelessly.

"And then, Willoughby, I believe there'll be years of happiness to pay for it, dear!"

"Yes, I know."

And she drove soberly home, through a darkening winter afternoon, with shrouds of fog sweeping down from the ocean range toward the west, and chrysanthemums, beaded with wet, heavy-headed in the shabby gardens, and with wide puddles filling the roadside hollows. A gray, cold, forlorn afternoon.

But when Tom got home at 5 o'clock, all traces of tears and anxiety were gone, the sitting-room fire was blazing, the lamps were lighted, and all three children were downstairs with Mother, romping before bedtime.

Willoughby wore a scant, short black velvet gown, with a touch of brown lace at the rounded neck and the elbows. Her bright, soft hair was a little tumbled, and her cheeks were flushed. She and Willa were making cocoa and toast at the open fire. It was just one of her absurd childish ideas—and yet how ecstatic the children were!

Two women had come in for tea—Kennedy Judson and her mother, old Mrs. Williams; and the elderly woman, in a sentimental aside, wanted to draw Tom's attention to the ideal beauty of the scene.

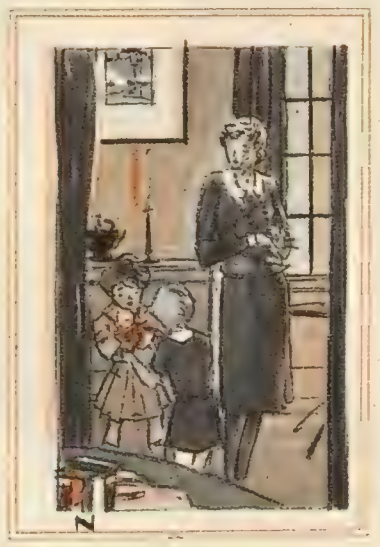
"Beautiful mother and beautiful children!" she said tremulously. Kennedy, her own daughter, was childless; she had been quite deliberately childless for the first ten years of her marriage, but it was less a satisfaction to her now than it had been.

Kennedy, beguiling the wary and suspicious Richie with a bit of ginger cookie, asked plaintively:

"Why didn't you come to me, Richie? Why didn't God send me a darling little boy, all for my very own, like you?"

Willoughby toasted, buttered, sent the absorbed and steadily pacing Willa to the kitchen for hot water. The beautiful room, with its plain distempered walls and soft lights, its crackling fire, and wide, dim spaces, was a pleasant place for a man to find on a dark winter afternoon. The firelight shone richly on the children's little restless figures; it made Willoughby look like one of the Princes stepped down from the Tower.

She was happy again, warm, secure, remembering nothing of the luncheon-hour's doubts and despairs—remembering only that Andrew Fernald loved her—wanted her—would wait for her.



THAT night she and Tom talked beside the fire until midnight. It was only owing to Willoughby's self-control that the talk could last so long; for the man's outbursts of undisciplined anger and resentment must have terminated it long before, had she not steadfastly pursued her theme.

"Traveling with the kids, making a life for them," Tom said—"I see that becoming my life."

She held herself in. She would not break.

"Tom, you are trying to annoy me. We shall get nowhere unless you can discuss this reasonably."

"I don't know why you say that. You know perfectly well that women don't interest me. I've never looked at any one but you, except just in fun with Lisa—years ago. I've got to have *something*. More than that," said Tom, "the kids mean more to me this time than they ever have before."

"Willa is nine," Willoughby said, "and she has never been out of my shadow! You've been abroad twice; you went to Los Angeles, to New York; you've gone hunting, fishing. The day Patsy gave us that horrible scare, and I rushed her into the hospital, I didn't even know how to get hold of you—"

"I was lunching at the club. That's how far away I was! And as for Paris, my mother lives there, and she's delicate. Anyway, the first time I went, you were coming—your trunks were packed!"

"Yes, and then what happened? Willa broke her arm. And I stayed with her. I wanted to, Tom! I'm not making a martyr of myself," Willoughby interrupted herself quickly. "That's—being a mother. Last summer, when your mother wanted me to follow you with the three children, they got whooping-cough—that was all right. Kitty and I simply canceled our reservations, and cabled you, and took them into the mountains. We had a heavenly summer. I'm not complaining.

"IN many ways I suppose I've failed you, as you have me, Tom," she went on. "I've always been ambitious—I've always wanted to go on—on beyond this nice, comfortable, conventional sort of living, with your mother's arrangement for us taking care of any expense we could possibly incur, and bridge with the Judsons, and golf on Sundays at the club—

"The children," Willoughby added, in the silence, "the children *have* been the one glorious—the one satisfying thing I could achieve! My two girls and my boy. They *were* worth while; they have kept me busy and satisfied.

"But now, Tom, when I'm almost thirty-two, I meet a man who offers me everything I've hungered for. A man who knows the operas, who reads—keeps in touch—"

"As far as that goes," Tom said sulkily, "while I was in Paris I took Clara twice. We saw Thaïs and Boris Godonoff, and if you ask me—"

"I know, dear!" There were desperate tears and a sort of desperate laughter in her voice. "I know. But, Tom," Willoughby went on, reverting to the interrupted theme, "if I find a man who gives me the sort of atmosphere I want, who draws about him the sort of persons I like, am I absolutely not mistress of myself? They might bore you, but they don't me. After twelve years—it's almost that—of marriage, why can't you and I agree to disagree like reasonable persons, be good sports about it?

"You aren't trying to hold me on any sentimental ground. We like each other—we wish each other well—but there's no *sentiment* about it, except the old conventional sentiment of regarding marriage as a sort of jail! Must I go on living with you, and you with me, when the joy has all gone out of it?"

He was silent, smoking, for a few minutes, and her question hung in the air between them, died out into the silence of the big, shadowy room.

Then Tom took his pipe-stem from his mouth, said a definite "No," and put it back again.

"No?" Willoughby asked, her eyebrows going up.

"Certainly not. But I," said Tom—"keep my kids."

"Then we are just going round in a circle," said Willoughby.

"I don't want them to hear talk of a divorce," Tom presently said harshly. "I don't want them to hear their father knocked. They'll miss you, of course, but they'll get used to me. I'll make them happy! I'll take them up to the Tahoe place, and buy them riding-horses and give them everything they want."

"Which would be the worst thing in the world for them!" their mother said in anxious disapproval.

"Well, we'll see."

"I bore them; I agonized over them; I've lived for them—for ten years!" the woman said lightly, then. "And now you propose to cut me away from them completely!"

"I beg your pardon, Willoughby. *You* are the one that is talking of breaking the whole thing up. And I want to tell you that the minute you and Kitty pack them up to Reno, I'll start a counter-suit on a desertion charge, and ask for the custody of my children!"

She knew that tone. It was the definite tone, the ready phraseology, that Tom could use only when he was quoting. He had talked to his lawyers. The mere thought of any such proceeding as he outlined turned her heart to water.

"Drag them through the papers?" she murmured, trembling.

"Now, while they're too little to know or care!" Tom retorted promptly. "I'd fire Kitty. I like her, but she's your servant. I'd keep old Foy. I like gardening; I like to chop wood. I could loaf away the next ten years up near Tahoe just as well as anywhere else. I don't want my kids to go through any of this business of being loyal to Dad half the year and hearing Mother's story the other half."

"Tom"—she was breathless with eagerness, with protest, with anger—"as if I could belittle you to your children! What do you think I am! They would never hear a *word*—"

"Yes, I know—yes, I know!" It was his ugliest aspect: bullying, sneering, menacing. "These women that are so pally with the men they kick out—that they wish them nothing but luck and so on—they give me a good, swift pain! Wait a few weeks, until countercharges are established, until my lawyers give *you* a few good hard socks, and then see what you'll tell my kids, about poor Daddy having such a hot temper—and making poor Mommy cry—"

Under all her sick distaste for the vulgarity of the scene, Willoughby was conscious of a sort of surprise at his shrewdness. It would not be so in her case; she could never descend to so coarse a type of retaliation. But divorced women often *did* talk in this fashion.

She preserved an absolute silence, and the clock struck a swift, even twelve. And almost immediately, without another word, husband and wife began the familiar process of leaving the room in order for the night: Tom rapping the bowl of his pipe, and the copper ash-tray, against the fireplace, setting up the screen, and testing the heavy, dull iron hasps of the window shutters; Willoughby straightening books, moving the chairs into their formal positions, closing the piano at which, just after dinner, she had been idly fingering Schubert and Chopin—playing really for Andrew in a visioned Philadelphia drawing-room 3,000 miles away, although it had been Tom and Paul Williams, gossiping club news, who applauded.

TOM'S heavy, stertorous breathing assured her that he had no agonies of soul to keep him wakeful. He had not been two minutes in bed before she had this audible proof that he was asleep. But she could not sleep.

Herself without the children. She had lived for them during all those half-awake years before Andrew had come, to teach her that she was a woman, and beautiful, and desired.

And her children—without Mommy. Little Richie's lip quivering under the ministrations of a new nurse; Richie without his "Mom—Mom—Mom!"—without his "Diddy."

On the other hand—herself a nursery drudge all her days, fresh in bungalow aprons, writing to Paris, and putting snap-shots into letters, smiling across Foy's soups and salads at Tom, doubling three hearts—

The dream of development, of strange cities, of a devoted, keen-eyed man with a beautiful, happy woman beside him—the dream of freedom from this world of little, mud-splashed motors and telephoning women friends—

No, it was only a dream. And in the cold, stone-gray dawn she saw it so. She knew that she must write Andrew one more letter, to add to the series of her happy, confident, exuberant letters—

A letter to say good-by.

Willoughby's restless spirit has leaped beyond the invisible boundaries of marriage. Repentant, she is now determined to recall it—to hold it forever within bounds. Will she succeed? See next week's tense instalment.

America's favorite hearty soup!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup has won a reputation with the women of America enjoyed by no other soup.

When they want a soup that contains a generous amount of solid food, this is their selection almost every time.

Every spoonful "heavy" with diced or whole vegetables, alphabet macaroni and barley, fresh herbs, invigorating broth of choice beef—blended and seasoned to the utmost deliciousness.

Fifteen different vegetables culled from the finest gardens. Thirty-two ingredients in all!

This vim and dash I always flash
When on my way to dinner.
With Campbell's fare to greet me there
My appetite's a winner!

Here is a soup constantly served as a luncheon or supper with very little else—it is so filling and satisfying. At dinner, it supplies a real share of the needed nourishment.

And it tastes so good that even when the appetite is listless, it is stimulated by the delicious flavor and encouraged to receive the "real meal" that is in this soup.

Add an equal quantity of water, simmer a few minutes, and serve!

21 soups

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Cudahy's

Puritan Ham

"Ripened Naturally" for Finer Flavor

Cudahy's Puritan Ham is "ripened naturally"—a special Cudahy method which gives to Puritan its finer flavor and greater tenderness—qualities which make it so distinguished.

"Ripened naturally" is an exacting method. It diffuses the rich juices of the choice young meats selected for Puritan in a natural way. There is no forcing or hurrying.

The result is like fruit tree-ripened, compared to fruit artificially ripened. Puritan is, therefore, uniformly rich, sweet and delicious and so tender and mild, that par-boiling is unnecessary before frying or broiling.

Try Puritan. You'll be delighted with its finer qualities. At your dealers. *"The Taste Tells."*

The Cudahy Packing Co. U.S.A. makers of Puritan Hams · Bacon · Lard

THE LAW'S DELAY

Tracing the Wanderings of Blind Justice in the SACCO-VANZETTI Case

An Article

By WILDER GOODWIN
of the New York Bar

(Reading time: 18 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This article explains the amazing procedure which makes it possible for our machinery of justice to juggle for more than seven years with the lives of two men. The author, a distinguished New York lawyer, made a careful examination of the Massachusetts Court records to trace each step in the roundabout trail that ended at the electric chair.]

ON April 15, 1920, Alexander Beradelli and Frederick A. Parmenter were murdered in the course of a pay-roll robbery at South Braintree, Massachusetts. More than seven years later, on August 23, 1927, Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were executed as the murderers.

The trial of Sacco and Vanzetti is undoubtedly one of the milestones in American legal history. No other trial in an American jurisdiction has aroused such world-wide interest.

Not only those who, from radical beliefs, sympathized with the defendants, but many conservatives have fiercely protested the innocence of the condemned men. On the other hand, a great body of citizens of impartial judgment are equally convinced of their guilt.

However, amid the mass of unbalanced invective and intemperate criticism concerning the fairness of the trial, there stands out one solemn and sober criticism: throughout the entire responsible press of Europe and this country one finds an expression of horror and bewilderment that, under any modern legal system, almost seven years can elapse between indictment and execution.

Several years ago William Howard Taft, Chief Justice of the United States, stated that the American system of criminal procedure is a disgrace.

A demonstration in Paris August 12, when 12,000 persons protested against the blind justice of the Massachusetts courts.

P. & A. photos

Bartolomeo Vanzetti (left) and Nicola Sacco on their way to be sentenced last April 9, almost six years after they were convicted.

The United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, with a scarcely veiled allusion to the Sacco case, is quoted in a speech before the Commercial Law League of America as saying:

"Our criminal procedure destroys confidence and security at home and excites criticism and protest abroad. When over six years elapse between indictment and execution in a notable murder case, the law itself is really the thing tried and condemned.

"Thereby a grave injustice is done to the defendants, whether guilty or innocent; the law loses much of its terror for evil-doers; organized effort to discredit our institutions themselves results; and sober-minded, honest cit-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"Nervous · · miserable · · *I had to give up all outdoor sports"*

ABOVE, MRS. CYRIL E. ALLEN *of Philadelphia*

Philadelphia, Pa.

"Riding, swimming, tennis—I was forced to give up each of my beloved sports. And my dancing, too . . .

"The doctor's words sounded hopeless! 'Autointoxication' had become chronic! I feared I would be afflicted my whole life long.

"I led a miserable existence. Something had to be done. I tried medicines. To no avail. I was still terribly weak—was oppressed by an overwhelming desire to sleep continuously.

"Then one day my mother handed me several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast, saying, 'You have tried everything else.' It was with a mere flickering ray of hope that I began eating it—three cakes a day.

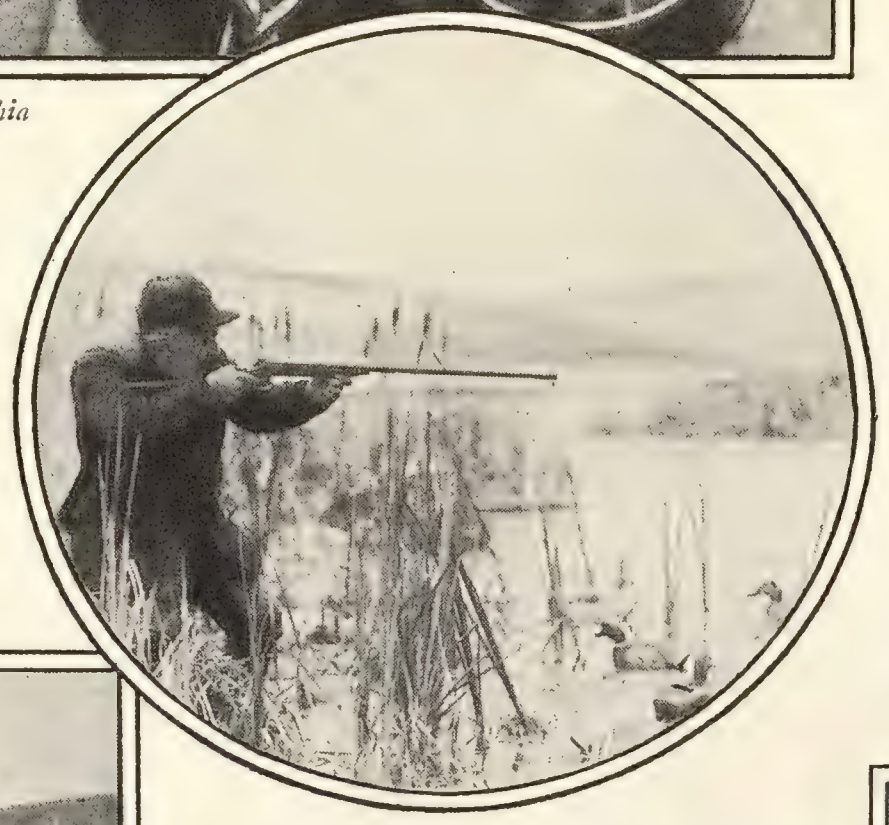
"Today I can snap my fingers at the word 'chronic.' For in 5 months my autointoxication had *disappeared.* I've never felt better in my life. I'm riding again, and fit for any strenuous sport. And I am thinking of starting my dancing again, too."

Mrs. Cyril E. Allen

(RIGHT)

"I WAS under the anxious responsibility of starting my own business and nursing it along the road to success. Of course my hours were long, and I overworked. Soon my system was run down. At the same time I began to suffer from constipation. My digestion, too, was impaired. One day someone recommended that I try Yeast . . . I did try it. Today, after taking Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for two months, I find myself, to be brief, enjoying the best of health.'"

LEO S. KILLEEN, St. Paul, Minn.



WHEN the body is depressed by intestinal poisons, when vitality is low, Fleischmann's Yeast gets surely at the source of the trouble.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food as fresh and wholesome as any vegetable from the garden. It cleanses the digestive tract of accumulated wastes, counteracts intestinal putrefaction, strengthens the intestinal muscles. With elimination regular, complete, the assimilation of food becomes normal, the blood is purified—the tone of the whole system is raised. Indigestion, skin disorders yield to the action of Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start today on this easy, natural road to health. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in any cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Health Research Dept. G-48, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

"TWO YEARS AGO I was just a shadow of humanity—I couldn't sleep. I was nervous, irritable—and so tired I was unable to do any kind of work.

"I came to Colorado for a rest. But still my unfortunate condition persisted . . . One day a friend suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating a cake three times daily.

"Gradually I noticed a general improvement in my health. Today—my old tired feeling is gone. I sleep like a top. And my work goes splendidly."

IDA ELIZABETH HOWARD, Denver, Colo.

This modern, natural way to health:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold), or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"THREE YEARS AGO I was told that, to avoid a nervous breakdown, I vitally needed a rest. My whole system was run down from overwork. On returning from my vacation boils started to break out upon my face and neck—the result of the condition of my blood. Remedies of various kinds proved of no value. Ointments and poultices seemed only to alleviate—not overcome—the disorder.

"Numerous friends advised Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking it regularly at meal times. In a short time I noted improvement. The boils simply faded away. In a month I was my old self. I have had no skin disorder since. And I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily to keep 'fit.'"

LEIGHTON H. REID, Detroit, Mich.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

izens are filled with anxiety as to whether justice which is slow and doubtful of itself is really justice at all."

Without reviewing the guilt or innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, or the fairness of their trial, it is simple to retrace the exact steps taken by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the attorneys for the defense which resulted in the phenomenal delay.

Parmenter and Beradelli were killed by a group of men in broad daylight on a public highway at South Braintree. At the time they were in charge of the pay-roll at the Slater & Morrill factory.

The murderers seized the money, something over $15,000, and made their escape in a motor car. Parmenter was killed by bullets from a Savage automatic. Beradelli's fatal wound was caused by a bullet from a .32-caliber Colt automatic.

These facts are undisputed. The sole issue at the trial was whether Sacco and Vanzetti were two of the bandits.

THE Commonwealth tried for conviction chiefly on the following evidence as to Sacco:

1. Identification at the scene of the crime by eye-witnesses.

2. Evidence that a cap found by Beradelli's body was Sacco's cap.

3. That when he was arrested, a .32-caliber loaded Colt automatic was found in his pocket.

4. Expert testimony that the fatal bullet had been fired from that particular pistol, as shown by markings on shell and bullet.

5. "Consciousness of guilt"—i. e.: that when he was arrested he attempted to reach for his pistol, and admittedly lied to the police as to his actions and the manner in which he obtained possession of the gun.

As to Vanzetti:

1. Identification of eye-witnesses as being in the murder car.

2. Evidence that a .38-caliber Harrington & Richardson revolver found on Vanzetti when arrested had belonged to Beradelli.

3. Consciousness of guilt, as in Sacco's case.

The State did not claim that Vanzetti had fired the fatal shot. Owing to the circumstances under which the crime was committed, the identification testimony was not strong.

The general case for the defense was:

1. An attempted alibi. Evidence of witnesses, both as to Sacco and as to Vanzetti, that at the time of the crime they were at points so distant that they could not have been implicated.

2. Testimony of eye-witnesses of the crime that they had not seen either Sacco or Vanzetti in the murder car.

3. Expert testimony that the mortal bullet was not fired from Sacco's pistol. It was further denied that the cap was Sacco's, and Vanzetti testified that he had bought the revolver found upon him.

4. The defense met the claim of "conscious guilt" by both Sacco and Vanzetti taking the stand, denying that when arrested they had reached for their guns, and claiming they possessed the guns simply for purposes of self-defense.

They further testified that they were radicals and engaged in the distribution of radical literature, and that when arrested they had thought they were to be deported for their activities and therefore lied to the police.

This evidence of the defense was one of the most important issues of the trial, for it opened the door for the District Attorney to cross-examine the prisoners concerning their draft-dodging and radical activities, which is claimed by Sacco and Vanzetti sympathizers as the chief reason for their conviction.

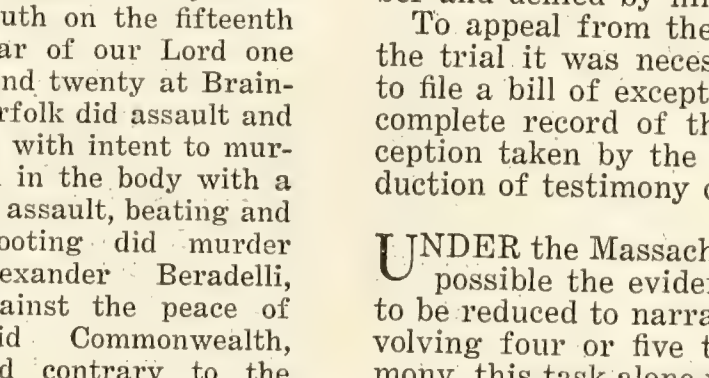
On July 20 Vanzetti was convicted of participation in a previous hold-up with attempt to murder one Alfred E. Cox, committed in the preceding December, the so-called Bridgewater Crime.

On August 16 he was sentenced to twelve to fifteen years in State Prison for his participation. For this reason Sacco moved (unsuccessfully) for a separate trial in this case.

Now let us look at the legal chronology of the case.

Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested on May 5, 1920, and committed by a magistrate to await action by the Grand Jury.

On September 11, at the first criminal term following their arrest, the Grand Jury of Norfolk County found the following indictment, the form being similar for the murder of Parmenter and Beradelli:



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An American flag was torn to shreds when 10,000 persons in Trafalgar Square, London, denounced the United States six days after the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Norfolk, SS.

At the Superior Court, begun and holden at Dedham within and for the County of Norfolk, on the first Monday of September in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty, the Jurors for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts on their oath present That Nicola Sacco of Stoughton in the County of Norfolk and Bartolomeo Vanzetti of Plymouth in the County of Plymouth on the fifteenth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty at Braintree in the County of Norfolk did assault and beat Alexander Beradelli with intent to murder him by shooting him in the body with a loaded pistol and by such assault, beating and shooting did murder Alexander Beradelli, against the peace of said Commonwealth, and contrary to the form of the Statute in such case made and provided.

A True Bill
JOHN B. WHELAN,
Foreman of the Grand Jury.

P. & A. photo

This crowd in Union Square, New York, stubbornly resisted police efforts to disperse them when they met on the eve of the execution to denounce officials who had refused to intercede for the condemned men.

The trial was originally set for March 7, 1921, but at the request of the defendants was adjourned to May 31, to enable the defendants to take the deposition of a witness in Italy.

When the case went to trial before Judge Webster Thayer, four days were consumed in picking the jury, the original panel of 500 jurors having been exhausted and it being necessary to procure 200 additional.

At that time in Massachusetts each defendant was allowed twenty-two peremptory challenges and the Commonwealth the same number, so that in this case eighty-eight jurors could be challenged without reason. Of course the Court excluded all who showed prejudice against either side.

The trial lasted six weeks, a verdict of guilty being returned July 14. So far there had been no unreasonable delay, considering the complications of the case and the large number of witnesses. It is from this period that the startling delays occurred.

The tactics of the counsel for the defense in trying to set aside the conviction fell into four legal groups:

1. A general motion to set aside the verdict as contrary to the weight of evidence and on the exceptions taken at the trial; and an appeal to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts from the rulings and procedure at the trial.

2. Six separate motions for a new trial made at different times before sentence, on the ground of new evidence claimed to have been discovered since the trial.

3. Application to the Governor for clemency.

4. Proceedings after sentence, involving further application to the State Court for a new trial and other relief, and application to the Federal courts for intervention on the ground that the defendants' constitutional rights had been invaded and that they had been convicted without "due process of law."

It must be borne in mind that all the court proceedings referred to involved a host of minor collateral applications concerning procedural matters, all of which took much time.

The general motion for a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against the weight of evidence and on the exceptions taken at the trial was made by the defendants on July 18. It was argued before Judge Thayer in November and denied by him on December 24, 1921.

To appeal from the Judge's ruling made at the trial it was necessary for the defendants to file a bill of exceptions. This consists of a complete record of the trial showing the exception taken by the defendants to the introduction of testimony of procedure at the trial.

UNDER the Massachusetts practise, as far as possible the evidence of the witnesses had to be reduced to narrative form. In a case involving four or five thousand pages of testimony, this task alone was colossal. The defendants, however, filed this bill of exceptions in two parts in February, 1922.

But not only must a bill of exceptions be filed, it must be "allowed." That is, the Court and the District Attorney must agree that it contains all the necessary evidence and material.

The final bill of exceptions was not allowed until September 9, 1924, and was finally entered, placing the case in line for argument in the Supreme Court on October 2, 1924.

Why did it take over two years and a half to settle this record?

That this delay was a subject of worry to Court and counsel is shown by the stenographic record of a hearing before Judge Thayer on March 9, 1923, concerning an adjournment of the motions hereinafter discussed.

The Court stated:

"In important cases such as these, it is not a great deal of time to meet those affidavits given. I am going to grant your request. I think it is just. I would like to make one statement, though, because I have seen some in the newspapers which were unfair to the defendants and some were unfair to the Commonwealth, with reference to the length of time that has elapsed between the date of the conviction and the present time. . . .

"The statute allows three days within which exceptions can be filed. Of course, three days would be absolutely out of the question. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE LAW'S DELAY
Continued from Page Twenty-three]

evidence here, I think nine or ten books of evidence; there are I think, between four and five thousand pages of evidence, and counsel—and Mr. Moore assured me that he was working all the time, not only during the day but at night, in the preparation of the exceptions.

"I remember that time was extended a great many times, and I think it was on February 25 the second volume of the bill of exceptions was filed.

"About seven months were consumed by Mr. Moore, who worked night and day in the preparation of those exceptions, because he assured me that these cases were all that he was attending to during those months. So that there was seven months that expired in the preparation of the exceptions.

"Then came the motion for a new trial, which was argued at great length and required a great deal of work. Counsel on both sides assured me that they were doing all that they could. I know the tremendous amount of work that was involved in the preparation of those arguments.

"Both counsel stated that they read through all the evidence line by line and paragraph by paragraph and page by page, and the result was that in order that justice might be done to both sides it necessarily required an immense amount of work."

A DISCUSSION ensued between Mr. Moore, the defendants' counsel, and Mr. Williams, the District Attorney, concerning their difficulties in agreeing on the case.

It is also believed that the delay in preparing the appeal was greatly influenced by the fact that during this period were commenced the motions for a new trial which are described later.

It is highly probable that the defendants realized their best chance lay in these motions and not in the main appeal.

It must be remembered that, under the Massachusetts practise, an appeal from a judgment of conviction only brings up matters of law involved; such, for example, as to whether the Judge's charge to the jury correctly stated the law and whether evidence was properly received.

An appeal does not review the weight of the evidence. It is considered only to the extent of determining whether from a point of law there is any evidence which would justify the jury in a verdict of guilty. It could not be seriously contested that there was some such evidence.

In its final decision of August 19, 1927, the Massachusetts Supreme Court, referring to its decision on the main appeal, said:

"The argument for the defendants was full and exhaustive, covering every error claimed to have been committed at the trial or in the subsequent proceedings, and it was decided as a matter of law that there was evidence which would warrant the jury in finding the defendants guilty."

In view of the limited nature of the possible appeal, it is probable that both prosecution and defense had no desire to have it heard until they could also bring up for review the motions for a new trial which, the defense claimed, concerned vital new elements of fact as distinguished from law.

Under the Massachusetts statute, the Superior (Trial) Court may grant a new trial at any time *before sentence*, "for any cause for which by law a new trial may be granted or if it appears to the Court that justice has not been done."

These motions are invariably made before the Judge who heard the original trial. Under this provision counsel for defense filed five motions for a new trial on the basis of newly discovered evidence:

1. The Ripley motion, filed November 8, 1921.
2. The Gould motion, May 4, 1922.
3. The Goodridge motion, July 22, 1922.
4. The Andrews motion, September 11, 1922.
5. The Hamilton motion, in which later was incorporated the famous Proctor affidavit, April 30, 1923.

Argument on these motions was not heard until October and November, 1923, and decision denying them all was not made until October 1, 1924. These motions were the chief cause of delay in the case and are vital to an understanding of what happened.

It must be borne in mind that a motion is in no sense a trial. It is usually a proceeding based on affidavits alone, no testimony being taken in passing upon motions for a new trial.

The Judge does not redetermine the innocence or guilt of the defendants, but simply rules whether sufficient new evidence has been introduced which might materially influence the verdict of the jury had it been put before them, and the weight and credibility of the affidavits must be weighed in this connection.

Governor Fuller (left), who refused to pardon Sacco and Vanzetti, and Judge Thayer, who presided at their trial.

P. & A. photos

Police were forced to arrest fifty-two sympathizers (shown at upper left) the day before the execution to halt picketing of the Boston State House (above).

Except for the Lowell Investigating Committee, the jury which tried Sacco and Vanzetti were the only persons who passed upon oral testimony concerning the crime.

In considering the weight of any testimony by affidavit or in reading a record of the proceedings, the lay reader should bear in mind a statement made by Judge Thayer in his decision denying the motions. He quotes from the Supreme Court of Maine as follows (State *versus* Lambert, 97 Maine 51):

> "We may say at the outset that in considering the weight of this testimony, depending as it does for its effect upon the credibility of the witnesses, we can not put ourselves in the place of the jury, nor usurp that province of deciding questions of fact which the law imposed upon them. Their conclusions, if warranted by the evidence, are to stand.
>
> "We have before us only the pages of a printed record, aided somewhat by an inspection of the exhibits which were introduced in evidence at the trial. *The jury had before them the living, speaking witnesses.*
>
> "The degree of credence properly to be given to the story of a witness may depend much upon his appearance upon the stand, upon his air of candor and truthfulness, upon his seeming intelligence and honesty, upon his apparent want of bias or interest or prejudice.
>
> "The want of such characteristics may render testimony of little value. And the appearance of such characteristics, or the want of them, is not always transcribed upon the record of a case. If the story of a witness is seemingly credible and probable, and not inconsistent with other admitted or proven facts, the listener has much better opportunity to judge correctly of its truthfulness than a reader has.
>
> "From the bare record we might be in grave doubt as to which of two conflicting statements is true. The jury seeing the witnesses, might have no reasonable doubt."

Judge Thayer then continued to say:

"If five judges of the supreme judicial court of Maine, with their years of large, varied, and practical experience at the bar and upon the bench, could not tell without a personal observation of the living, speaking witnesses what verdict a jury should return in a first-degree murder case, when it had before it an entire transcript of all the evidence and the exhibits in the case, is it not somewhat remarkable that there are those who are so gifted as mind-readers and heart-interpreters that they can tell exactly what the verdict of a jury should be, when they never even saw the defendants themselves, nor heard a word of the evidence, nor saw a single witness upon the stand?"

The gist of the motions for a new trial was as follows:

The Ripley motion was based on a claim that the foreman of the jury during the trial had been guilty of technically improper conduct in introducing into the jury-room certain cartridges of his own which he had compared with shells alleged to have been used by the defendants. That thus the defendants had not been confronted with the evidence against them.

The Gould motion was based on an affidavit of Gould that he had seen the bandits as they fled, and that Sacco was not among them.

The Goodridge motion dealt with the prior record of one of the State's witnesses.

The Andrews motion concerned alleged contradiction of evidence since the trial.

The fifth, or Hamilton-Proctor, motion was the most important of all and was based on an affidavit of Arthur Hamilton, a well known firearms expert, who claimed, after a compound microscopic examination of bullets and shells, that the mortal bullet was not fired from Sacco's .32-caliber Colt pistol, though it was conceded it was a .32-caliber automatic bullet.

In connection with this motion was also filed the affidavit of Captain William H. Proctor, formerly of the State Police, who had testified at the trial concerning the bullet, "My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired from that pistol."

In his affidavit he alleges that this statement was true in so far as it was a .32-caliber automatic bullet, but that he would not have testified that the bullet was fired from the pistol in question, and that he had so informed the District Attorney, and that the latter, knowing this, had so framed his question as to procure an evasive reply.

After these various motions were filed in court, supplementary affidavits were filed from time to time (forty-one affidavits were filed in the Ripley and Hamilton motions alone).

Argument on the Ripley motion was postponed at the request of the defense to enable them to obtain new evidence and prepare further motions. Both sides were not ready to proceed until February 3, 1923, when Judge Thayer was ill.

On March 16, 1923, the Ripley motion was again set for argument. Counsel for the defense stated to the Court that they believed Sacco was mentally unbalanced as a result of a hunger strike, and they did not believe they could legally continue while he was in that condition. The Court agreed with them and appointed alienists to examine Sacco.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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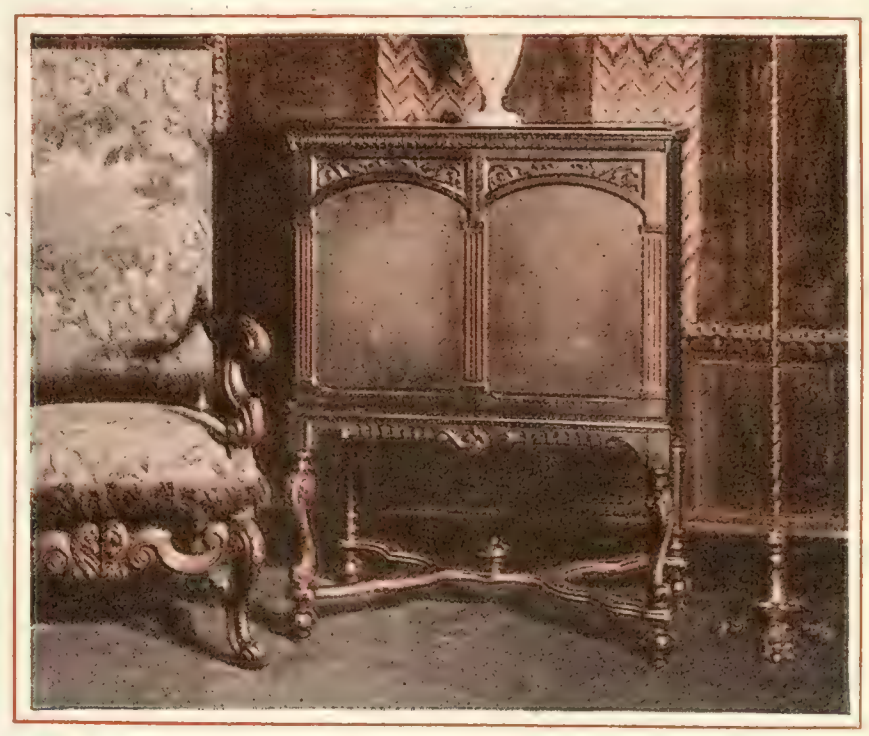


The Brunswick Panatrope (electrical type). Model P-11. Price $700.

Brunswick

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK . IN CANADA, TORONTO . BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

On April 10 he was declared to be mentally unbalanced, and it was not until August 24, 1923, that he was again declared sane.

Obtaining material for the various motions undoubtedly took a long time; nevertheless, as we have seen, argument on these motions was not heard until October, 1923, and on the Hamilton motion not until November, 1923, both sides in the meantime filing supplementary affidavits.

NOW comes a great hiatus in events, for Judge Thayer did not hand down his decision on the motions until October 1, 1924. Judge Thayer, during this period, was continually presiding over the trial of many other cases, and in considering the delay it must be borne in mind that great numbers of conflicting affidavits were filed, those in the Hamilton motion being in the highest degree technical and involving minute scientific measurements.

The experts for the Commonwealth, Merton A. Robins, ballistic engineer for the Winchester Arms Company, and Charles J. Van Amburg, associate ballistic engineer for the Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Company, swore in contradiction of the defense affidavits that in their positive opinion the mortal bullet was fired from Sacco's pistol.

The next step of the defense, on denial of their motions, was to appeal to the Supreme Court from the rulings. A supplementary bill of exceptions, a form which has been described, had to be prepared and filed, covering rulings on all five motions.

This bill of exceptions was filed November 19, 1924, but was not allowed and entered until May 11, 1925.

Then, for the first time, the case was ready to go before the Supreme Court on all the issues. The argument in the Supreme Court on the appeals was held on January 11, 12, and 13, 1926. That Court handed down its decision on May 12, 1926, and held that no errors of law had been committed at the original trial.

With regard to all the motions, it was held that, under Massachusetts law, a motion for a new trial rests solely in the discretion of the justice before whom it was made, and would not be reviewed except for abuse of discretion.

In amplifying this in a later opinion, they stated the rule laid down in Davis against the Boston Elevated Railway (235 Massachusetts 482), as follows:

> To sustain these exceptions it is necessary to decide that no conscientious judge acting intelligently could honestly have taken the views expressed by him.

Six years had now elapsed since the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. The case was apparently at last ripe for sentence.

But what happened? On May 20, 1926, the defendants again filed a motion for a new trial, this time based on the widely discussed Madeiros confession. In November, 1925, Madeiros, who was in the same prison with Sacco, also convicted of murder, had sent the following note to Sacco:

> I hereby confess to being in the South Braintree Shoe Company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime.
>
> Celestino Madeiros.

(Madeiros was electrocuted with Sacco and Vanzetti.)

Madeiros, in his detailed affidavit, refused to name his associates, but the defense sought by other evidence to establish that they were the Morelli gang of Providence.

In the motion for a new trial it was also maintained that the Federal Department of Justice had been indirectly interested in the conviction because of the defendants' radical activities. This motion was argued before Judge Thayer September 13, 1926, and denied by him on October 23 in an opinion of enormous length.

The appeal from this decision to the Supreme Court was swift in comparison with the other steps in this case. It was argued February 27 and decided April 5, 1927, the Court again denying the appeal and holding the decision to be within Judge Thayer's discretion.

At last, on April 9, 1927, Sacco and Vanzetti were sentenced to die during the week of July 10. Apparently no other legal delay was possible, but there still remained the pardoning power of the Governor.

On April 23 he commenced an investigation of the case, later appointing an independent advisory board consisting of President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and former Judge Robert Grant.

Pending his decision, he reprieved the condemned men until August 10. On August 3 the Governor refused a pardon.

APPARENTLY the last possible step had been taken in behalf of the defendants, but their counsel plunged into a last series of desperate moves.

Between August 3, the date of the Governor's refusal to pardon, and the date of execution the defense vainly sought relief from the Massachusetts Superior Court, the Massachusetts Supreme Court, and from the District, Circuit, and Supreme courts of the United States.

The Governor, on August 10, had granted a last-minute reprieve, pending the appeal to the State Supreme Court.

The defense on August 6 moved in the Superior Court for a new trial on the ground of the prejudice of Judge Thayer. The motion was heard by Judge Thayer over the protest of the defense.

He denied the motion on the ground that under the statute concerning new trials, quoted in this article, no justice of the Superior Court had jurisdiction after sentence had been passed. As to this, he was affirmed by the Supreme Court.

It can not therefore be fairly said, as has so often been done, that he determined the question of his own prejudice. For the same reason he refused a revocation of sentence.

On the same day counsel applied to Judge Sanderson of the State Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus, a writ of error, and a stay of execution.

A writ of habeas corpus, literally "that you have the body," is one of the oldest writs of the common law. Its purpose is to compel the production before the Court of a person claimed to be wrongfully held in custody to determine by what right he is detained.

Judge Sanderson ruled that there was no right to the writ since there was no question as to the validity of the warrant committing Sacco and Vanzetti to state prison. He also refused to grant a writ of error.

A writ of error is a proceeding by which the Supreme Court may order a re-examination of the whole proceeding on the law and facts by one of its justices.

The Supreme Court also denied jurisdiction to issue a writ of error which was asked of the whole bench.

On August 10 the defense made its first plea to the United States courts, basing the claim to Federal jurisdiction on the ground that the defendants had been convicted without due process of law in violation of their constitutional rights.

They applied to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus. He denied the writ in a terse opinion filed in his own handwriting, in which he said, in part:

> I am unable to find in the petition or affidavits, as I understand them, any facts that would warrant my issuing the writ. I have not authority to issue it unless it appears that the Court had no jurisdiction of the case in a real sense so that no more than the form of a trial was there.

A similar application was denied by Judge Anderson of the Circuit Court and later by Judge Morton of the District Court.

Meanwhile, the appeals from the rulings of Judge Thayer and Judge Sanderson were argued before the full bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court on August 16. Apparently in time of emergency the legal machinery could move fast. On August 19 the Court unanimously denied all the appeals.

There followed applications for a stay of execution to Judges Sisk and Hall of the Superior Court, and to Judge Lowell of the United States District Court, and to four justices of the Supreme Court of the United States—Chief Justice Taft, and Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone.

All these applications were based on the intent of the defense to apply to the Supreme Court for a writ of certiorari.

This is an application to take jurisdiction and review, since in such a case an appeal to the United States Supreme Court from a judgment of a State court does not lie as a matter of right, but it rests in the Supreme Court's discretion to determine whether there is a constitutional question to review.

All these judges refused a stay, though the empty form of the petition for the writ was docketed in the Supreme Court on August 22.

In the early minutes of August 23 Sacco and Vanzetti were executed.

P. & A. photo

The mounted force drawn up at the entrance to Charlestown State Prison the night of the execution.

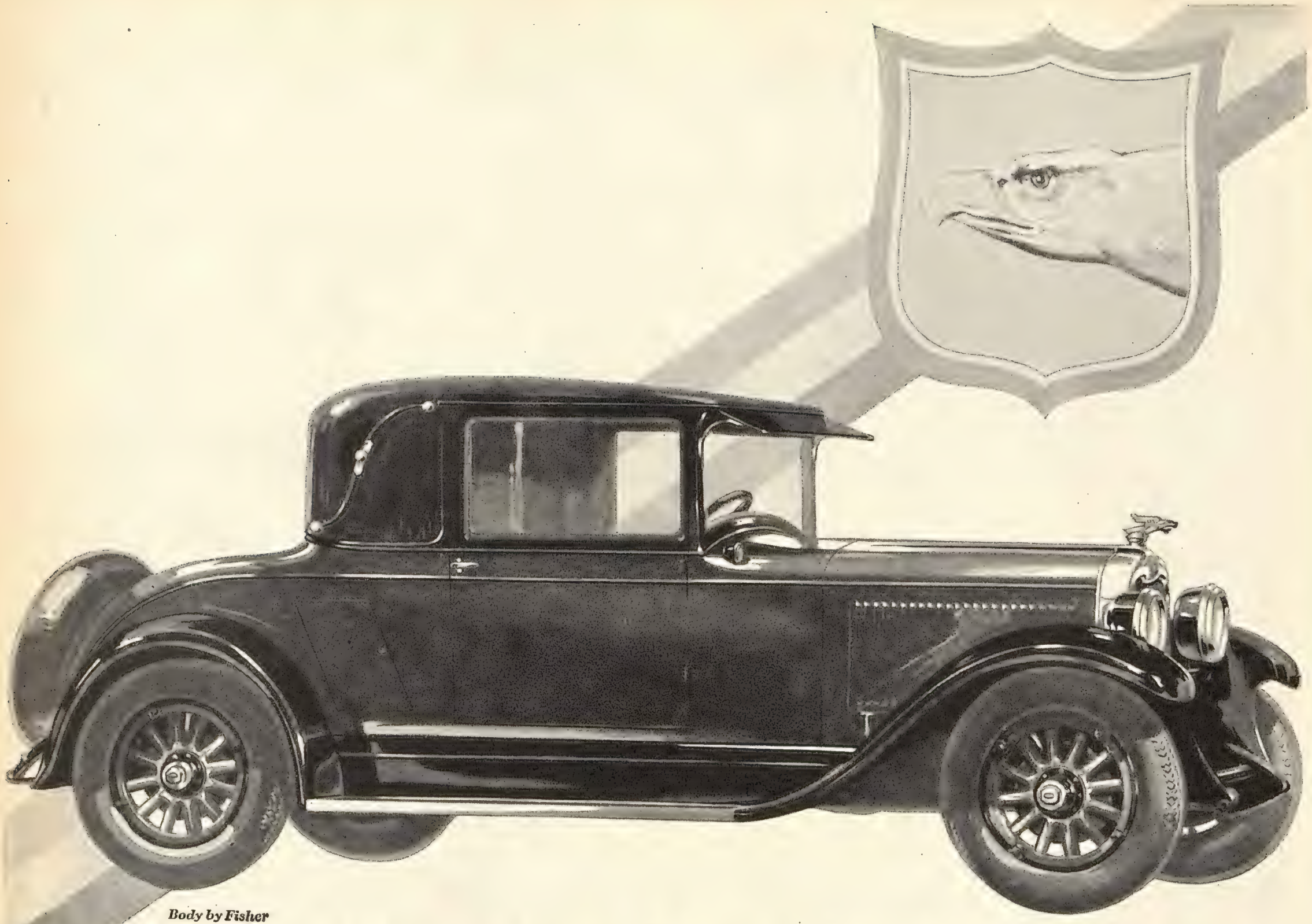
THERE stands the record. A six weeks' trial, eight separate motions for a new trial, two applications for a writ of error, three appeals to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, application to eleven different judges of the State and Federal courts for writs of habeas corpus or stays of execution. Six years, eleven months, and twelve days from indictment to execution.

Is our administration of the criminal law open to criticism?

In 1925 the Massachusetts statute concerning criminal appeals in capital cases was amended, doing away with the cumbersome bill of exceptions that has been referred to, and capital cases are given precedence in the Supreme Court.

Massachusetts attorneys are of the opinion that under the new statute no such delay as occurred in the Sacco-Vanzetti case can ever again occur in the courts of that Commonwealth.

Read the editorial on Page Five.



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GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

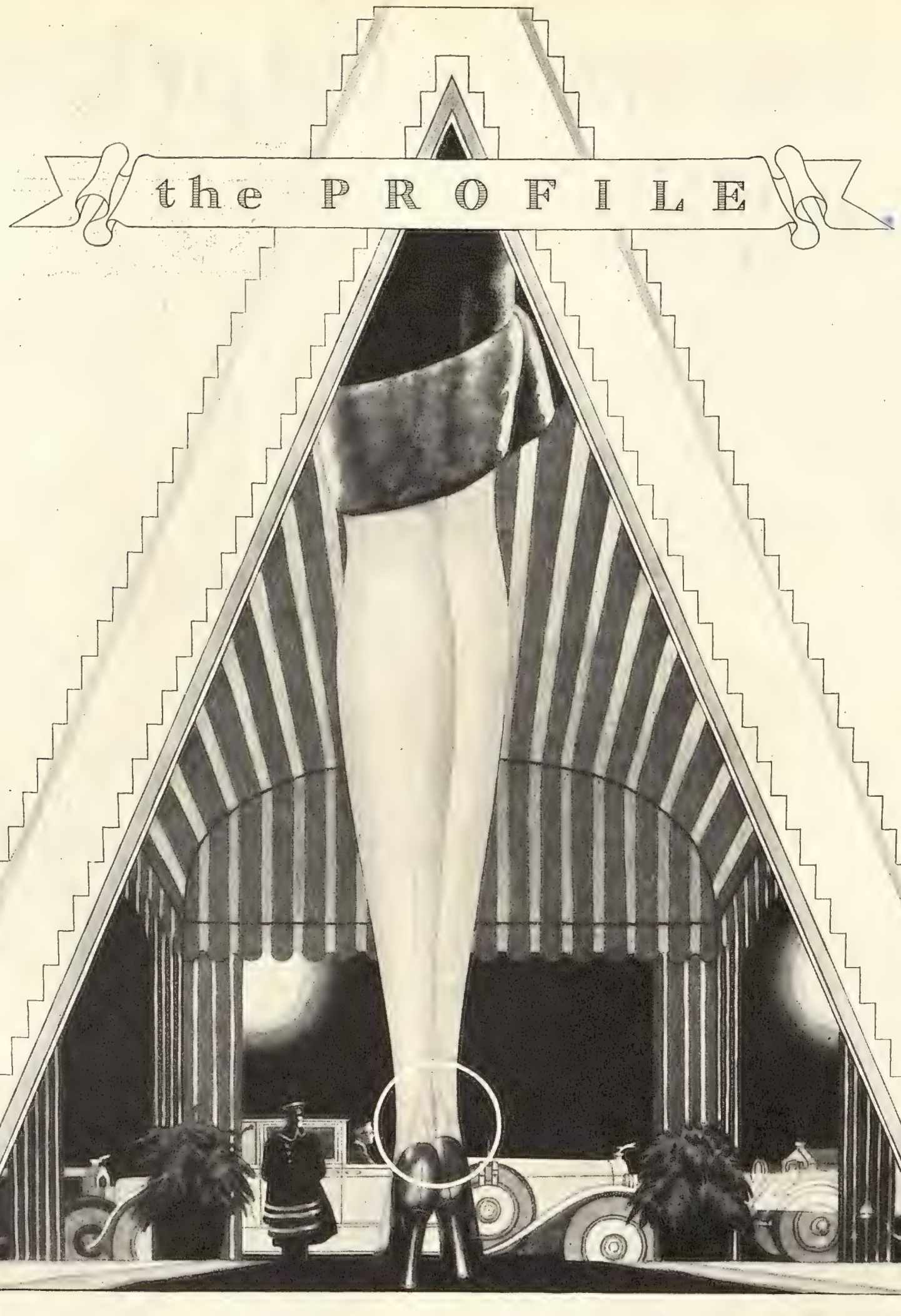
By RALPH BARTON

A PEACEFUL HOUR IN ARDUOUS LIVES: View of the open-air veranda of the Mary K. Hittlebottle Sanitarium for Anarchists, where radicals of all kinds may retire for rest and recuperation between manifestations.

FOR THE RELIEF OF THOSE WHO LIVE NEAR RESTAURANTS AND DANCE-HALLS: John Hays Hammond, Jr., testing a machine for controlling legs by radio, with a view to the inauguration of a chain of jazzless ballrooms.

THE DEFENDER OF THE FAITH FAITHLESS: One of the seven Saville Row tailors who committed hara-kiri before portraits of the Prince of Wales, in protest against His Royal Highness' having allowed himself to be photographed wearing a straw hat with a morning coat.

DISTURBING RESULTS OF SCULPTOR GUTZON BORGLUM'S NEWSPAPER CAMPAIGNS: A view of the Rocky Mountains from Cheyenne, Wyoming, showing startling evidence of the spread of the Stone Mountain influence on the highlands of America.



The delicate PROFILE, with its refined outline adds new grace to the ankle. It's just a wisp of shadowy tone in pointed effect rising from the reinforced heel. This slenderizing beauty is to be found only in this famous hosiery. And it is now to be had at the new low price, $1.75 a pair.

Trade Mark Reg. Pat. March 8, 1927

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

A Machine-Gun HIT

A Thrilling Film of Gangster Life in the Wild Middle West

A Film Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

HOLLYWOOD is given to pulling its punch. It is afraid to lash out with force and fury. It is frightened continually by the miscellaneous sensibilities of America's millions. That is why the screen has so few effective and gripping melodramas.

The Miracle Man and The Unholy Three were the best of this genre. The new Ben Hecht study of machine-gunmen at play, Underworld, takes its place beside these two as a fine celluloid thriller of tang and gusto.

Underworld is something of an accident, as are all really good pictures. It was just a program picture given for the making to Josef von Sternberg, the man who made the much touted but disastrous failure, The Salvation Hunters.

Underworld lifts the former film-cutter, once known in the old Fort Lee studios as plain Joe Stern, to the heights. Von Sternberg can now snap his fingers at economy drives.

Underworld may not be Hecht's original story. In fact, Hecht protests that it isn't. But it is a powerful and tense melodrama. Chicago is the background, and *Bull Weed,* killer and guerrilla chief, is the principal protagonist.

Bull picks up a drunken tramp who was once a lawyer and makes him one of his gang. The third member of the triangle is *Bull's* light o' love, known as *Feathers.* An oily gangster, who is a florist in the upper world, tries to get possession of *Feathers,* and *Bull* pumps him full of lead for his pains.

The inevitable happens and *Bull* is sentenced to hang. An hour before the execution he escapes. Word has filtered to the death cell that *Feathers* has been unfaithful with the derelict lawyer. *Bull* sets out to kill the man before the police can get him again.

Then follows one of the most thrilling fights ever filmed. *Bull* is surrounded in his hideaway. The man from the death house and the police fight it out with machine guns, searchlights, bombs, and all the modern paraphernalia of law and order.

In the end *Bull* gives himself up—and we are asked to believe that he does this upon realizing that *Feathers* and the wreck he befriended really love each other. This, of course, is the usual preposterous movie hokum.

EVELYN BRENT and Clive Brook (left), who also scored successes in this picture.

But even this climax can not demolish the driving force of the melodrama as a whole.

Underworld owes its excellence to Von Sternberg's direction. His action is at once sinister, ruthless, and biting. Moreover, Von Sternberg evokes three superb performances from his principal players.

Even Emil Jannings could not have bettered George Bancroft's *Bull Weed.* His gang czar, swaggering, childlike, relentless, and generous, bellowing with laughter at his prowess with the gat or a few drops of nitroglycerin, is a real flesh-and-blood being. Indeed, you will not find a more fascinating character in years of film-going.

This Bancroft first came to light as the smiling frontier villain of The Pony Express. The public had passed over his brutal mountaineer in Charles Brabin's Driven.

Bancroft, who is six feet two and a half, was born in Philadelphia. He was behind the footlights for years, dancing and singing his way around the world three times.

THE gangster laughs. Bull Weed, played by George Bancroft, in Underworld.

He tried everything from Shakespeare to minstrelsy. He was in a number of Broadway musical shows, New York last seeing him in Honeydew.

Director Hugo Ballin saw him in The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, and gave him his first film job in The Journey's End, over seven years ago.

Another performance of genuine excellence is that of Evelyn Brent as the tawdry girl of the underworld. It is a sensitive and provocative characterization, the best thing Miss Brent has done in pictures.

Clive Brook, as the derelict attorney, is the third member of the superb acting triumvirate. This, too, is Brook's best film to date, topping his German prisoner in Barbed Wire.

Better see Underworld. It is easily one of the ten best pictures of 1927.

Do you know that—

An unknown Mack Sennetter, Ruth Lee Taylor, has been chosen to play *Lorelei* in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes? . . . She played leads in several Harry Langdon and Ben Turpin short comedies? . . . Henry King has been selected to direct The Darling of the Gods, which is to be Morris Gest's first film venture? . . . Eric von Stroheim has split with Famous Players and is soon to return to Universal? . . . Norman Kerry will play opposite Greta Garbo in The Divine Woman?

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate

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First frost—time for the *anti-freeze* that *won't* evaporate

MANY motorists have been in the habit of disregarding "first frost" as a danger warning to guard their motors with anti-freeze. It is clear to see that they fear the rapid loss of their anti-freeze solution by early evaporation.

Radiator glycerine cannot evaporate. If your motor is glycerine-tight, every drop of it you put into your radiator now will be there next Spring. Follow the simple servicing instructions below and you are assured of season-long protection.

And that means protection even when the mercury drops to 30 degrees below or lower, because glycerine is *sure* protection. What is more, as radiator glycerine has a higher boiling point than that of water, it permits higher and more efficient winter operating temperatures for the motor, with no danger of overheating.

Harmless

The U. S. Bureau of Standards in its Letter Circular 28 (dated December 1, 1925) describes the many advantages of radiator glycerine, stating among other things that it is harmless to all the materials of the cooling system, including rubber. It is equally harmless to the new lacquer body finishes.

Just one word of caution: In order to enjoy the full benefit of this remarkable anti-freeze, be sure to follow carefully the instructions below.

GPA

Look for this Label. Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine from cans or drums bearing this mark—the label and endorsement of the Glycerine Producers' Association laboratories.

Glycerine-tight — *have your service man follow these instructions*

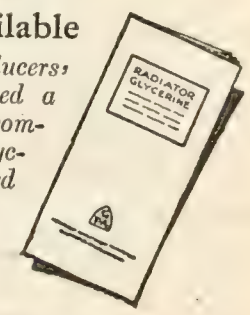
Glycerine cannot evaporate. Only by leakage or overflow can it escape. Therefore it is vital to see that the cooling system is glycerine-tight.

Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets and pump packings, so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3 inches of the top of this pipe (Fords 4 inches). This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Booklet Now Available

The Glycerine Producers' Association has prepared a booklet which tells the complete story of radiator glycerine, listing approved brands and giving exact instructions for their use. Send for a copy. Address: Dept. B1, *Glycerine Producers' Assn. 45 East 17th Street, New York*



Grandfather's CLUCK

Pictures by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

A Boy's Good-by and a Girl's Au Revoir

A Short Story by

FRANK R. ADAMS

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

THEY were that popular combination of a fool and his honey—a university senior and a chorus girl.

Bradley Bowman was running a race with himself to see which he would be first, a Bachelor of Arts or a Compleat Drunkard.

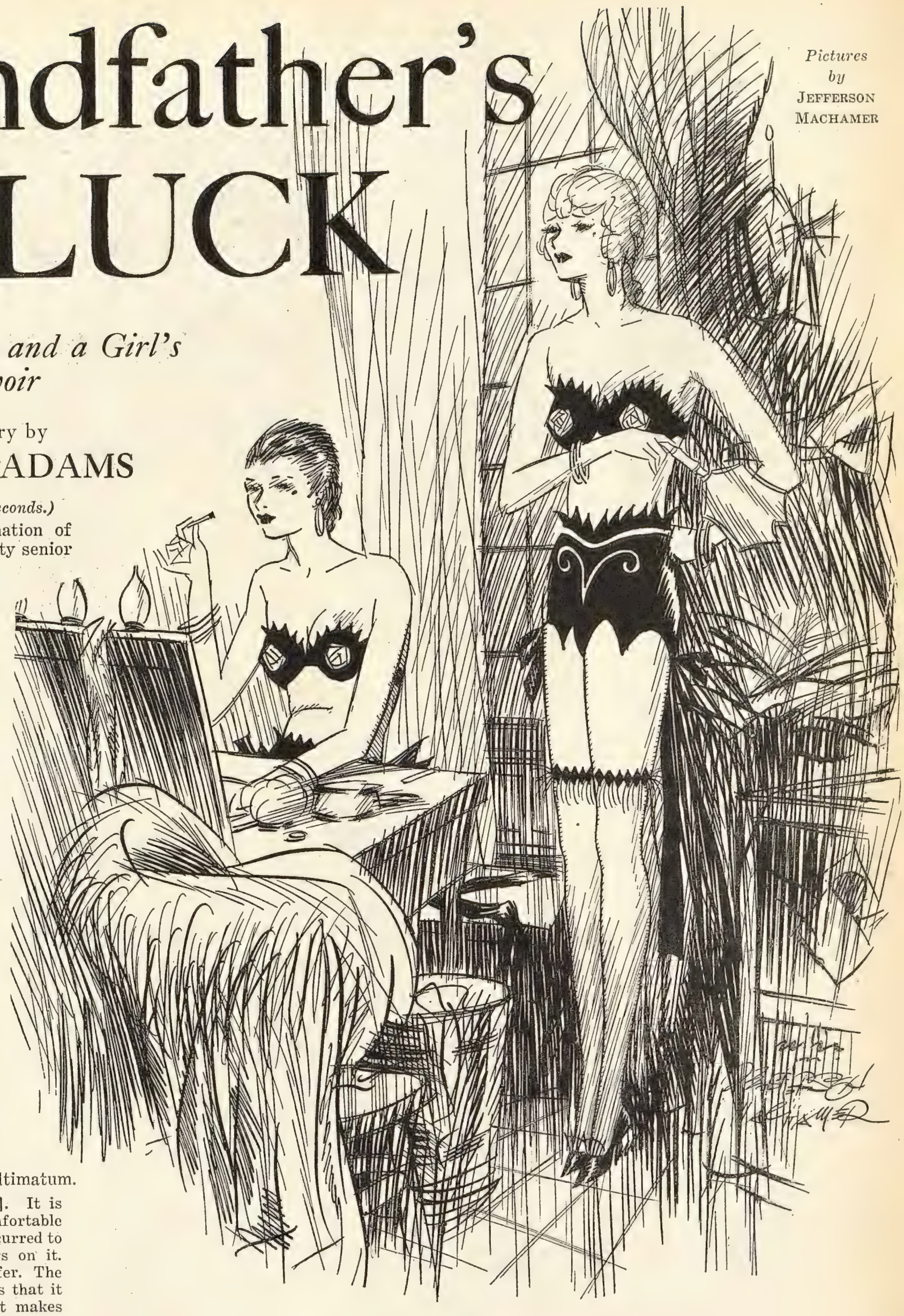
Peg Devore was, prior to the opening of this chronicle, neither better nor worse than the average girl who appears in one of those now-you-see-'em-now-you-don't revues up to 11:15 every evening and then doubles as a hay-shaker in an exclusive night club until curfew.

Naturally, in order to be in love with Peg, Brad had to lose a lot of sleep and spend a great deal of his grandfather's money. Brad never seemed to tire, but his grandfather did. Grandfather Bowman felt that, according to modern customs, if any one was going to garner hothouse primroses at his expense he should do it himself.

As Brad's only rich relative he had undertaken the young man's education. It had proved to be more of a job than he had expected. Six years in a four-year college was beyond his outside calculations.

Still, he had not murmured much until the expense account began to include Peg. Then he investigated and sent Brad an ultimatum.

> Here's your last check [he wrote]. It is enough to keep you moderately comfortable until graduation—or had that ever occurred to you? However, there are no strings on it. Spend it for chewing-gum if you prefer. The only way it differs from the others is that it is the final edition. The press that makes these is broken, the type has been melted up, and we're all out of print paper besides.



"Cheer up, Peg," another girl advised. "He was only a dumb cluck of a college boy."

The check was for $300. Graduation was two weeks off. There was hope, even among the faculty, that Brad would make it this time. He wasn't really so dumb, and he had learned a lot about mathematics recently from adding up night-club checks, and he had acquired a knowledge of buying methods from dealing with iron-hearted bootleggers.

Brad made a swift calculation as to what could be done on 300 rollers—$150 a week—and called up Peg to make a date for that evening.

Three days later he woke up with even his pajama pockets turned inside out.

That following evening was the first night that he hadn't seen Peg in several months. The next night was the second one.

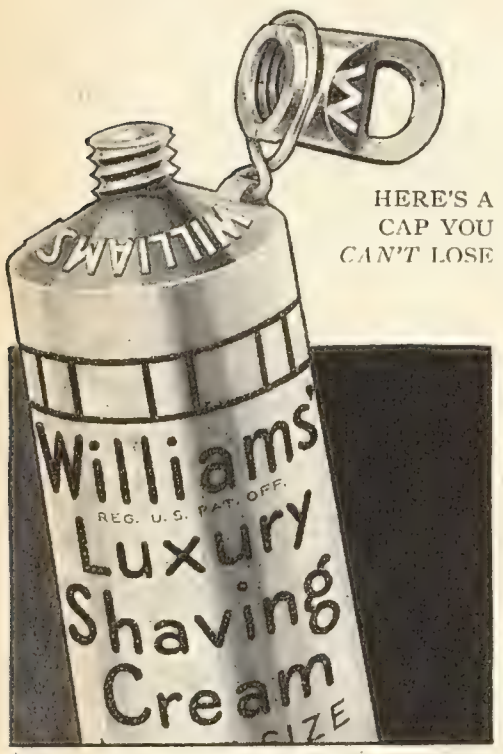
At first Peg did not notice his defection so much. Then she began to worry about it. Brad was the nicest boy she had ever known—a little wild perhaps, but with an unforced gaiety that made him a lot different from the men with whom she ordinarily came in contact. Besides, she had come to depend upon him as a buffer between herself and the garishness of the business she adorned so lavishly.

And his attentions to her had been so flatteringly undivided. Peg's heart, she had thought, was incased in so much sophisticated armor that she had imagined no man's favor or lack of it would ever make any difference.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"*Just notice the fine skins of the men who shave with*

Williams"



HERE'S A CAP YOU *CAN'T* LOSE

The Cream that *keeps* FACES FIT!

Many days of smooth, comfortable shaves, of keeping your face FIT, are packed in every tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

ABSOLUTELY PURE—

its major ingredients triple distilled

⊙

ABSOLUTELY MILD—

as millions of sensitive skins can testify

⊙

ABSOLUTELY UNCOLORED—

of an ultra purity that needs no mask

⊙

Behind it lie 87 years of specialized study of what is best for beard and skin.

The drug clerk knows. He'll tell you. "Oh, yes.....sometimes they change.....*but they all come back to Williams!*"

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Montreal, Canada

Next time say

Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

[GRANDFATHER'S CLUCK
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

But it did. Night after night she found herself watching for him, hoping that he would come to that favorite single table of his, where he could watch her hungrily, where formerly she had come to him at the end of the floor show to eat a little and dance the curfew dance.

That last dance at the Club Moquin was always the same. The Milkman's Blues, played as only the most perfect orchestra on Broadway could play it, and sung, during one chorus, by Harry Weatherstop, the plaintive husky barytone who doubled in cymbals and drums.

"Here's your bottle, baby.
Cream is on the top.
Close your eyes, and maybe
All your tears will stop.
Dawn is on the doorstep,
Sunrise on the way,
All the clouds are scootin'—
You're my girl today."

Brad was an absent-minded dancer and sometimes he bumped into people, even to that yawning music; but she discovered, when he wasn't there any more, that their rhythmic embrace had been very sweet, and once she found herself really crying when she had to dance that number with some one else.

He didn't sing very well either, but sometimes he had talked the song to her on the way home, and kissed her, too, at the end of the last line.

The other girls in the show noticed that Peg was not quite so cheerful as usual and kidded about it.

"Peg's lost her meal-ticket," one said.

And, "Cheer up, Peg," advised another. "He was only a dumb cluck of a college boy. You can easy find you another, better-looking in the face."

"Bless me, who is this?" Brad had momentarily forgotten Peg's presence and he didn't have time to make up an explanation.

BUT after a fortnight had gone by, Peg discovered that this was not so, and she wanted to know what had happened, even if it cost all her pride.

So she called up Brad's dormitory at the university.

"He's went," informed the colored janitor who answered the ring. "I don't know where, but I seen his car out in front of Chemistry Lab this morning."

Peg was annoyed and even hurt a little. He was apparently going about his business as usual. It would have been more flattering to have found out that he was ill.

But she had to know what was the matter.

So next morning she scarcely went to bed at all, but hurried out to the campus to see if he or his car was in sight. As stated, she had not slept much, but she had bathed frostily and was dressed exactly right, in a semi-sports costume, so that no one would have guessed that she had not turned in at 10:30. In clothes or out of them, Peg looked equally well and almost equally modest.

No one noticed her particularly, standing by Brad's coupé when the class came pouring out; or, if any one did, it was only to muse upon the marvels of co-education. Peg was about the same age as the girls who were racing to the next lecture, and her clothes were only slightly better.

Brad came out among the last. He was deep in argument with a fellow student and did not notice her at first. They were an ill assorted pair physically. The other was a short, thick-set chap with power to get under almost anything and lift, while Brad himself had a tall, loose-hinged body that did not look good for much physical effort, and a face that was a cinema screen for all the lights and shades of emotion. It was his face that made people kind to him. It smiled easily, but it looked, too, as if he could be hurt more than any other living being.

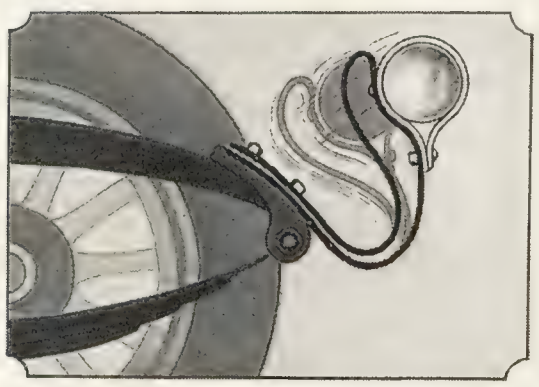
"Why, hello, Peg, absolutely hello!" he greeted. There was almost a gasp in his voice. "I didn't know how much you resembled snow on a mountain-top before. Get away from that hind fender or my little pet is apt to kick you. But wait a minute. Miss Devore, this is Mr. Rafferty, soon to be Dr. Rafferty after he cuts up one more cadaver.

"You've come out for lunch, of course?" suggested Brad invitingly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

How Balcranks will *Doubly* Protect Your New Car

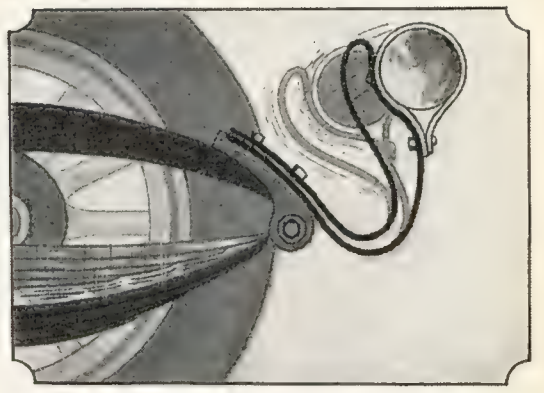
YOU'D much rather run into a sapling than a telephone pole if your automobile were forced off the road by a careless driver. The resilient and rebounding action of the young tree breaks the shock.....the pole resists it. The absorbing action of the sapling is the same effect you get with Balcranks. Sudden collisions, that so often cause injuries, become harmless.



Balcrank springs immediately absorb the impact.

Or suppose the car in front of you stops too quickly, and you skid into it. Here's what actually happens with Balcranks. The springs supporting the strong, round bar first act in precisely the same manner that ordinary bumper springs do, except that there is more room to "give". Thus they absorb more of the shock.

At the same time, the shock is being distributed through the bumper spring DOWNWARD into the springs of your car. That's the fundamental difference between the action of Balcranks and ordinary bumpers. The shock goes DOWNWARD instead of backward against the car frame. There is no other bumper that gives such thorough protection—and Balcrank beauty has long been accepted for its artistic adornment of better automobiles.



Next, your strong car springs absorb excess shock.

THE STYLE THAT MAKES **BALCRANK** THEM LOOK AT YOUR CAR

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

COLLISION ABSORBERS

©1927 CBC CO

If you are buying a new BUICK, CHANDLER, CHEVROLET, CHRYSLER, DIANA, ESSEX, FALCON, HUDSON, HUPMOBILE, MOON, NASH, OAKLAND, OVERLAND, PAIGE, PONTIAC, STAR, or WILLYS-KNIGHT, be sure to tell the dealer you want Balcranks instead of ordinary bumpers. He will gladly put them on for you. (For cars not mentioned above, write us.)

The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

"*Coffee, which makes the politician wise,*
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes."
ALEXANDER POPE

© 1926, D.-W. Co.

The Flavor is Roasted In!

MANY a hot political discussion has turned into a genial glow when good coffee, steaming and fragrant, has graced the friendly table of an old-time inn. Guests at many a distinguished dinner have basked in the warm well-being which seems to spread with its aroma. For 40 years White House Coffee, with its rich round flavor *roasted in* by the special White House process, has enabled the hostess to make her coffee a never-failing success.

DWINELL-WRIGHT COMPANY *Boston, Mass. Chicago, Ill. Portsmouth, Va.*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

"But this examination is more important," protested the almost Dr. Rafferty.

"Nothing is more important than seeing Peg," Brad argued. "Maybe you haven't looked at her. And she's lovelier after you haven't looked for eight or ten years. Why, Peg dear, you've grown up to be quite a girl since I saw you last."

"You said you'd give me all the balance of the morning," growled the stocky young man, knowing already that he had lost the battle.

And he had. Five minutes later Brad had Peggy to himself in the coupé, whirling out over the boulevard into the country.

"Where shall we have lunch?" he asked.

"Silly," she replied, "you know I never eat lunch."

"What a fortunate habit. Then we'll stop right here and have mine."

Pulled up at the side of the road, he opened a little compartment in the dashboard of the car and extracted therefrom a bun in a paper bag.

"Don't look at me as if I were some unclassified kind of a fish. Benjamin Franklin did this and now look at the *Saturday Evening Post*. I figure that in about a hundred and fifty years I'll be—"

"Brad," she interrupted, "what has happened to you? Tell the truth. Why haven't you seen me for two weeks?"

"Well, I'll tell you. The annual juniper-juice meet with Princeton comes off next week and I've had to go into training. I'm pinch sipper for our team, and a fellow simply has to make some sacrifices for dear old Rutabaga, you know, so—"

"Brad, have you fallen in love with some one else?"

HE looked at her in puzzled surprise. "I've never even thought of it."

"Then why—"

"I never thought that any woman would be so persistent. How can I think up another story so quick?"

"You don't have to. Let's have all the pasteboards on the table, face up."

"All right." Brad groaned and produced his grandfather's letter. He let her read it.

"Oh," she said, but not quite comprehendingly. "I still don't see why you shouldn't come and see me."

"It's really very simple," Brad explained petulantly. "I don't travel in your class any more, Peg dear. I'm flat broke."

"But this three hundred?"

"I spent that as soon as I got it. Don't you remember the grand time we had? There didn't seem to be any use to try to save it and I wanted to say good-by to you in style."

"Did you think that all I cared about was having you spend money on me?"

How could a man resist the reproachful look that Peg bent upon him?

Brad didn't entirely. "N-no, that wasn't my feeling at all. But I suddenly woke up to the fact that I hadn't any prospects and there wasn't any use trying to see Broadway by night when I didn't even have a flashlight. Besides, granddad is entitled to a run for his money. This letter is a sort of a sporting proposition. He bets I can't graduate and I'm going to fool him."

SOMETIMES he talked the song to her, and kissed her, too, at the end of the last line.

PEG was slightly miffed. All of a sudden she felt that she had been relegated to second place. She wasn't accustomed to it.

"If that's the case," she said stiffly, "you have no business missing that examination that Dr. Rafferty was talking about."

"It isn't that kind of an examination," Brad explained painfully. "He referred to a physical examination he wants to make. He's got a brand-new what-you-may-call-it that he wants to try out on me—kid with a fresh toy, you know; wants to see if it works."

"Oh!" Then another thought troubled her. "But if you spent all your last allowance on a party with me, how are you living now?"

Brad laughed. "Living—just living—is absurdly simple. My tuition is paid and I gave up my room in the dormitory. Nights I drive out into the country where I don't have to pay for parking space and I sleep right here in the car. There's the mirror," he tapped the rear-view reflector, "wherein I view the ghastly ruin in the morning. I've got a razor somewhere in that place where I keep the buns, and the jolly old two-piece wardrobe is in the luggage deck. What more does a mere bachelor need?"

THE girl was vaguely disappointed. He ought to be more disconsolate. She had thought that being away from her would have made him hungry for her. But, for some reason, he seemed to be holding her off a little. It hurt.

"I have to play a matinée," she observed finally. Earlier she had been quite prepared to pay a fine for cutting the performance and go in pursuit of spring with Brad, but under the circumstances it seemed to be no use.

"Sorry," he murmured conventionally. "The old world has to carry on, I suppose. We'll hurdle a few traffic cops and drop you at the theater in the quiver of a lamb's tail. Hang on, kid."

She tried to protest that she would take a taxi, but he wouldn't let her out, and he threaded his way through the jam of the city with more speed, if not more skill, than a taxi-driver delivering a motion-picture magnate to the Grand Central Station.

They did not talk much. Peg was too full of inexpressible disappointment to find words, and Brad did not seem to have much to say.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Irresistible for Evening Use

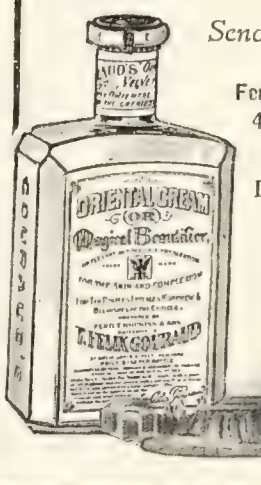
Blends the arms, shoulders and complexion into an entrancing seductive Beauty that lasts. Does not spot, streak, rub off or show the effects of perspiration. Regardless of your activities, the appearance rendered will retain its original attractiveness throughout the evening.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

No "Messy rubbing in" or long drawn out treatment necessary. From the first moment you use it, your friends will recognize a real definite improvement in your appearance, without the use of a toilet preparation being apparent.

Blemishes and irregularities of a permanent nature are effectively concealed. Its highly antiseptic and astringent action helps eliminate flabbiness, wrinkles, tan, freckles, redness, muddy skins, oiliness and similar skin troubles. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.



Send 10c for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son
430 Lafayette Street
New York

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I enclose 10c for Trial Size. Send me White ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ (check shade desired)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

DOÑA keeps the hands lovely, soft and white

Finer than the wonderful JABÓN DURO of the ravishing beauties of Spain—

THIS NEW DOÑA CASTILE!

The glory of Spain is her gorgeous women—and the glory of the Spanish beauty is her complexion! The most perfect in Europe—firm, fine, lambent—the envy of women and the admiration of men!

And these seductive creatures—how do they keep those matchless skins in that awful climate? Their secret is no secret at all—Castile! or as they say *"jabón duro!"*

The goodness of Castile is no secret either. Castile has always been accepted everywhere as the one—the *only*—irreproachable toilet soap for women.

*Pronounced Don-ya

But modern women want a modern toiletry! So we have added modern virtues to the matchless purity of Castile—we have made an exquisite soap, a delicious beauty soap—Doña* Castile! Doña will give you a generous instant lather even in cold water—instant rinsing too! Doña is "hard-milled," so it will last, is moulded in a delicious shape for your hand, and in a smart package.

Doña belongs with your most precious beauty-aids! But practical also—Doña is not too expensive! And you can buy it wherever you buy your toilet soap.

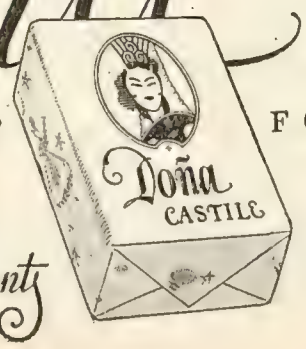
COSTLIEST OF ALL PURE UNSCENTED TOILET SOAPS TO MAKE

WE COULD REPRODUCE THE FINEST OF IMPORTED CASTILE SOAP FOR CONSIDERABLY LESS THAN IT COSTS TO MAKE DOÑA CASTILE. TO THE BEST OF OUR KNOWLEDGE DOÑA IS THE COSTLIEST TO MAKE OF ALL PURE, UNSCENTED TOILET SOAPS

Doña CASTILE

THE TOILET SOAP FOR ALL THE FAMILY

10 Cents



Pure Olive Oil gives Doña Castile its color, fragrance and delicious blandness for delicate skins.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Once she heard him humming:

"Here's your bottle, baby.
Cream is on the top—"

But he lost the melody somewhere and his voice trailed off into preoccupied attention to the road.

At the stage door he leaned over in accordance with habit and started to kiss her.

Peg drew back. "It's daylight," she reminded him.

"So it is," he acknowledged; "daylight all the way, dear."

They sat a moment in misunderstanding silence and then she got out and he drove away.

Two nights later he was at the Club Moquin. At first she thought she would keep away from him entirely, but something stronger than her resolution drew her to his table as soon as she had exchanged her thimbleful of floor costume for a more conventional dance frock, a dull blue one with tiny embroidered golden elephants on it, that made her look like a child out of a book of fairy stories.

He was like his old self—stimulated—she decided, after a swift appraisal of his eyes and breath.

"Isn't this an unwarranted extravagance?" she questioned with faint sarcasm. "What is the source of all this display of wealth?"

"Spare wheel and tire of the old bus."

"But won't you need it for—"

"No more need for anything now, kid. Graduation exercises today."

"Did you pass?"

"Absolutely. Magnums cum raspberries," he replied, "which is a Latin phrase meaning, 'No metal can touch you.' I wrote 'Ha! Ha!' on the jolly old diploma and mailed it to the stern grandparent this afternoon. The world is now my personal and private bivalve. Sit down. Your drink with whiskers on it is cunningly concealed in that harmless-looking glass of orange juice."

But there wasn't really much of a kick in it. That was Brad's old way, never to give her more than a slight pick-me-up. He preferred her, he had often said, as a sort of modernized dairymaid.

Peg let herself be lured back to the old footing. Who could resist Brad, anyway? All the pique melted before the warmth of his tender nonsense.

And they danced, too, several times, finishing with The Milkman's Blues.

THEN they started home. Peg noticed that there were several things missing from the car besides the spare wheel. The bumpers were gone, and the motometer, even the seat covers and one of the headlights.

"That was knocked off," he explained ruefully, "by a truck-driver who didn't know I had the right of way."

He parked in front of her boarding-house, but did not open the door.

Instead he took her hand and held it a moment.

"This," he said, "is a kind of a good-by. I don't know just when I'll be back."

"Going home?" she questioned.

"I guess you'd call it that. Anyway, I'll be there quite a while. I wish—" He stopped abruptly.

"You wish—" she prompted.

"I wish," he continued clumsily, stroking her fingers, "what every man wishes about some woman some time in his life—that I were a sort of hero with a bright shining sword standing in front of you to defend you from all the world. But I find that I'm rather a weakling and that my sword is a bent piece of tin. Forgive me for having fooled both of us."

Peg didn't know why. She wanted to cry. She did a little as she leaned over, offering her lips.

"It's daylight," he reminded her.

"No, it's not. It's the darkest night I've ever known."

His arms closed about her then and he held her head close to his breast.

"My dear, my dear," he whispered.

He was still holding her an hour later when the milkman really did come by and smiled cynically at a sight he had already seen a dozen times along his cheerless route.

AFTER that Brad did slip out of Peg's life with a vengeance. He did not come to see her again, did not even telephone or write, although he had vaguely intimated that he would get in touch with her some way.

And there was no means of finding him now. The university campus was crowded with a strange population of spectacled graduate summer students. She went out there one day to look, and it seemed almost as unfamiliar to her as it would have to Brad himself.

She wondered if the neophyte Dr. Rafferty would have news of him. At the medical school she inquired for him, only to learn that he was now an interne at the Walker Memorial Hospital. The dean's secretary obligingly gave her the address.

She found the stocky young doctor taking himself and his work very seriously. He came out of a clinic garbed in snowy uniform, and he frowned a little when he saw her.

"Have you any news of Brad Bowman?" she asked pleadingly. "Where is he?"

"I got a letter from him this morning, if that's what you mean," Dr. Rafferty admitted ungraciously; "but there isn't any news in it, except about a lamb with a broken leg. He doesn't say whether he, himself, is any better."

"Any better! Was he ill?"

"Didn't you know it?" Dr. Rafferty's scornful amazement was searing. "You were responsible for it, you and the damned kind of a life you made him lead."

"I?" Peg's puzzlement was quite genuine.

"Yes, you. You kept him out every night when he should have been sleeping, and kept him so broke that he never really got enough nourishment. All that sort

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Could you use an extra $1000.?

An extra thousand dropped in your lap! . . . How many wonderful ways to spend it! A new car! A trip abroad for two! Of course you could use that extra thousand. So, right now, make up your mind to be one of the winners—

1001 *cash prizes in* POSTUM'S $10,000 *Contest*

Three big contests in one! Three first prizes of $1000 each! 998 other prizes! No tricks! Just a little easy writing! Read the details. They may mean a $1000 to you!

30-day-test contest

THOUSANDS have made this famous test—used Postum in place of caffein beverages for a month and noted their progress—and become regular Postum users forever after! Hundreds had written us about it before this contest started. How wonderful it was to find a hot drink that gave them everything except regrets! Now we want to hear from *you*—whether you are a life-long user of Postum, or only a beginner. The best letter wins $1000! 333 additional cash prizes!

Instant Postum made-with-milk contest

Teachers and mothers throughout America tell us Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls. A drink made of whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk! Healthful—easy to make—and loved even by the children who "don't like milk!" Tell us why *you* think Postum is the best hot drink for children! $1000 for the best letter. Hundreds of other prizes!

"How I make Postum" contest

Some people are enthusiasts for Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk. Others swear by Postum Cereal—prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Then opinions differ on the proper strength of the drink—whether it should be strong, weak, or "medium." As with other hot drinks, a little experimenting is needed to suit the individual taste. Hundreds of cash prizes for the best letters on this subject—beginning with a $1000 prize!

Read the rules on this page—then enter the contest while there is yet time!

Subjects and Prizes

1. **"What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."**
2. **"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."**
3. **"How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."**

(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, $1000; second, $500; third, $250; fourth, 3 prizes of $100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of $50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of $25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of $15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of $10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of $5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of $3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of $2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of $1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of $1 each for third subject.

RULES

1. You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
2. Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
3. Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
4. Write your name and address on each manuscript.
5. In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
6. Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
7. No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
8. Employes of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
9. Address envelopes to P.O. Box 584—G, Battle Creek, Michigan.
10. Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

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—while they last

For you men — millions of you — who are daily taking the sting out of shaving with Mennen Shaving Cream, for whom the exclusive Mennen beard-softening principle of *dermutation* has made the daily shave quick, smooth and painless, there is something good coming to you.

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MENNEN

The Improved
SHAVING CREAM

[GRANDFATHER'S CLUCK Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

of thing made him an easy mark when Old Man T. B. came along and tapped him on the shoulder."

Peg thought back rapidly. Tuberculosis. That accounted for a number of things that had hitherto been inexplicable.

"Was that the kind of examination you were talking about that day I first met you?"

"Yes, and the damned fool went off with you somewhere instead of letting me overhaul him."

"Let me see his letter," Peg demanded.

Dr. Rafferty hesitated and then searched under his smock. "You may as well, I suppose. You can't do him any more harm now."

Peg read eagerly.

Cielito, N. M.

DEAR DOC:

I don't know what the date is, but so far as I am concerned that doesn't matter.

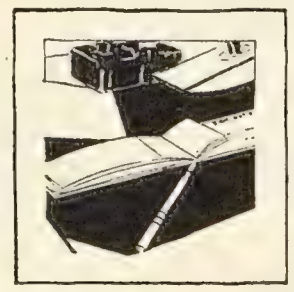
The old side-wheeler brought me out all the way. The four old tires expired one after another during the last hundred miles, but we made it. Thanks to the fifty you loaned me, I had plenty to eat en route. By the way, I'm sending you my fraternity pin in part repayment. It isn't worth fifty, I know, but I'd like to feel that I had made an effort to square up my debts.

That, however, is not the real reason for writing you this treatise. I want a little medical advice.

This is a sheep country, you know, and a couple of weeks ago I found a lamb with a broken leg alongside the trail—it got left behind, I suppose, from one of the greaser flocks that pass by every few days.

Anyhow, I couldn't leave it like that, could I? So I carried the poor little devil home to my shack and made a kind of a splint for its leg. That's where I wished I had taken a couple of courses in corpse-carving along with you. But even at that I fixed it up pretty well, and in a couple of days it got over being scared of me and decided to board here. God knows I didn't mind—it seems like heaven to have something friendly and alive around.

And now the damn fool wants to sleep with me. That's where the medical question comes up. Is there any danger that Al Jolson—that's what I call him, because he's always blatting about his "m-m-a-a-mmy"—will get any of these bugs that are spending their vacation with me? I wouldn't have anything happen to Al for worlds. He's a Stout Fella, and the way he put up with my amateur surgery has made him my patient for life. Besides, he's warm, and in the dark he thinks I'm his mother.



Let me know about this.

Yours fraternally,

BRAD.

Peg handed the letter back to the doctor without a word. How could she speak without crying, and letting him put his scorn of her once more into sarcastic words?

CIELITO isn't on the main line. Peg hired an automobile to drive her over from Glorietta Pass. It took a good two hours, and she did not arrive until long after dark.

Near Brad's shack, to which an obliging trader in town directed her, Peg dismissed the car and finished the last hundred yards on foot.

There was a dim light in the window, so she guessed that he was still up and around. When she got quite near a weird sound verified that supposition.

It was a phonograph—not much of a one, it is true, but still a phonograph—and it was playing a record with a crack in it. Every time the needle hit the crack there was a sharp and ill-timed break in the music.

But Peg recognized the melody easily enough:

Here's your bottle, baby.
Cream is on the top. . . .

Harry Weatherstop, himself, was singing it, just as he was still doing every night back at the Club Moquin, half humming, half talking against the tempo in that funny husky barytone that brought a little lump into your throat.

The orchestra picked up the chorus as she walked in the open door. Brad was standing there, swaying a little in time to the music and snapping his fingers softly.

Probably he did not really see her. Maybe she was so vividly in his dream that when she stepped into his arms and began to dance he thought he was still only imagining her.

But when the music stopped, reality smashed in quickly enough.

"You!" Brad exclaimed, and then began to cough.

"You shouldn't have danced," she accused herself. "I'm always doing things that are harmful to you."

"On the contrary. I caught a little cold the other day, and—"

His speech died away under the accusation in her eye.

"Not so good," he told himself. "The woman knows when I'm lying. Who told you? Rafferty?"

She nodded.

"But he hates you."

"That's why he told me. He didn't know that I love you."

"Here, here, put a brake on your tongue. A lady isn't supposed to say that to a gentleman unless he asks her."

"Would you ever have asked me?"

"No."

"Then you see I had to tell you."

That floored him for a minute. He had nothing further to say until her next speech:

"Do you think Al Jolson will mind if I come to live with you, too?"

"Live with me? Girl, what are you talking about? You can't live here. I have no right to marry you."

"Neither have I any right to marry you. I've got a husband somewhere that I carelessly forgot to divorce when he left me. So that makes us about even. Is it a go?"

"No," he flatly refused.

"You don't care for me?"

"Don't ask foolish questions. You know I do or you wouldn't have come all the way out here to make a star-spangled fool of yourself."

"You talk as if we had been married for years and—"

"I'm going to take you back to Glorietta right away," he interrupted, "before you wear me out with arguments."

"Going to take me back? How?"

"In the car."

"Without tires?"

He groaned. "I'd forgotten that."

"Besides," she continued, "you aren't going to do any such a thing. If you still want me to go tomorrow, I'll do it; but I'm too tired to travel any further tonight. Your reputation won't be ruined. Tell the neighbors I'm your aunt who stopped over one day on her way to the coast. Where do I sleep?"

Brad's jaw dropped at that question. "There's only one bed and Al has already retired. Do you mind sleeping with a baby lamb?"

The question was so ridiculous that they had to stop arguing to laugh.

The spell was broken. Neither of them went to bed at all until nearly morning—there was so much to talk about—and then they lay down on either side of the lamb.

But a little sleep gave Brad new stubbornness. He was watching her wistfully when she woke up, but he was obdurate.

"Back you go just as soon as I can get a rig from town."

Peg cooked the belated breakfast while Brad went to a neighbor's to telephone.

"There's a car already on the way," he announced when he returned. "There was a passenger on the limited this morning that wanted to come over here, so we'll watch for the automobile that brings him and you can go back in it."

They did not have to run out into the roadway to flag the car from Glorietta, for it drove right up to the door.

"My God!" Brad exclaimed, recognizing the occupant. "It's my grandfather!"

Brad was too paralyzed with dismay even to go out and help his aged relative to dismount. The old gentleman did not need much assistance anyway, for a more modern grandfather would be difficult to find.

He looked as if he just stepped out of the locker-room of a golf club after nineteen holes and a shower. As tall as Brad himself and much broader, there seemed little question that before the advent of golf and prohibition into his career he had led the sane and sober life of a sea-captain or a ranch-owner, anyway something distinctly preservative and out-of-doors. His cheeks were leathery and beautifully tanned. They looked like rich mahogany beneath his snow-white hair.

He was not a man easily stirred emotionally and he spoke dryly.

"You certainly live a hell of a long ways from the railroad," he said casually as he paid the driver.

BRAD made a swift calculation as to what could be done on 300 rollers.

The latter had turned around and started noisily away before Brad recalled that there was another passenger going back.

"Well, let's look at you," commanded Grandfather Bowman, shaking hands with his lineal descendant. "You're a little thin, but you don't seem as bad off as Rafferty said."

"Oh, he's the one who's running the Cook's tours out here, is he?" Brad complained. "I didn't want you to know until—"

"Bosh! There ain't going to be any until— Bless me, who is this?"

Peg had come to the doorway.

"This—" Brad began. He had momentarily forgotten Peg's presence and he didn't have time to make up much of an explanation.

PEG finished the introduction herself: "I'm Miss Peg Devore of—"

"Oh, yes." Grandfather surveyed her critically. "I see now why Brad didn't want me to find him. You're the girl my grandson went to hell for."

"No, Mr. Bowman, I'm the girl who has come to bring him back."

"Um, we'll see about that," Mr. Bowman temporized. "You said *Miss* Devore, didn't you?"

"I did. I have no claim on him or on your money."

"No, I guess not. We'll talk about that later. Just now I'm coming in, whether I'm invited or not. Is there any chance of getting breakfast?"

There was. Peg and Brad and Al were only half through with theirs and Peg baked a few more pancakes and fried some eggs.

Grandfather Bowman watched

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pyorrhea still claims 4 out of 5

Pyorrhea is on a rampage. Although its warning signs are plain and science has provided protection against this common enemy, it reaps a heavy harvest.

Its victims are 4 persons out of 5 after forty (thousands younger).

Pyorrhea poison creeps through the system spreading havoc, and leaving in its wake a trail of trouble, often leading to neuritis, rheumatism, stomach disorders and anemia.

These Uneven Odds Can Be Bettered

To wait too long is folly. Take precautionary measures before your gums begin to bleed and before health slips from you. Go to your dentist at least twice a year for a thorough examination of teeth and gums. Start using Forhan's for the Gums—today!

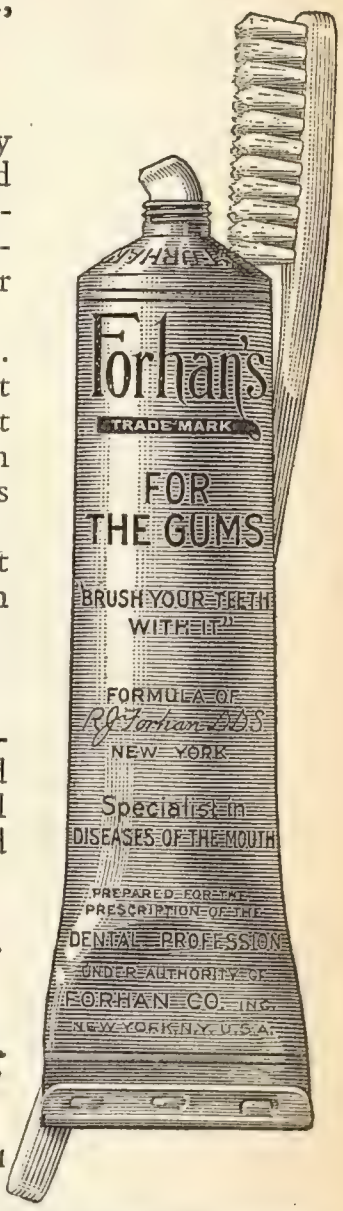
This scientific dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., prevents Pyorrhea or checks it and wards off trench mouth and gingivitis. It makes gums firm and healthy. It keeps teeth lustrous white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Children like the taste of Forhan's. Start them using it now and they will thank you in their later years.

Health Insurance

This scientific dentifrice contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid, used by dentists everywhere. And the few cents more that it costs you is the small premium you pay for insurance against dread Pyorrhea. At druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York



Forhan's *for the gums*

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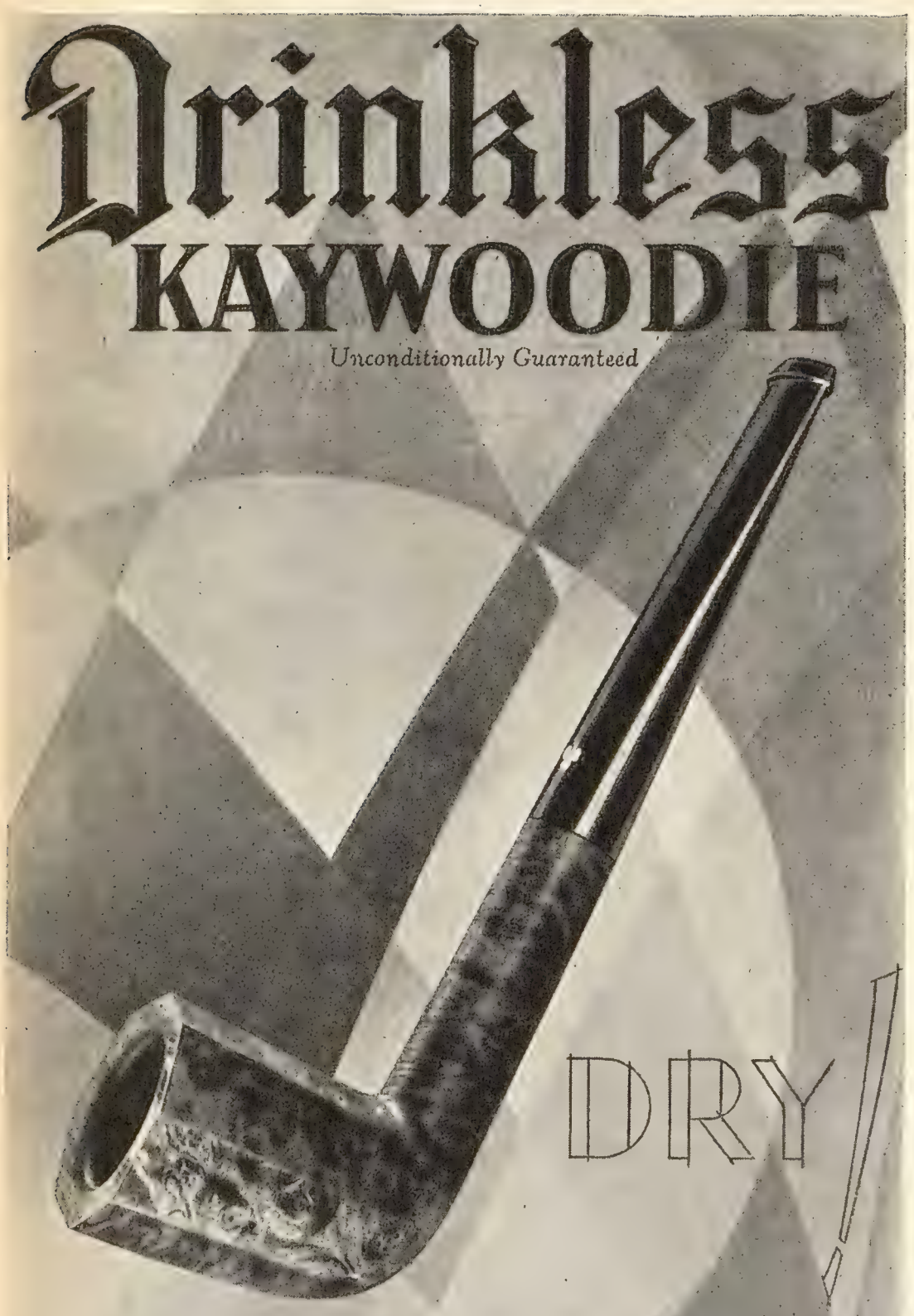
You can be sure of this

Thousands are keeping their breath sweet and fresh this new way. We promise that you'll never go back to ordinary mouthwashes that only conceal unpleasant breath with embarrassing odors of their own after you have used this new Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant. It is refreshing and odorless. Try it. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Unconditionally Guaranteed



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Because you just can't get a drink from a Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe! No bite, no gurgle—just a dry, fresh, wholesome smoke!

It has the Drinkless Attachment—it drains the moisture to the bottom of the stem! Only a dry, sweet, cool, fresh, wholesome smoke can reach your delighted lips.

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BOX L, 120 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

[GRANDFATHER'S CLUCK Continued from Page Forty-one]

her at her task, especially when she flipped the cakes in the skillet without using a turner.

"Learn that trick on the stage?"

"No. I was born in the Mojave Desert. But I once won a bathing-beauty contest and that got me into the chorus."

"How is the swimming in the Mojave?"

"Not so good. But that doesn't prevent anybody from wearing a suit, does it?"

That was all of that. It was a good breakfast and required immediate attention.

Grandfather Bowman finished a second cup of coffee and pushed his chair back.

"Now," he said, "I understand why Brad is here. Young Dr. Rafferty told me. But let's have a little explanation of how you come to be living with him."

"She's not," asserted Brad. "She only arrived last night and she's going back today."

"Oh." Then, turning to Peg: "Just why did you come?"

Peg eyed him squarely. "Because I love him," she said, "and he needs me or somebody."

"Then, Brad, why are you sending her back?"

"Because"—Brad gulped a little—"because I love her."

"Oh." Grandfather Bowman considered this thoughtfully. "Then why send her back?"

A GLEAM of interest lighted in Peg's eyes. Here was an unexpected turn of affairs.

"How can I do anything else?" Brad argued. "Think of her reputation."

"Reputation? Hell's bells!" Peg interposed. "I haven't got any. Who gives a hang what becomes of me? I haven't even got a second cousin living."

But Brad was stubborn. "Peg could never stand it out here."

"I've lived most of my life in the West."

"Well, even if you have, think of this: You're figuring on taking care of me for a few months or at most a year or so. But supposing I should get well. Rafferty says that all I need is sunshine and happiness to get well. There's sunshine all over the place, and with you around—" He stopped reflectively. "You see, Granddad, it won't work out. There I'd be alive and a scandal to your name and—"

"My God, boy! What's scandal? Wouldn't I rather have you alive with a little scandal hung around your neck than dead with—with—"

"I see you understand the custom of the country. They don't mention the name of the disease around here. But I couldn't do it. A man just couldn't with the girl he loves—not unless he could marry her."

"Then, for Pete's sake, marry her. When I was young I wouldn't have insisted on it myself. But she ain't just the kind of a girl I was expecting, and I'm perfectly willing to let her be the mother of my great-grandchildren."

"Unfortunately," Brad explained, "Peg is already married."

Mr. Bowman turned on her almost savagely. "Is that true?" he demanded.

Peg slowly flushed crimson. "No, it isn't."

"You told me you were," Brad accused.

"That was only one of the lies I told you to make you think it would be all right for you to let me stay."

"What were the other lies?"

"Whoa, Brad, whoa! Don't ever ask a woman that. She'll tell everything about herself if she cares as much as this one does, and then, later, you can both forget it. Who's going to wash these dishes?"

"I am." Brad and Peg spoke together.

"All right. I was hoping I could get out of it. God, how I hate to wash dishes! While you're doing them I'll get my morning exercise by walking up to the top of the ridge."

When he was bruskly gone, Peg set about in businesslike fashion to clean off the table.

But Brad went to the phonograph. "I always have a little jazz while I'm working," he explained.

As the music started, Peg asked, "Have you only got one record?"

"Yeh. That's all I've needed, so far. But I've sent to Albuquerque for a new one. This one is a little cracked."

Peg laughed. It was such a foolish song to have so much happiness and heartbreak tied up in it.

Brad had the towel and was humming. Half-way through he began to talk the words, a little against time—

"Dawn is on the doorstep,
Sunrise on the way,
All the clouds are scootin'—
You're my girl today."

At the end he hesitated a moment and then kissed her.

When Grandfather Bowman got back, the phonograph had run down all by itself, the dishes were still stacked in the sink, and no one was in the shack, not even the lamb.

"Hell!" he ejaculated. "I'm damned if I'm going to do them dishes, even if they never get washed."

So he went out for another walk.

Finally he came back and did wash 'em.

THE END

The True Story of the Turning-Point in the American Revolution

An Article by

CLIFFORD RAYMOND

(Reading time: 16 minutes 55 seconds.)

THIS is the week of the 150th anniversary of the surrender at Saratoga; not the Springs, but Saratoga Heights at Schuylerville.

Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, British soldier, dramatist, Member of Parliament, and gentleman of the polite world, signed a convention with Major-General Horatio Gates, former British officer, American commander, elegant formalist, and inveterate intriguer, suspected and even accused of not having as much courage as his profession required.

It was called a convention and not a capitulation or surrender. General Burgoyne lost all save honor, and in the backwoods of America he demanded tender treatment for that in defeat.

General Gates also made a point of refinement and delicacy of feeling; and the satirists of the day, both in England and America, had a good deal of fun with the etiquette of the polite generals.

An army of 3,379 British troops and 2,200 German Brunswickers marched over the slope of a hill on October 17, 1777, and stacked their arms in a valley in which they were permitted to be alone with their emotions. The American army of 22,000, in possession of the entire region of the campaign, gave their captives this moment to themselves.

Some of the British broke their arms in chagrin. They also hid their regimental colors —and were of bad faith in doing so, but kept them from rebel hands. The German flags were sewed up in a mattress by the German general's wife. It was a melancholy valley of defeat.

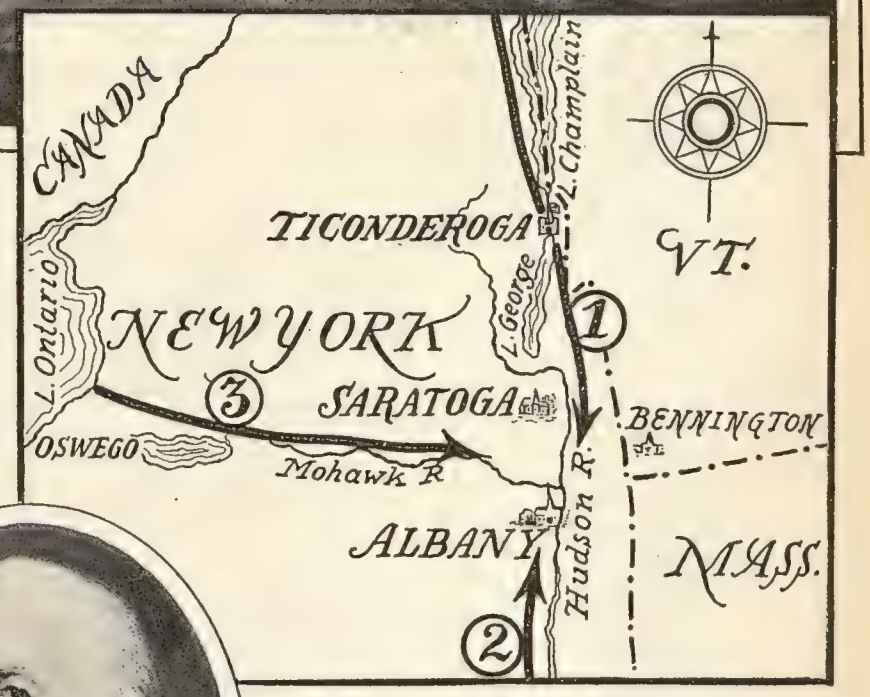
Out of the valley the news went south to the British in New York, who had failed to help Burgoyne; to Philadelphia, where Howe had taken the Continental capital, but in doing so had sacrificed Burgoyne; to Washington, who had been defeated at Brandywine in barring the way to Philadelphia, but who was dogging Howe and was to go into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

The echoes went across the ocean to England, where great Britishers such as the Pitts, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Brown Bros. photos

Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne (left), commander of the British forces at Saratoga, and Major-General Horatio Gates, his American conqueror. The Gates portrait is from a painting by Gilbert Stuart.



Gramstorff Bros., Inc., photo

THIS map shows how the British planned to capture Albany in 1777 with three armies: (1) Burgoyne to come down from Canada. (2) Lord Howe to ascend the Hudson from New York. (3) St. Leger to descend the Mohawk Valley from Oswego. Their converging routes are indicated by arrows. (Top) Surrender of Burgoyne, from one of four famous historical paintings by John Trumbull for the Capitol at Washington.

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Horace O. McCrea, clerk, 437 Central Street, Springfield, Mass.
Miss Mary M. Sauers, stenographer, Muth Street, N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. E. R. Cassidy, housewife, Bogalusa, La.
Walter J. Held, business man, Standard Oil Building, San Francisco, Cal.
Dan B. Stockton, real estate, 519 A Street, Bakersfield, Cal.
Isabel D. Vannings, housewife, 1319 South Main Street, Racine, Wis.
B. B. Halleck, advertising manager, 4618 Colfax Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.
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Raymond P. Wheelock, 524 South Chestnut Street, Lansing, Mich.
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Harold L. Schoelkopf, The St. Cloud Daily Times, St. Cloud, Minn.
Arthur C. Janisch, 407 Beacon Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Miss Katharine Holt, 203 Claridge Manor, Birmingham, Ala.
Alexander Hamilton King, Waverly, Va.
Edgar T. White, 6730 Lowe Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Maenae Nichols, 2311 36th Street, Galveston, Tex.
Albert A. Dreis, 1498 Lincoln Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
Tressabea Haynie, 4728 Park Drive, Houston, Tex.
Miss Mary Bright Douglass, 1144 Greenfield Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

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Mrs. R. R. Rothrock, Birmingham, Ala.
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Mrs. R. Rex Johnston, El Paso, Tex.
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G. L. Davis, Detroit, Mich.
Oliver F. Crothers, Rochester, N. Y.
Richard D. Daley, Erie, Pa.
Mrs. Berniece Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.
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Paul F. Benz, Paterson, N. J.
K. E. Steinmatz, Minneapolis, Minn.
Minnie R. Davies, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Merritt B. Pound, Athens, Ga.
Fred H. Ebersold, River Forest, Ill.
Thomas R. Jones, Savannah, Ga.
Martin A. Smith, Pen Argyl, Pa.
Walter A. Scheuneman, Erie, Pa.
J. Mortimer Price, St. Louis, Mo.
Chris L. Hansen, Akron, Ohio
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A. L. Young, Chicago, Ill.
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Evaline Boggs, Seattle, Wash.
J. C. Jones, Owatonna, Minn.
Russell Hammargren, St. Paul, Minn.
C. J. Limbaugh, Highland Park, Mich.
Jesse B. Paulson, Flint, Mich.
Martha Strahan, Grenada, Miss.
Nelle D. Reilly, Kingfisher, Okla.
Leonard R. Jenkins, St. Louis, Mo.
J. Arthur Dunn, Greensboro, N. C.
Wayne F. McMeans, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Lena Morris, Dallas, Tex.
J. D. Burke, Gastonia, N. C.
G. F. Edwards, High Point, N. C.
H. Carsen Scranton, Reno, Nev.
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Phillip W. Card, Sommerville, Mass.
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Mildred Askew, Headrick, Okla.
Lucile C. Mease, Bethlehem, Pa.
A. B. Leonard, Lindsay, Okla.
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Arthur M. Samp, Beloit, Wis.
Rev. E. DeWitt Jones, Detroit, Mich.
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Henry Irven Gaines, Asheville, N. C.
Nathaniel Sherman, Watertown, N. Y.
M. L. Glidden, Dallas, Tex.
Miss C. Goldback, Spokane, Wash.
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F. Stanley Paul, Norfolk, Va.
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Chas. F. Swanson, New Britain, Conn.
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Edward C. Moses, Canaan, Conn.
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C. W. Hildebrecht, Trenton, N. J.
Harold DeHart, Milltown, N. J.
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John Walter, Newberry, Fla.
Mabel Brown Sherard, Belton, S. C.
Mrs. Dewey Anderson, Greenville, Tex.
Alexander Murray, Wilkes Barre, Pa.
W. D. Russell, St. Augustine, Fla.
Gordon S. Higgins, San Francisco, Cal.
Ruth F. McLaughlin, Winchester, Mass.
Mrs. Thomas B. King, Durham, N. C.
Rev. Edgar C. Burnz, Charlotte, N. C.
Mrs. Clara Martin, Seattle, Wash.
Kathryn Hartkoff, Hamilton, Ohio.
Mary S. Chaffin, East Cleveland, Ohio.
Walter E. Keever, Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. Elva L. Ames, Wheeling, W. Va.
Miss Mercedes Buckner, Augusta, Ga.
Pansy Robertson, Lawton, Okla.
Lydia E. Kern, Erie, Pa.
Ross Wilson, Chicago, Ill.
Olga M. Johnson, Chicago, Ill.
Jose G. Fernandez, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. J. Dalshaw, Dallas, Tex.
Clifford S. Lideen, Burlington, Iowa.
Ray Knight, Cleveland, Ohio.
Elizabeth Landgrebe, Ensley, Ala.
Mrs. T. C. Wilson, Moorhead, Minn.
Morgan Gilbert, Pontiac, Mich.
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Frederick A. Cina, Aurora, Minn.
Elsie Roads, Enid, Okla.
Leonard Pounds, Louisiana, Mo.
Mrs. W. A. McBrayer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Miss Marie Ramsey, Kirksville, Mo.
L. W. Brigham, Worcester, Mass.
Mrs. M. Hollenbeck, Appleton, Minn.
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Charles K. Claunch, Des Moines, Iowa.
A. M. Cleveland, Waterloo, Iowa.
Miss Della Kreidler, Dayton, Ky.
J. E. Stuart, Springfield, Mass.
Athlyn V. Bangs, Iron Mountain, Mich.
Lawrence A. Brown, Bay City, Mich.
Ella Bickel Richards, McGregor, Iowa.
Miss L. Travelsted, Bowling Green, Ky.
Verna M. Lufter, Marshalltown, Iowa.
E. R. Kumbier, No. Milwaukee, Wis.
Phillip O. Wright, Davenport, Iowa.
Hazel F. Anderson, Charleston, W. Va.
Mrs. C. R. Smith, Onslow, Iowa.
Frank L. Horsfall, Jr., Seattle, Wash.
Dr. J. J. Moeller, McCracken, Kan.
Lyle Munn, Colby, Kan.
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R. Jennings White, Conway, N. C.
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L. W. Woodruff, Springfield, Mass.
Harlie W. Smith, Joplin, Mo.
Hal W. Moseley, New Orleans, La.
Gail C. Belden, Evanston, Ill.
G. M. Banks, Old Hickory, Tenn.
R. A. Schroder, Minneapolis, Minn.

In addition to the above there were four hundred $10 prizes. The many thousands of admirable contest entries have been read and their merits weighed with every possible care. The judges are, therefore, pleased and unanimous in declaring the above the winners of the $30,000 Coca-Cola Contest.

C. C. Clark, President, Coca-Cola Bottlers Association 1926-27, West Point, Miss.

S. C. Dobbs, President, International Advertising Association, *1909-10, Atlanta, Ga.

W. C. D'Arcy, President, International Advertising Association, *1917-18, St. Louis, Mo.

Lou. E. Holland, President, International Advertising Association, *1922-24, Kansas City, Mo.

* Until 1926, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World.

Six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Above appear the six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola. These keys were given by thousands of people in a national survey as the reasons for drinking Coca-Cola and formed the basis of the recent $30,000 contest conducted during the summer just past.

On the opposite page are the names of the winners of the contest prizes who submitted the best answers from every standpoint required by the rules, namely: (1) Correct Keys; (2) Best paragraph on the most appealing key to the individual contestant; and (3) The best answer to the question, "What advertisement, other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, best illustrates one or more of the six keys, why, and where seen?"

Checks have already been mailed to all of the 635 whose entries were selected by the judges.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Radically different in

NEVER can one for the first time listen in on Federal Ortho-sonic Radio without the feeling that here at last is something decidedly different . . . something that enhances radio with a new fascination. For Ortho-sonic *is* different.

It is the only radio transmitting sound by the Ortho-sonic method. In its multi-shielded, all-metal Ortho-sonic circuit, pioneers in the electrical communication field have created a precision instrument whose capacity for accurate reproduction is unlike anything else in radio. Never have the clear, full-bodied, resonant, and splendidly *life-like* tones it brings in, been duplicated.

Besides tone fidelity, Federal has all the desirable qualities naturally looked for in superlatively fine radio.

Keen selectivity, giving clear reception where interference usually disturbs—great power and range — the operativ simplicity of improved single control the rugged dependability of the all-met shielded circuit—and such beauty of desig and cabinetwork as hitherto found on in the realm of fine furniture.

Obtainable in a variety of models wit circuits adapted to operation by batterie or from light socket. The latter sets d away with A, B and C batteries and a

Many Artistic Models

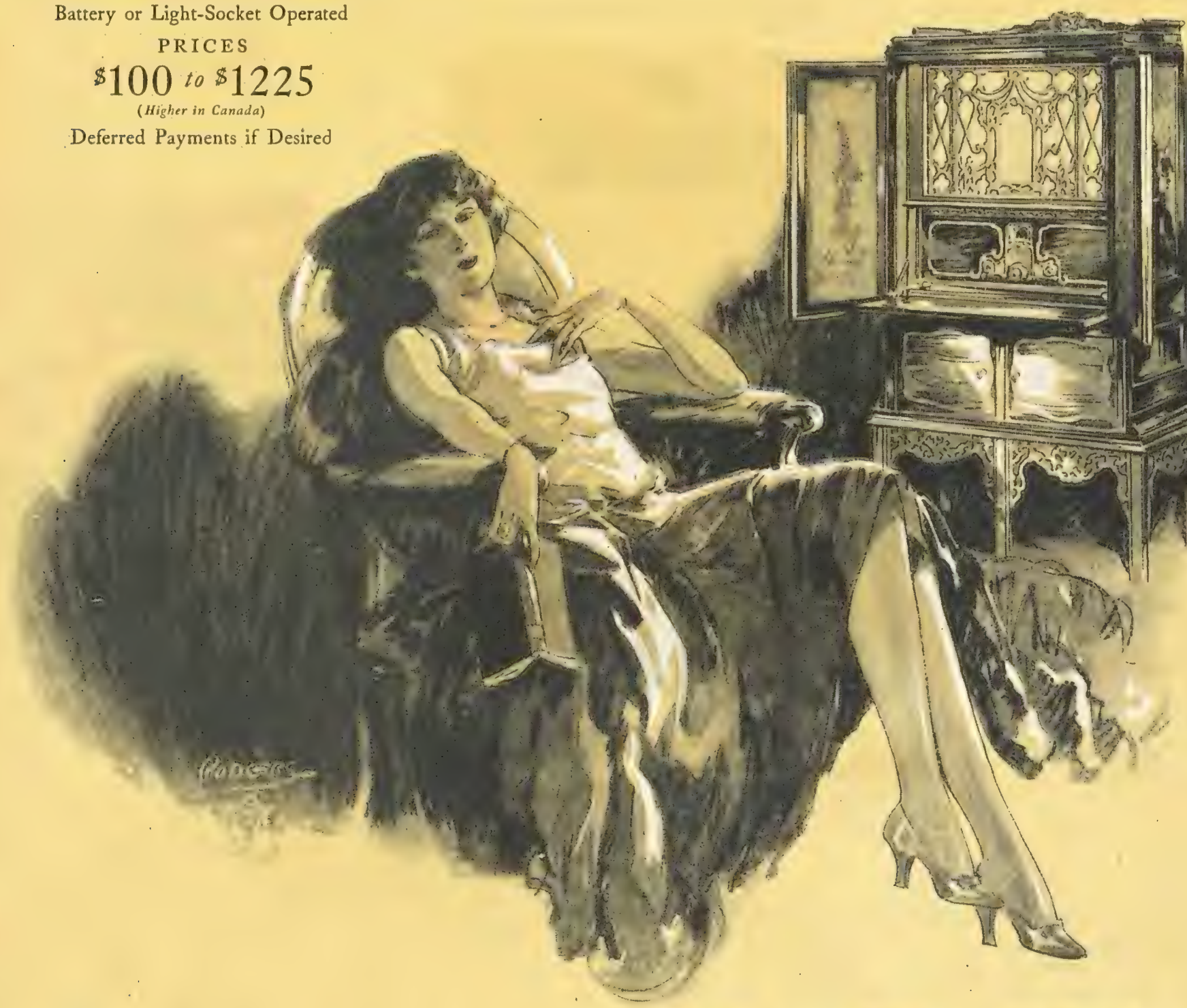
Battery or Light-Socket Operated

PRICES

$100 *to* $1225

(Higher in Canada)

Deferred Payments if Desired



Mandarin — *Seven tubes. Custom-built. Loop concealed in door. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories . . . .* $1000 *Equipped for full light-socket operation, without tubes. .* $1125

FEDERAL ORTHO

Licensed under patents owned and / or controlled by Radio Corporation of America, and in Canada by Canadian Radio Patents, Ltd.

TONE

entirely self-contained. They introduce a new combination of quality and convenience in radio reception.

You'll never hear radio at its *best* until you hear *Ortho-sonic* radio. Hear it at your Federal designated retailer's at once. Ask about Federal's 14 points. Write us at once for illustrated booklet—gratis.

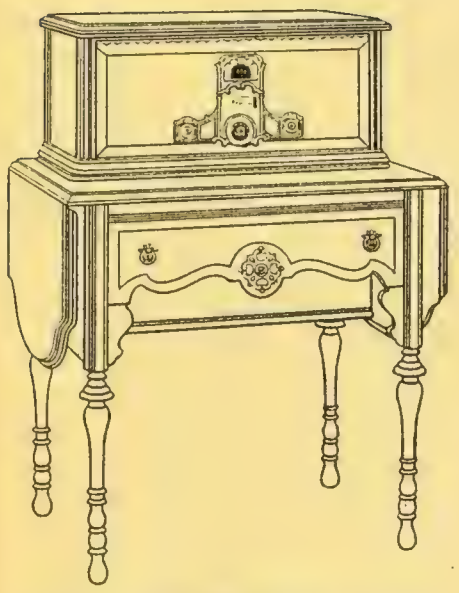
FEDERAL RADIO CORPORATION, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
(Division of The Federal Telephone Mfg. Corp)
Operating Broadcast Station WGR at Buffalo

FEDERAL ORTHO-SONIC RADIO, *Ltd.*
Bridgeburg, Ontario

FEDERAL'S FOURTEEN POINTS

1. Tone quality—rivaled only by reality
2. Cabinet beauty — original designs and selected woods
3. Multi-shielding—seals from dust and electrical disturbance
4. Federal throughout—built complete in Federal factories
5. Patented circuit—incorporating Federal's exclusive development
6. Single control—operating simplicity
7. True selectivity—cuts through high-powered stations
8. Rugged construction — enduring service
9. Self-indicating—calibrated, illuminated scale
10. Non-radiating — no interference with others
11. Precision instruments — made by electrical communication pioneers
12. Light-socket operation—as well as battery types
13. Complete price-range—model for every home
14. Permanency guaranteed—backed by a solid, substantial company

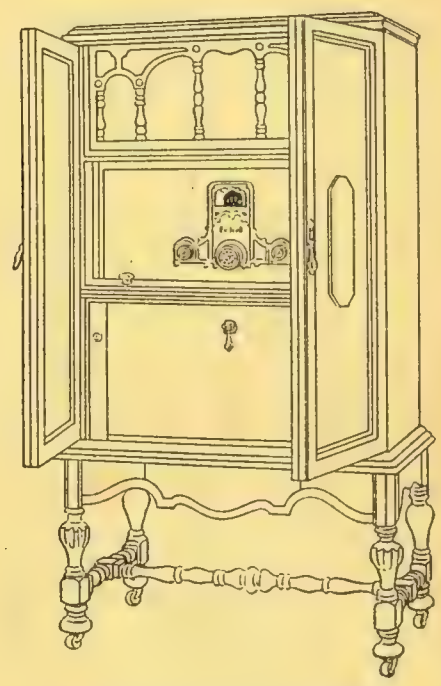
F-45-60—*7 tubes. Equipped for light-socket operation. Concealed loop. Without tubes* $600.00



E-10—*6 tubes. For operation with batteries or eliminators. Without tubes or accessories* $165.00

E-10-60—*6 tubes. Equipped for light-socket operation. Without tubes* $275.00.

E-5—*Console* $40.00



E-45-60—*6 tubes. Equipped for light-socket operation. Without tubes* $460.00

-SONIC* RADIO

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

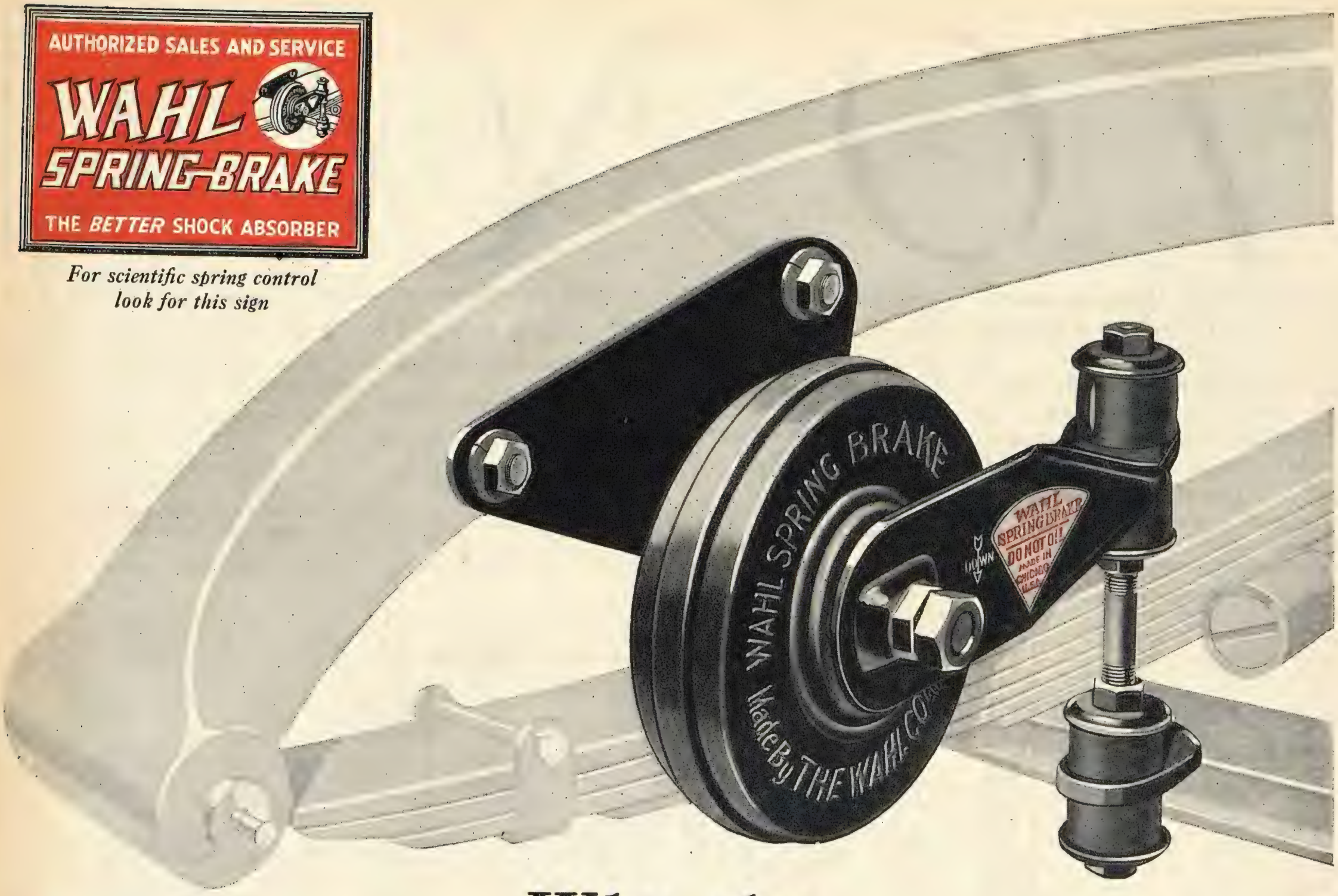
★ Federal's fundamental exclusive development making possible Ortho-sonic reproduction is patented under U. S. Letters Patent No. 1,582,470.

AUTHORIZED SALES AND SERVICE

WAHL SPRING-BRAKE

THE *BETTER* SHOCK ABSORBER

For scientific spring control look for this sign



Why the WAHL SPRING-BRAKE *is "The Better Shock Absorber"*

The Wahl Spring Brake is revising the whole motor world's ideas about shock absorbers. A sensational success!

Here are the big reasons why it is *"the better shock absorber."*

Performance — It insures the best and smoothest ride of which the car is capable.

Strapless — Having no straps or cables, it is positively connected, hence certain and smooth in action, and extremely durable.

Noiseless — No squeaks, no rattles, no grunts, because there are no metal-to-metal contacts.

Greaseless — Having no metal-to-metal bearing surfaces, no lubrication is required.

Weather proof — Being tightly sealed against water and dirt, it is protected from damage and therefore works perfectly under all weather and road conditions.

No pre-loading — Having no "return spring" in its mechanism it exerts no pull on the chassis springs; the flexibility of the springs is not impaired even one ounce.

No service — Requires *no servicing* after use; self adjusting to any load and every bump.

Wahl Spring Brakes are easily and quickly installed without drilling frame. No special tools required.

Types to fit most standard cars. Put a set on your car today. If your dealer is not yet supplied, write for illustrated folder and name of nearest dealer.

Full set of four Wahl Spring Brakes, $34.00. Set of two for Ford cars, $17.00
Inter-Mountain and Pacific Coast prices, $36.00 and $18.00. In Canada, $39.00 and $19.50

THE WAHL COMPANY
1814 ROSCOE STREET · CHICAGO, *ILLINOIS*
Makers of the famous Wahl Pens and Eversharp Pencils

Railway & Power Engineering Corporation
Canadian Distributors: 133 Eastern Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

brilliant Britishers such as Charles Fox, Burke, and Horace Walpole, were delighted to rub satire into the wounds of a ministry they detested.

The echoes also went to France, where Benjamin Franklin, the idol of all French people, waited for the alliance he must have, and which with Saratoga he got.

Great Britain had lost a battle which lost a campaign which lost a war which lost an empire.

The Americans had stopped an invasion, won an armed ally, started another European war, made a republic, and were to show the people of France, their monarchical ally, how to get rid of a king.

If many of these events did not inevitably arise from the valley of stacked arms by the upper Hudson, it is difficult to perceive the alternative future which might have depended on the successful joining of the invasion from the north with Howe's army of 14,000 from the south at Albany.

Brown Bros. photo

BENEDICT ARNOLD, from a painting. The Saratoga campaign was the zenith of his brave, reckless career.

When the German mama of George III said, "George, be a king," and then took him by the ear and marched him straight away from the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, at whom he was making royal calf's eyes, and married him to good but dumpy Charlotte Sophia of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, she did all to the British Empire that Von Tirpitz and Von Ludendorff failed to do in the World War.

"Luckily for me," Lady Sarah wrote to Lady Susan Fox Strangways, after George had been marched away, "I did not love him. I did not cry, I assure you. The thing I am most angry at is looking so like a fool. If it is true that one can vex anybody with a reserved, cold manner, he shall have it, I promise him."

He got it. As a royal bridegroom, he approached the lovely Sarah in the glamour of a splendid night.

"It is a lovely moon," said the timid beau.

"What has the moon to do with you?" the lovely Sarah asked, and turned away.

GEORGE III, as the tyrant of the American Declaration of Independence, became explicable right then.

He couldn't rule his mama. He couldn't be himself. He could not even, as King, win a smile from the lady he loved.

They had picked a good German housewife to give him fifteen children, and his mama had made him a moral man unable to indulge in the general wantonness of his times.

He couldn't get out of apron-strings at home, but when the time came he vowed he would and could handle unruly subjects across the ocean. With such a hero of the inferiority complex struggling to prove to himself that he was tough, it was a strange war.

Burgoyne's great plan, which was buried in the valley of stacked arms, was to have been the complete restorer of the moral King's conviction that he could thoroughly bring at least his colonial subjects under his thumb.

Early in the invasion the redoubtable forts at Ticonderoga fell before a bloodless maneuver, and the King revealed his ecstasies. He ran into the Queen's apartments, crying:

"I have beat them all. I have beat all the Americans."

It may have been his happiest moment of the war.

Burgoyne had been over part of the lake country the year before, in chasing Arnold's sick army away from the walls of Quebec and as far south as Ticonderoga.

In October he had returned to London, and the grand plan of a final smashing invasion had been talked over with the ministry—Lord North, the obnoxious Lord George Germain, Minister for the American Colonies, and George himself.

BURGOYNE was to go from Canada through the lakes and down the Hudson to Albany; Lord Howe was to go up the Hudson to Albany from New York; and St. Leger was to start from Oswego on Lake Ontario, take Fort Stanwix at the head of the Mohawk, and come down that valley to Albany. The combined forces then would smash the severed parts of the rebel confederation.

Burgoyne was on the lakes in June, and by the twelfth, after a gay wine party at St. Johns, was ready to sail down Lake Champlain in gunboats, brigs, sloops, pinnaces, and canoes.

Burgoyne had about 7,000 troops, nearly half of them Brunswickers under Major-General Frederick Adolphus Riedesel. The policy of buying troops from Continental Europe had been put in effect before the evacuation of Boston.

George III had tried to buy 20,000 troops of the great Catharine of Russia. Lord North said her letter of reply might possibly have been civil in Russian, but it wasn't in English. Frederick of Prussia also was contemptuous, but some of the lesser German princes used their soldiers for revenue.

The Germans were good soldiers, but ill feeling soon developed. The

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

It's in This Tube, Men

The supremacy we do not ask you to believe until you've proved it for yourself.

A 10-SHAVE TEST OFFERED FOR THE COUPON

GENTLEMEN:

Ask your druggist, and he will probably tell you Palmolive Shaving Cream is his fastest seller.

Countless men have written praising it; sales figures are amazing. Our years of experimenting have been crowned with success. We believe we will win you, too.

But before we ask you to *buy* a tube, we wish Palmolive Shaving Cream to prove its own case on your beard. Hence we offer a 10-shave test, free. Just use coupon.

* * *

Sixty years of soap study stand behind our laboratories. 130 formulas were tried before we succeeded in this unique creation. 1000 men had told us what they sought—5 things a shaving cream should accomplish. They set our goal.

What we have accomplished is in the trial tube we send you. The unvarying qualities that have won men by the millions. If we win you, you'll thank us for the test. If not, return to what you've been using.

Test these 5 improvements

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Ask for this free test. Shave 10 times and *learn* why men adopt it. *Words* can't win men to quit their former shaving cream for this.

Make this test yourself. Cut out the coupon to remind you.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3731

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1407, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

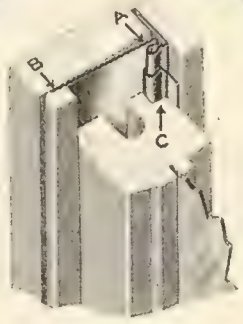
.....

.....

(Please print your name and address)

WHERE HEAT ECONOMY BEGINS

The MONARCH METAL PRODUCTS Co. Saint Louis, Missouri



The Famous *Two-member Self-adjusting* Principle

Automatically seals cracks between sash and frame. Windows can be opened and shut freely under all conditions.

One tube (a) on a floating seam which is fastened at (b) on the frame slides in a tube (c) which is fastened to the sash.

This exclusive patented *Two-member—Self-adjusting* Principle adjusts the floating seam to keep crack closed when wood shrinks or swells.

this Free Book shows you how to save one-third of your fuel bill

WITH your same heating plant, the same kind of fuel, and the same conditions, your home this winter—and every succeeding winter—can be warmer, cleaner and more comfortable than ever before, and at less cost.

This seems too good to be true. Yet it is true; for the principle which this book explains is doing exactly these things for thousands of homes like yours. And, applied on a larger scale, it is saving thousands of dollars in the country's great office and public buildings.

Until recent years little has been understood about the reasons for big fuel bills, even by the heating and architectural professions.

But the American Institute of Architects and the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers finally began a series of scientific tests on this very point. And a curiously simple answer to the whole problem was found.

—Excessive heating expense is not generally caused by inefficient equipment, but by a condition that needs only a simple remedy! And here is the cause and the cure.

More than half the fuel ordinarily burned goes to heat the cold air that leaks through the cracks around the doors and windows.

Windows and doors must have "clearance" so they can open and close. As sash and frame season and shrink, this clearance widens to a sizable crack. It's this *crack* that's responsible for the waste of nearly half your fuel.

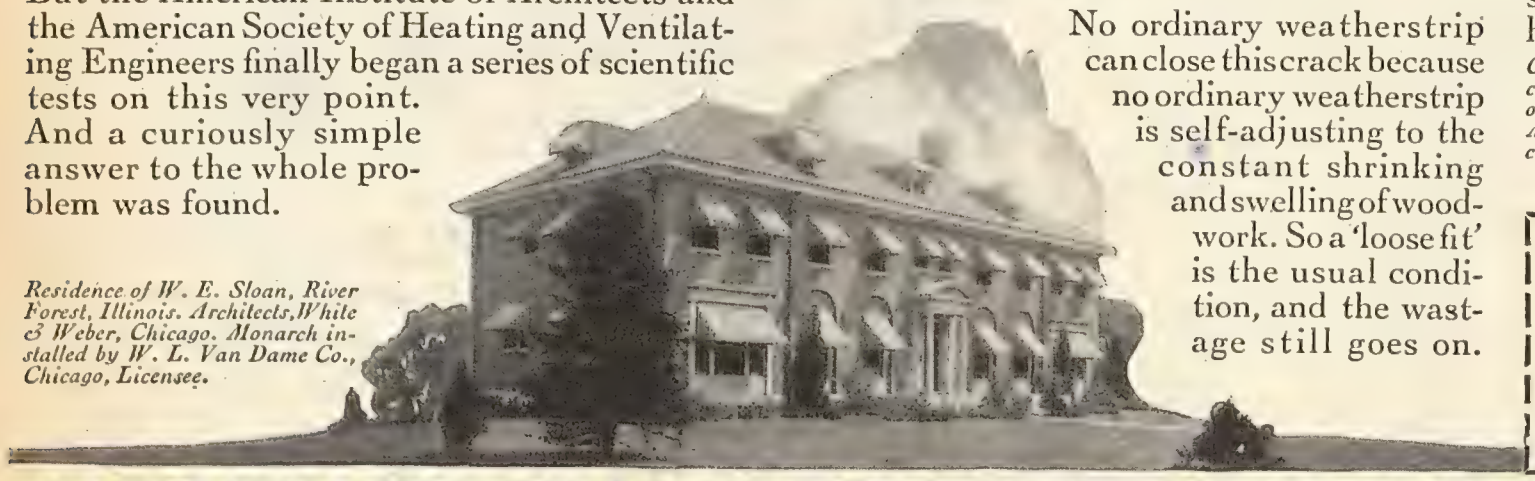
No ordinary weatherstrip can close this crack because no ordinary weatherstrip is self-adjusting to the constant shrinking and swelling of woodwork. So a 'loose fit' is the usual condition, and the wastage still goes on.

These facts showed the need of a scientific self-adjusting weatherstrip that would keep the crack closed regardless of whether a window shrunk or swelled. So the engineers of the Monarch Metal Products Company designed something entirely different from anything that has gone before. And it proved more than twice as efficient than any other weatherstrip.

Monarch Metal Weatherstrip is different because, sliding on a smooth metal-to-metal contact, it keeps the crack always sealed no matter what the conditions. It s construction makes this automatic. It shuts the warm air in and the cold air out. This is guaranteed for the life of the building.

Monarch Metal Weatherstrip is chosen by famous architects for their finest structures for its superior efficiency and economy. And it is saving astonishing sums for those fortunate home owners who have adopted it.

Cold weather is not far away. Fuel will soon be a consideration. You can have the benefit of Monarch economy and comfort, practically on a pay-its-own way basis. Look in the phone book under Monarch Metal Weatherstrip and ask for a copy of this free book, or send the coupon now and learn what this home improvement can do for you.



Residence of W. E. Sloan, River Forest, Illinois. Architects, White & Weber, Chicago. Monarch installed by W. L. Van Dame Co., Chicago, Licensee.

USE THIS COUPON NOW!

MONARCH METAL PRODUCTS CO., 5029 PENROSE AVE., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

I want to know how Monarch will effect the fuel bills in my home. Please send me your free booklet, "Where Heat Economy Begins."

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town.....

MONARCH METAL WEATHERSTRIP

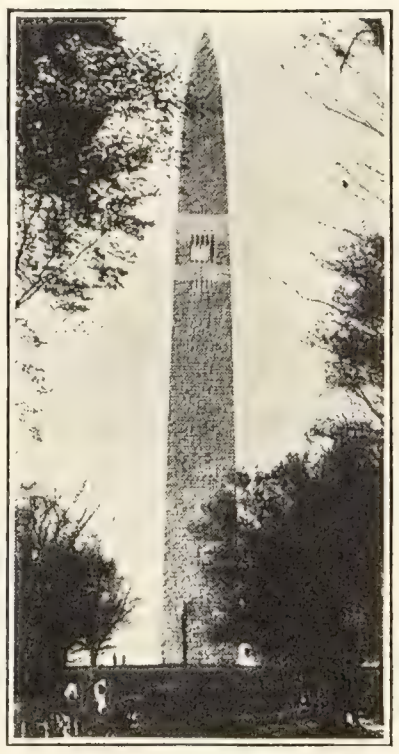
[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

British wouldn't concede that a Brunswick regiment could be as good as an English regiment. When there was a mistake, a repulse, a retreat, a broken line, or a disaster, the Germans were blamed.

For the officers, service anywhere was, as with the British officers, a part of their profession. For the German rank and file it was a tragedy to be sent out of their country and away from their homes and families.

They were to have the heaviest casualties; to fight bravely with the least moral incentive; to realize that they were belittled by their allies; and some were to die of homesickness.

Mme. Riedesel, with her children, followed her husband into the wilderness. She was an intelligent, capable, and sympathetic woman, watching the army jealousies with partizan eyes, keeping her children out of the rain and away from drunken Indians, and nursing the wounded when she could.



Brown Bros. photo

THE battle shaft at Bennington, Vermont, commemorating the defeat of Burgoyne's German mercenaries.

Victory would have had enough hardships for this family. Defeat required the Spartan soldier's wife —and she was that wife.

She wrote a narrative of the invasion and defeat, in her Letters and Journal, in which Burgoyne did not come off so well.

BURGOYNE had eloped with the daughter of the Earl of Derby. She died while he was in America for the campaign of '76.

Mme. Riedesel says he consoled himself with the pretty wife of one of his commissaries, and when defeat was at his tent he was more interested in his dinner, his champagne, and the bright eyes of his mistress than he was in the condition of his troops.

That, if not generous and not quite true, at least reflected the temper of a German soldier's wife who heard the British attributing their misfortunes to the "poor spirit" of the Brunswickers.

Lady Harriet Acland accompanied her husband, Major John Dyke Acland. Mme. Riedesel wrote that she was the "loveliest of women."

General Gates, who received her when she sought the American lines at night in an icy storm to find her wounded prisoner husband, wrote Mrs. Gates, "She is the most amiable, delicate piece of quality you ever beheld."

There were other women on this expedition, which, before it ended in failure, tried the souls of its best men with rattlesnakes, savages, wolves digging up the dead, hunger, disease, wilderness morbidity, enervating heat, bitterly cold rains, wounds, death, and defeat.

Burgoyne's Indians were in command of Luc de Chapt de La Corne St. Luc, the hardiest, luckiest, cruelest white hell-hound in Canada.

Burgoyne has had a little more than his share of reproach for the Indian element in this campaign. For that he partly had himself to blame. He issued a proclamation to the rebels upon whom he was about to descend, which contained the expression: "I have but to give stretch to the Indian forces under my direction (and they amount to thousands) to overtake the hardened enemies of Great Britain."

After the Jane McCrea murder later by his Indians, Burgoyne wouldn't have paid himself a farthing for his proclamation.

The British coming up to the lake appeared before redoubtable Ticonderoga and Fort Independence, and took them without firing a cannon. The American leader, St. Clair, had 3,000 men, over 100 heavy guns, and a great store of supplies.

Americans throughout the country were totally unprepared for what happened. Across the water, somewhat over a mile from Ticonderoga, was Sugarloaf Hill. (It is now called Mount Defiance.) It was higher than the fort and commanded it. It was difficult of ascent, regarded as impractical or impossible for artillery, and had been neglected by both Horatio Gates and by St. Clair, who relieved him as commander.

Burgoyne was a better soldier.

"Without possessing Sugarloaf Hill," he said, "from which I was proceeding to attack them, Ticonderoga is only what I once heard Montcalm had expressed it to be: '*Une porte pour un honnête homme de se déshonorer*'" ("A door by which an honest man could come to his dishonor").

St. Clair found it so.

Brigadier-General Fraser on July 2 was ordered by Burgoyne to occupy Sugarloaf Hill, and General Phillips was ordered to erect a battery there. The guns were taken up an almost perpendicular slope. The impossible was accomplished, and Ticonderoga was exposed to a fire it was unable to answer.

St. Clair instantly decided to remove what stores he could, destroy the rest, burn the bridge connecting the two forts, and save his men.

UNDER a cloud of smoke, Ticonderoga was evacuated virtually without firing a shot at the enemy. The Americans began their retreat in something of a panic, the British pursuing them with vigor and overtaking and destroying five boats with their supplies.

Retreat up Lake George had been blocked by Burgoyne. The Americans fled by the Vermont

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

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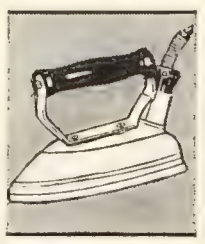

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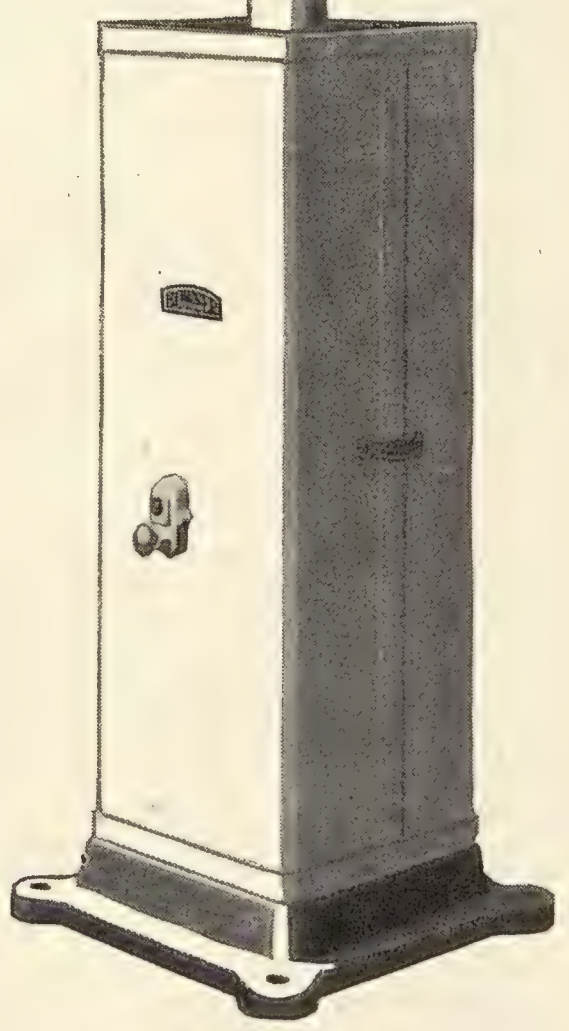
(Signed)
Edward P. Stumpf.



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

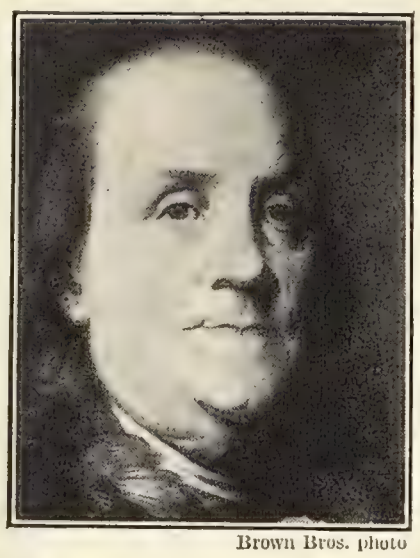
side. The British pursued them.

The British were thus drawn into a strange forest which was demoralizing with its rattlesnakes and wolves. Their way was blocked with felled trees, and to their left the Green Mountains soon were swarming with enemies.

Nevertheless, they were triumphant. George III had his happy moment. Washington could not understand the fall of Ticonderoga, and New England was wild. The intriguing Gates was put over Schuyler in command of the North.

St. Clair's rear-guard was composed of men under the command of Seth Warner and Colonel Eben Francis, who was killed. They were at Hubbardton, Vermont, preparing breakfast, when the British advanced on them unexpectedly.

There was a most stubborn three-hour fight, numbers being about equal. The event was in doubt, when a German column under General Riedesel arrived, and the Americans gave up the field; but if the British thought they were about to parade into Albany, they later corrected their opinion.



Brown Bros. photo

From a portrait of Benjamin Franklin, who used the Saratoga victory to gain an alliance with Louis XVI of France.

A British drummer-boy got Colonel Francis' watch. A captive officer later gave it to the Colonel's grief-stricken mother in Cambridge. After the battle the valuables would be collected from the dead, enemy and friend alike, and auctioned to the survivors.

THE Indians were gathering scalps, and the European officers, unfamiliar with wilderness war, were holding their noses and swallowing hard. St. Luc's savages were kept fairly well in hand, but Burgoyne's own officers confessed that "the cruelties committed by them were too shocking to relate."

Worst of all, there was what was known in the British camp as "the melancholy catastrophe of the unfortunate Miss McCrea."

She was the daughter of loyalist parents in the near-by countryside, and her sweetheart, David Jones, was an American Tory serving with Burgoyne. The patriot hatred of Tories was intense; and Jones thought the girl would be safer with the British officers' wives.

He offered a reward to two Indians to bring her to camp. They murdered her. There were several accounts of the killing.

The generally accepted one is that the Indians escorting her to her lover quarreled over the prospective reward—a barrel of rum—and that one of the Indians, Le Loup or the Wyandot Panther, ended the argument by sinking his tomahawk in the girl's head.

There was a British version that American scouts shot at Indians who had seized her and a woman companion after she had joined Jones, and missed the Indians and hit the girl. But even the British army believed the tomahawk story, as did the American countryside.

What happened to Tories, if it was bad, did not ordinarily impress the patriot families unfavorably; but this was an outrage by Indians in British service, and Burgoyne's reputation had another stain not wholly deserved.

The story of Jane McCrea's romance and death has survived as an indelible part of the Saratoga campaign.

At Skenesborough (now Whitehall) there was a sharp skirmish, and among the British trophies was one which Lieutenant Digby in his journal described as "very handsome, a flag of the United States, 13 stripes alternate red and white, with 13 stars in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Felled trees made progress slow, but the invaders got to Fort Ann, and then further south to Fort Edward below Hudson Falls. There they saw the Hudson River.

The expedition had won its way through. It was the last of July, with prospects good. But the American forces were in camp and in sight four miles away, and nailed to a tree the British soldiers found a letter addressed to General Burgoyne.

Word went through the British camp that it had been written by the American Brigadier-General, Benedict Arnold, who had besieged Quebec in the winter.

It said: "Beware. Don't be elated. Don't trust a rapid progress through the wilderness as an evidence of the future. Beware the Hudson." And in ending:

"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther."

It was Arnold, not Gates, who was to fight the two battles by Bemis Heights and compel the retreat to Old Saratoga (Schuylerville) and the surrender there.

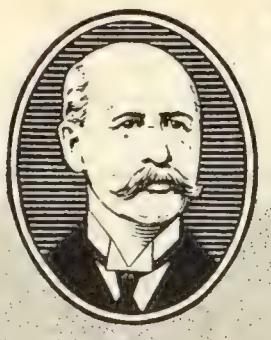
Arnold fought with an intrepidity all his own, with a headlong recklessness which was an inspiration to the men, and with a keenness of foresight, perception, and judgment which enabled him to anticipate the British movements.

AMERICA'S Lucifer unknowingly was slowly approaching his fall, but was never nearer his zenith. The Canadian campaign in which he had inspired men to barely credible endurance had the irony of clouding him, and also Schuyler, with charges which were challenged by an investigation and refuted.

Love of money was said to be his weakness. His love of a Tory beauty was his pitfall.

Unworthy men, including Gates, advanced by intrigue. Mediocre men were put ahead by state jealousies and rivalries for place and distinction.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY-FIVE]



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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

Arnold was still amenable to Washington, who gave him his confidence, sympathy, friendship, and trust. Other men smarting with a sense of injury had sulked.

Stark, who held the rail fence at Bunker Hill and who had been at Trenton and Princeton, because he failed of what he regarded as his deserts, had gone back to the New Hampshire hills, where later he was ready for Bennington.

Aaron Burr, who was at Montgomery's elbow at the Cape Diamond bastion under the walls of Quebec, and who had been Washington's aide, quit, giving ill health as a reason.

Charles Lee, who entered the American service with the spirit of a renegade, was a traitor, and now, a prisoner, was advising Howe as to the taking of Philadelphia. Gates was already a liability and was to be worse.

But none of these men was Lucifer. None of them had worn such shining armor as Arnold. None was to drop into the eternal black. Arnold did. But first he was to wing to his zenith.

He had resigned his commission, but Congress had not acted on it, and he had gone north as a volunteer to take part in the campaign against Burgoyne. At Ridgefield, Massachusetts, he chased 2,000 British raiders under Tryon to the sea. Then he whirled up the Mohawk Valley to drive St. Leger away from Fort Stanwix.

HERKIMER and his German settlers had arisen against St. Leger's Indians, Canadians, and regulars; and although they were ambushed in a ravine at Oriskany, they won their fight—a desperate hand-to-hand one. But St. Leger's hold on the fort had not been broken.

Arnold caught a half-wit in the valley, and told him he would not be executed as a spy if he ran into the British camp with the news that Burgoyne was defeated and a prisoner.

On hearing that, St. Leger's Indians drank all the camp liquor, raised hell all day, and then ran for home. St. Leger was barely able to get to Montreal with a corporal's guard.

As Arnold returned to the army on the Hudson, an Indian runner brought Burgoyne news that one leg of the great plan was broken. But worse news had preceded it, coming from Bennington, Vermont.

General Stark and Seth Warner had annihilated one Brunswick detachment and virtually destroyed another—the first sent after the patriot store of supplies at Bennington, and the second sent to extricate the first. Burgoyne was worrying about supplies and having trouble in getting them.

He also was astonished by the multitudes of militiamen springing up in the Green Mountains to his left, and he decided to slash out at them, take the Bennington supplies, and get horses, if he could, for Riedesel's dismounted dragoons.

For this side-stroke, which needed the snap of a whip-lash, he selected the dragoons themselves, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Baum and his Brunswick troopers. For such a march the equipment of the dragoons was tragic comedy. Their boots alone would have sunk them, and their sabers ably re-enforced the boots. With some Canadian rangers and Indians, the dismounted cavalry clumped along to its doom.

The memorial battle shaft, over 300 feet high, is in Bennington; but the battle-field was six miles west, on the Walloomsac in New York.

Burgoyne had word that he had lost 1,000 men, and the British officers commented on the "poor spirit" of the sacrificed Germans. If Saratoga is to be regarded as a decisive battle, Bennington was essential to it.

There was news still worse. Howe was not coming up the Hudson. With 14,000 men he had sailed for Philadelphia to chase the Continental Congress out and occupy the American capital.

Howe had heard of Burgoyne's earlier successes, and although he knew some one ought to move up the river to meet him at Albany, he had no specific orders to do so himself.

Washington, who had been watching Howe and wondering what his eccentric movements meant, started south after him, to fight and lose the battles of Brandywine and Germantown and to pass the winter at Valley Forge.

The second leg of the grand plan's tripod was broken.

This historic blunder finally was traced to a most congenial author in Lord Germain. He was the most detested man in the ministry. He was contemporaneously described as of "intolerable meanness and love of corruption." Charles Fox called him "*Dr. Sangrado*—bleeding has been his only prescription. If a people deprived of their ancient rights are grown tumultuous —bleed them. More blood! More blood! Still more blood!"

He had the conduct of American affairs. Howe did not get his specific orders because Germain went off for a visit in the country. The orders were unsigned on his desk when the ship which should have carried them sailed.

In this incident of history, Howe may have been a military peacock strutting off to Philadelphia when he should have gone north; but Germain was a jackass and Burgoyne the scapegoat.

THE good news from Bennington had put great heart in the American militia, and Gates was receiving a constant stream of re-enforcements.

Burgoyne had crossed to the west bank of the Hudson, the Albany side. Gates decided to stop the invasion at Bemis Heights.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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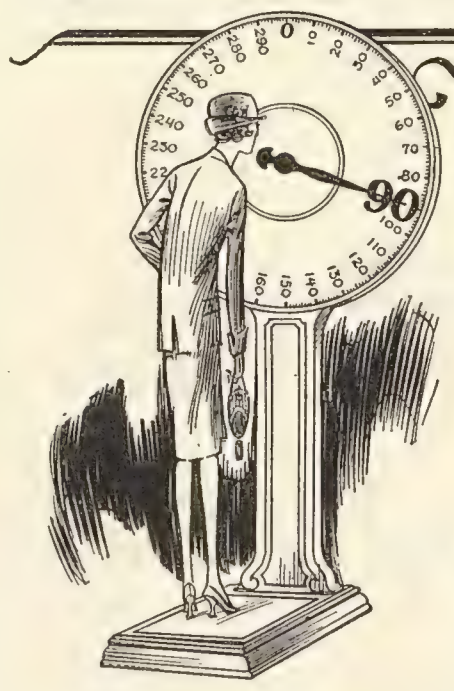

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[THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA—150 YEARS AGO Continued from Page Fifty-five]

He occupied this elevation with 10,000 men.

It was now September. Burgoyne's troops were pinched for food. They had sent their heavy clothing back to Ticonderoga and the cold weather caught them unprepared.

General Riedesel's Germans were profoundly dejected and morbid, and, according to the British journals and diaries, they were dying of homesickness.

The Indians had visions of disaster and went home. Many of Burgoyne's Tories became apprehensive of the wrath to come from their patriot countrymen and slipped away.

With omens and conditions bad, Burgoyne tried to break through to Albany. The two battles which have the name of Saratoga were brought about by the British attempt to force their way west of Bemis Heights.

The first attempt was made September 19, with all available effective troops engaged. The second was October 7, with 1,500 troops.

BOTH battles were begun by Morgan's riflemen, and in both the incredible impetuosity of Arnold was the inspiration and the substance of the American attack and defense. This one-time druggist contained the essence of a great field-marshal—and tragically that of a great traitor.

With 3,000 men he engaged from noon until night on September 19 the three columns with which Burgoyne had advanced: first Fraser, then re-enforced by Burgoyne coming from the center, and then Riedesel from the British left.

At dark the British had the field, and lay there in bitter cold, unable to help the wounded or to make fires until morning. But they had been unable to advance.

Between this action and that of October 7, Arnold and Gates had a violent scene, and Gates ordered Arnold to his quarters.

When the sound of Morgan's rifles opening the second fight reached Arnold, he dashed out of camp at the top speed of his horse, pursued by an aide sent by Gates to recall him. If the aide had persisted in this mission, he would have been in every daredevil action which threw the British and Germans into confusion.

Troops of Morgan, Poor, Learned, Dearborn, and others were engaged; and at different periods of the fight Arnold seized command of all of them, dashing from one part of the field to another, spotting every British wavering and hitting every weakening spot. By night the only hope of the invasion was to retreat to a defensible base.

General Fraser, Burgoyne's right hand, wounded mortally by one of Morgan's riflemen, died in camp the next morning.

The veteran, before he died, asked to be buried on a certain hill at the firing of the sunset gun, and Burgoyne delayed the retreat a day to give him this tribute.

THEN, in a wild night of rain, the invaders turned back—but it was too late. The Americans had closed the way. At Schuylerville, Old Saratoga, Burgoyne had supper and wine in General Schuyler's great house, while his troops lay exposed in the rain. The next day the house was burned to prevent American lodgment behind it.

Burgoyne with his army on Saratoga Heights found he was stopped in every direction and asked for terms. In three days the convention was agreed upon. The third leg of the great plan was broken.

The defeated army marched over the mountains to Boston, to be delivered to British transports under parole for the remainder of the war. But Congress broke faith. Some of the captives were interned about Boston and Cambridge and later in Virginia.

Riedesel was fortunate enough to get his surviving troops back to their families after nearly eight years' absence.

Burgoyne returned to polite and parliamentary life, and became the father of Field-Marshal John Burgoyne without marrying the mother.

Arnold married a beautiful Tory wife, Peggy Shippen of Philadelphia, and her friends and the black devil of his temperament sank him into obloquy.

When the news of the surrender reached London, the ministry was derided and seared by its brilliant enemies. George III took his agony to the seclusion of his chamber.

Brown Bros. Photo

THIS monument overlooks the region near Old Saratoga, where the third leg of the British campaign was shattered.

At night came an express from Gen. Carleton informing that he had learnt by deserters and believed that the Provincials had taken Burgoyne and his whole army prisoners. The King fell into agonies on hearing this account but the next morning, at his levee, to disguise his concern, affected to laugh and to be so indecently merry, that Lord North endeavored to stop him.—*Horace Walpole,* Dec. 2, 1777.

In later years the moral King who could not be George the Great was to be quite mad; and another of his failures, his son, "the most accomplished blackguard in Europe," was to be regent while the father picked daisies from the skies.

THE END

Hot Words

An unthoughtful blaze of temper that kindled a new love

A Real-Life Story
by Elinor Bradford

NO matter how it started or why. The big thing is that it was a regular Class "A" quarrel. And the very first in nearly a month of married life—

With a final scorching sentence, Bob had distinctly slammed the door,—and departed in the general direction of the office.

And Jane, true to feminine form, had mechanically cleared the breakfast table, "done" the dishes—and then sat down to sob . . . and to reflect.

How in a world so full of marriageable men had she ever managed to select that beastly Bob? Between sobs she thought a bit sentimentally about Tom. . .and Harry . . . and dear old Don . . . and wondered vaguely how far it was to Reno . . . and how one went about getting a Paris divorce . . . and—

It was nearly noon when the door bell tinkled. . . . A messenger laden with a long slender box—a box that could mean just one thing . . . flowers? But who in the world—?

Tingling to the thrill that only a florist's box can bring, Jane opened the lid and revealed the most gorgeous bouquet she had ever beheld. And there, tucked away in the box was a tiny, pleading note—

It was all my fault. These flowers can say it better than my poor words. Won't you listen while they whisper "I love you?"
—Bob.

Of course, Jane could not resist that earnest plea . . . and, as thousands of brides before her had done, she heeded the murmured message of bright blossoms. Tears vanished, to give way to happy smiles, as humming a lilting air, Jane made her way to the shiny kitchen.

That night for dinner there were drop cakes with thick icing. Bob ate three—and claimed the traditional privilege of kissing the culinary chauffeur.

✧ ✧ ✧

Send flowers with your note of explanation. They are first aid to an armistice—and the shortest, surest way to a woman's heart. When bright blossoms talk The Lady *listens* . . . with a forgiving twinkle in her eye promising the smile that will make the whole world akin.

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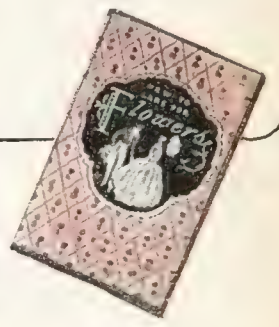
Send 10c to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: "How to Care for Flowers." Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.



The song that STOPPED!

A CHILD of five skipped down the garden path and laughed because the sky was blue. "Jane," called her mother from the kitchen window, "come here and help me bake your birthday cake." Little feet sped. "Don't fall," her mother warned.

Jane stood in the kitchen door and wrinkled her nose in joy. Her gingham dress was luminous against the sun. What a child! Dr. and Mrs. Wentworth cherished Jane.

"Go down cellar and get mother some preserves . . . the kind you like."

"The preserves are in the cellar," she chanted, making a progress twice around the kitchen. "Heigh-ho a-derry-o, the preserves are . . ." her voice grew fainter as she danced off. ". . . . in the . . ."

The thread of song snapped. A soft thud-thud. Fear fluttered Mrs. Wentworth's heart. She rushed to the cellar door.

"Mother!" . . . a child screaming in pain. Mrs. Wentworth saw a little morsel of girlhood lying in a heap of gingham and yellow hair at the bottom of the dark stairs.

The sky is still blue. But there will be no birthday party tomorrow. An ambulance clanged up to Dr. Wentworth's house today. Jane's leg is broken.

* * *

If a flashlight had been hanging on a hook at the head of the cellar stairs, this little tragedy would have been averted. If Jane had been taught to use a flashlight as carefully as her father, Dr. Wentworth, had taught her to use a tooth-brush, a life need not have been endangered.

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A THOUSAND THINGS MAY HAPPEN IN THE DARK

I Fought Them ALL

Brown Bros. photo

Jim Jeffries, the champion.

THE first round of the Jeffries-Sharkey fight — Tom facing the camera; Jeff with his back turned. George Siler, the referee, is the third man in the ring.

P. & A. photo

Tom Sharkey, the challenger.

The Irish Sailor's Last Great Battle with Jeffries—His Championship Dream Is Shattered

As Told by TOM SHARKEY

to HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 18 minutes 50 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Tom Sharkey's one ambition in life was to carry the world's championship back to Ireland, and Jeffries was the man he had to beat to realize it. He had whipped Corbett in their second battle, as detailed in a previous instalment, as well as practically every other fighter of any note. But Jeffries whipped him in their first meeting. That was before the "big fellow" became champion. Tom now tells of his second meeting with Jeffries in the terrific fight at Coney Island, which took the heart out of him.]

PART FIVE

THE path toward the heavyweight championship was full of thorns, and many the time I stubbed my toe. Beating Corbett, who had been the champion, and who was still thought by many to be a better man than Fitzsimmons, got me nowhere at all, and the scandal and talk of crookedness that followed Con McVey's act of climbing into the ring, when I was beating Corbett, robbed the victory of much of its glory.

That it hurt the fight game was certain; but it hurt Tom Sharkey more, since it seemed I never was to get a chance at the championship, which was the goal of all my dreams. All the time the eye of me was on big Jeffries, that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

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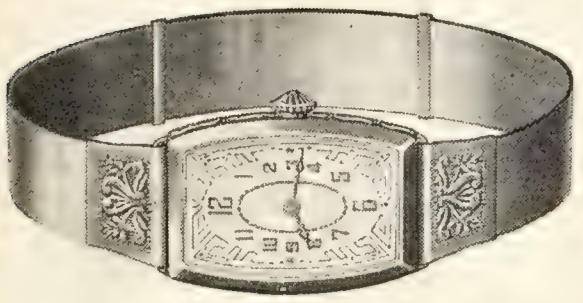

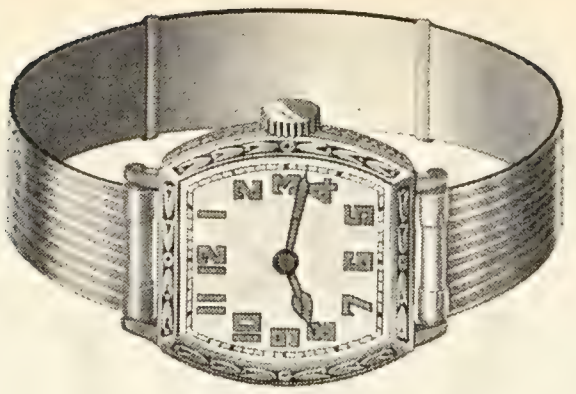

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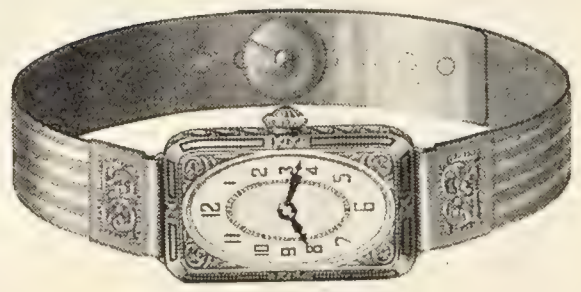

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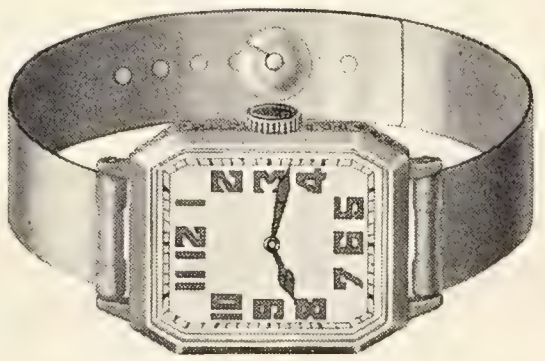

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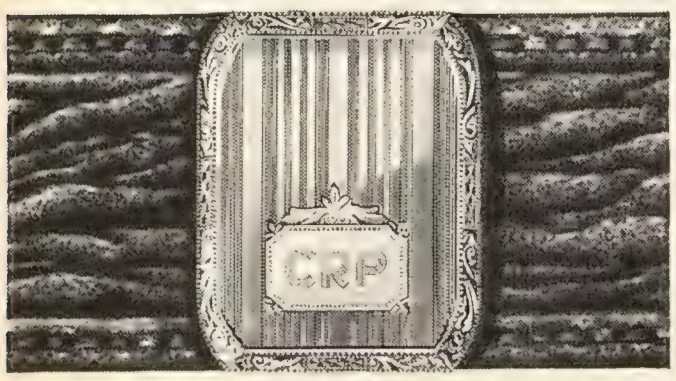

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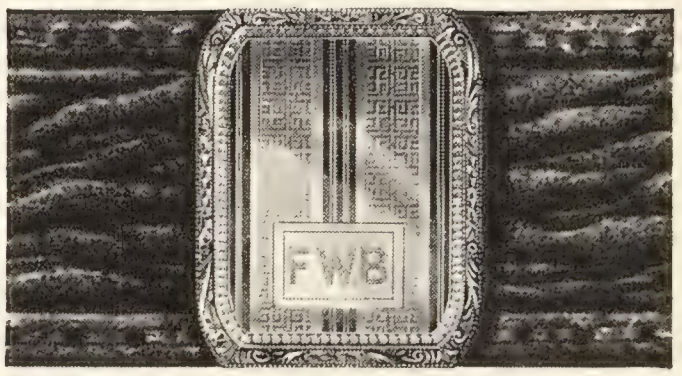

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Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

mountain of a man who looked so slow and moved so fast. I thought I could beat him if ever I could get into the ring with him again. In the fight at San Francisco, on the night the seats fell and started panics in the old Mechanics Pavilion, he stood straight, and boxed with his great arms held close to his chest. I made no light matter of the power in either arm of him, fearing his left as much as his right, and I knew he could box well for a big man, being quick of eye, and light on his feet in spite of his 220 pounds or more.

I studied him all the time, waiting and hoping for the chance to fight him, and believing in my heart all the time that I could beat him, as I was better than ever before; as strong as the day I quit the navy, and wiser, having learned much in the school of hard knocks. Cautious I was becoming, and suspicious, but always when I watched that they didn't play one trick upon me, they played another.

Now that my career as a fighter is long over, and I have laid by the angers and the temper that were on me in those days, I hate to say ill of any man, but sometimes, when I think over the grand fights that I had and the great opportunities, I am of a mind that not always those who were in my corner as my seconds and advisers wished me well. It is hating I am to say that I think they tried to cross me, but 'tis more certain that, had I never listened to them, but fought my own way and followed my own style, I would have done better.

THERE was a lad in those days who was one of the greatest fighters the world ever has known, and who has come, in his middle age, to an evil end. A clever fellow he was. His name was Norman Selby, and they called him Kid McCoy. A strange lad and a smart one, with a twist in his brain even in those days. Always it seemed he would rather make five dollars by some trick he thought was smart than to make a thousand otherwise.

Jolly good company he was; and he might be planning to knock you cold while he was laughing with you. Poor lad—it led him to sad endings, and I hold no bitterness against him.

We were matched to fight in New York on January 10, 1899, and I think now there must have been sly laughing and much palavering among the smart fellows and the gamblers at what they were going to do to the big sailor.

McCoy had made bad talk of me, and I was not over-friendly toward him, and watchful, lest he play some of his tricks on me, as he had on some others. 'Tis well we had poor old Tim Hurst as the referee, or mayhap it would be even a sorrier tale to tell of that fight. Tim was honest, and feared no man, small as he was, and he knew McCoy and his trickery.

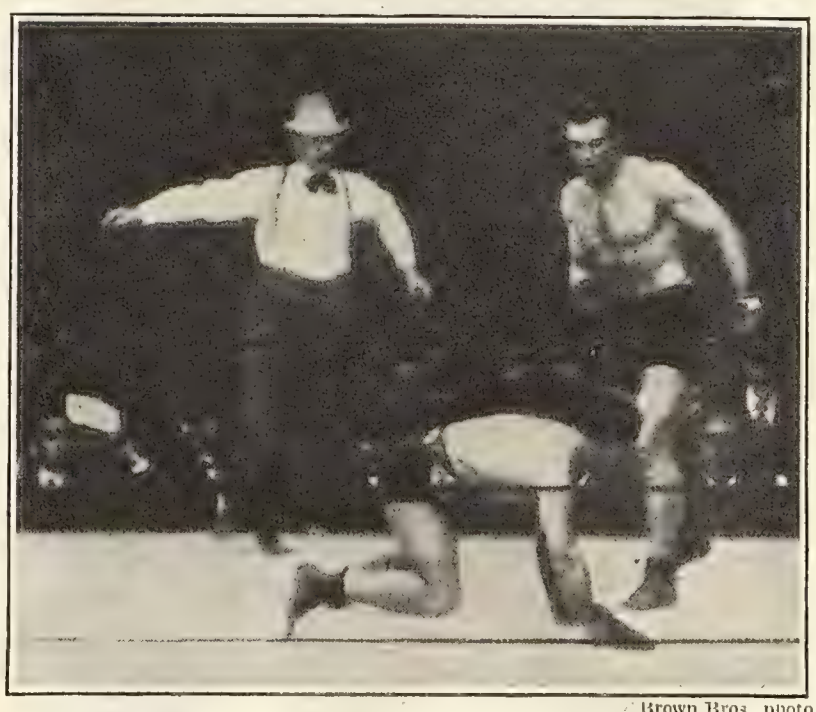
As the bout was ready to start, I walked out to the center of the ring and held out my hand, to shake hands as two fair men should, to show there is no malice. But McCoy said to me, with his blackguard tongue:

"No, you blank blanked Irish blank, I won't shake hands."

"Ho, ho!" I said to myself. "This is something else again."

So I said: "You will shake hands, or there will be no fight."

He still refused, and Tommy Ryan and Hurst made him hold out his hands, and in the bandages there was a pound or more of plaster of Paris, which, when it dried, would have been like a lump of iron on each fist.



Brown Bros. photo

SHARKEY down! But it was the slippery footing about the corners, and not Jeffries' fist, which floored the sailor.

So the fight was held up while they unbandaged his hands and put on fresh bandages with no plaster in them.

I wanted to fight him my own way, but Tommy Ryan, who was said to be the smartest of the old masters of boxing, whispered to me:

"Go out and box this fellow clever."

He had been teaching me some of his ways of boxing, and the idea of me, a big, rough fighting man, trying to box clever with McCoy did not sound as foolish then as it did later. So I went out and started to spar with him, pretty, and nice, and clever, and with the first great punch he hit me near the jaw and knocked me flat to the canvas, with a blow that was harder than any that ever hit me, barring, mayhap, Joe Choynski's.

Few men would have come up again, but I came bouncing up, not waiting to rest, and he knocked me flat a second time. And that time I bounced up, badly hurt, but he did not know it, and by banging away at him, wild and ferocious, I held him off until the round ended.

When I reeled to my corner after the bell rang, there was Big Tim Sullivan, shaking with anger and the fear that I was beaten, and Tom O'Rourke, who was white all around the mouth and shaking with excitement, and they were so excited they started fanning and pouring water on me until I said:

"Leave be. I'm all right."

I made them quit fanning and wash my face off with cool water, and I filled my great lungs with two deep breaths, as I had always done, and my heart steadied, and the strength came pouring back into my muscles, and I said:

"I'm all right. But I'll not box him clever."

Mayhap seeing me bound to my feet after those two terrible blows discouraged McCoy, for in the next round I started fighting my own way—the way poor Australian Billy Smith had shown me to hit, with a lead, a straight right, and a hook of my left, and held McCoy off, although he came rushing to me—thinking I would be groggy—until he was driven back.

Then, seeing he could not stop me that way, he started running and dancing away, with me after him, pressing him all the time. There were arguments in my corner, and we threw Tommy Ryan out of it, Tom O'Rourke ordering him out, and I fought as I wanted to fight.

I KEPT him on the run round after round, but he was clever, and it was not until the sixth that I could hit him right. Then I hit him a powerful left hook to the stomach, and he went down in a heap, holding his hands over his groin, and trying to pretend he had been fouled, although the blow landed high.

He was on the floor, looking up, and Tim Hurst, rest his soul, kept right on counting, and at five McCoy looked up and said:

"What are you going to do, Tim?"

I knew then that, in case he could not beat me, McCoy had planned to feign that he was fouled, and maybe trick the referee.

"Six," said Tim, "and I'm going to kape on counting—seven—"

And, as Tim counted eight, McCoy came from the floor with a great leap, swinging his right for my jaw as he came, hoping to catch me not expecting the blow. He came near succeeding, for I pulled back my head more by instinct than by thought, and he missed a foot, and by that blow he showed he was no more fouled than were some others who pretended they were when they fought me.

The treachery of it made me mad, and from that time I gave him no rest. I knew that if McCoy was allowed to stand and box, and could get set, he could hit as hard as any living man, so I kept him on the run. He was tiring fast, and in the tenth round I hit him with my left to the belly and took it up to the jaw, and he went down and could not rise, and was too hurt even to claim another foul.

That was the only fight in all my life I ever won much money on. The next day, when I went to collect, I had $72,000 paid me—a fortune for those days. It was a great repulse for the swindling gamblers of New York who had been so sure that McCoy would beat me they were betting 100 to 30, and even

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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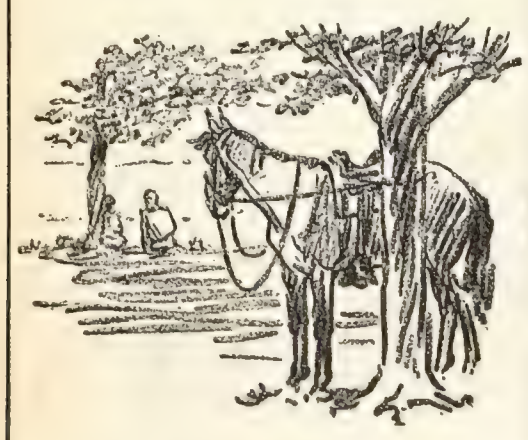

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[I FOUGHT THEM ALL Continued from Page Sixty-one]

100 to 20, against me—thinking it a sure thing that if he could not whip me he could cheat me in some way.

The big Jeffries barred the way to my ambition, and him I was determined to get. I might have fought others that summer, but all the year I waited for Jeffries.

On January 30 I fought big Jack McCormick, him that landed a chance punch on Kid McCoy and knocked him out. We fought at Philadelphia, and in the first round I missed Jack. But in the second I hit him with my left so that he did not come to for an hour. Weeks later I met Jack in Philadelphia, and he told me that for three weeks after that blow hit him on the jaw, he was knocked out, and went around not knowing where he was or what he was doing.

And that, barring an exhibition with Tommy Ryan at Syracuse, was all the fighting until I met Jeffries, who had taken the title from Fitz on June 9, at Coney Island on November 3 of that same year—1899.

THAT was my greatest fight, and mayhap the greatest fight any two men ever fought in a ring, and it was the climax of my career and the ruin of all my hopes and plans. Never thereafter was I the same man, for the heart of me was broken.

Always I have thought that but for Tommy Ryan I would have won that fight without much trouble. Ryan and I had parted company after the bad advice he gave me to stand and box McCoy clever, and he had gone to help Jeffries in his training.

No man knew my way of fighting better than Ryan did, and he knew that if Jeffries tried to stand straight and box with me, as he did in San Francisco, even his great strength would not hold me off, and my left hand would ruin him.

So he took Jeffries and trained him, and taught him that crouch that made him the greatest fighter that ever stepped between the ropes or drove another man through them.

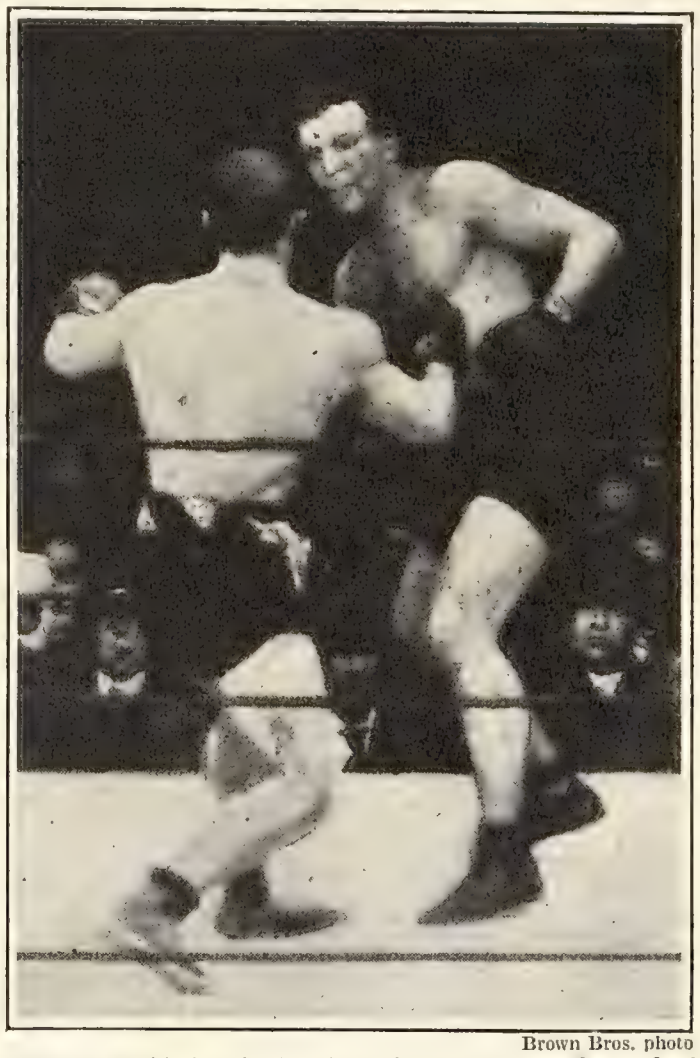
Even then, when it was over, I was so sure I had won the fight on points that no man was more surprised than I when Siler held up the big fellow's hand in token of victory, and the thought was on me that mayhap Siler was dizzy from the great heat of the lights and thought he was holding up Tom Sharkey's hand.

Well, 'tis long ago, and mayhap Siler was right, although in my bitter disappointment I thought not, and said harsh words of him, though now I know that I was fighting the greatest fighter of all the world, and take no shame at having been beaten by him.

I trained again on Staten Island, and no man ever was in finer shape than I was that night when we came to the ring. Nor did ever two men fight under worse conditions.

Never before had they tried taking moving-pictures of a great fight—and 'twas little they knew in those days of how it should be done. Over the ring they placed great lamps, that poured the light and the heat down on our heads until, when the lights were all on and the crowd was in the arena, the thermometer in the ring showed a temperature of close to 130 degrees.

The glare was that great it blinded us, and burned the eyes when the sweat dropped hot into them.



Brown Bros. photo

TOM'S favorite trick fails. Tom has led with his left and is landing his right. With Jeffries' guard down, he is swinging a hook to the head—but Jim wouldn't fall.

I had planned and planned, and figured for two years just how to beat Jeffries; and the heart of me was light when we entered the ring and I looked across at the big hairy mountain of a man, looming up like a war-ship over a tug, and bethought myself how I would word the cablegram to the folks at home, telling them how I was the champion. I weighed 185 pounds, and Jeff weighed close to 220, and the hair on him was enough to stuff a mattress.

HE slouched out to shake hands with me, and walked back to the corner; and, as we turned, he crouched and stuck out the big arm of him like the ram on the prow of a battle-ship, with his jaw covered under his great shoulder so that when I rushed he held me off, and when I swung my glove missed his head a foot.

"Ho, ho!" I said to myself. "Here is something new. I will straighten him up and then hit him with my left."

The glare and the heat of the lamps was terrible, and the sweat was pouring from us and drying under the heat before it could drip, and my eyes were burning. In the second round I got past that big arm once and hit Jeffries with all my power on the side of the head, and bounced back from the jar of hitting him, with my arm aching to the shoulder from the force of it.

I stopped and waited for him to drop, and he only shook the big, hard head of him and came on toward me and crunched his big right fist into my ribs. In the corner they were all telling me:

"Straighten him up! Straighten him up!"

Every time we rushed together I struck him with both left and right to make him come out of the crouch, but he would not come.

Round after round we fought under that heat, with the crowd yelling. 'Twas the same, almost, in every round. I would bang my right to his body and hit him with my left, and he would not straighten up or get his jaw from under the armor of his big shoulder so that I might hit him as I planned.

HE was giving me a terrible beating about the ribs, till at times it seemed he would cave this huge barrel of a chest in, and sometimes he drove the breath from my body in great grunts when he hit me. Still I thought I was winning, though the task of knocking him out seemed fair harder than I had figured on, and I had quit worrying about how to word the cablegram to the folks at home by the tenth round.

If you have read this tale of my life, mayhap by this time you will see that luck was never smiling very much at Sailor Sharkey from the day he set out to be the champion. Nor did it in this fight.

The preliminary fighters had used two corners of the ring, and in these corners the water and the blood of the earlier fights had wetted the canvas and made it slippery, while in the corners in which we sat between rounds, resting from our great efforts, it was dry.

In the midst of a wild rush, in one of the corners, with Jeff tearing at me, and me charging him like a bull, his foot slipped in the wet and our heads crashed together like the collision of two war-ships. The huge, hard head of him struck me just over the left eye and cut a gash four inches long, from my forehead clear down to my cheek-bone, so that the blood poured into my eye, and what with the heat, and the sweat, and the blood, it was fair more than ordinary man could stand.

They patched the wound with collodion and tape when I reached the corner, and we came, I think, into the seventeenth round, with me still confident that I was winning the fight.

It was in that round, or mayhap it was the next, for the number of the rounds is dim in my mind, and the memory of that great fight is as blurred as my sight was that night from the heat, that I knew I had met a man who was better than I was.

We were in a clinch, striving to break, and I started to shake the huge arms of him loose from my body. He reached out those two

great hairy hands of him, grabbed me with one hand on each shoulder, shook me as a terrier does a rat, and said:

"Oh, you're not so strong."

The shame and the anger of it made me mad.

"I'm not?" I shouted back at him. "I'll show you who is the stronger."

And with that I put every ounce of power and strength that was in my body into one great blow of my left hand. For once his big jaw was above the shoulder and I launched that blow as a torpedo is launched from a ship—and it struck him fair on the ear, with my whole hand and this great wrist.

Never, I think, was a more terrible blow struck by man. The force of it was that great that my body kept on pivoting, and the arm turned in its own socket, clear around, and the pain from it sickened me.

I threw my body clear of him in launching that blow; and I dropped my hands to my side, to see a great man fall. The big legs of him quivered a bit, a funny look came into his face, and then he shook his head, as a man does coming up from diving into water, and came at me again, driving his fist into my ribs. It was then that the heart went out of me, although to that day I never had admitted there might be a man in all the world could take it out of me, barring, mayhap, that giant Patagonian that Lieutenant Sims would not let me fight.

Jeffries had broken three of my ribs early in the fight with blows of that great fist, and every time I tried to get past that stiff arm of his, and struck him with my left, he would crunch his right into those broken ribs. After I wrenched my arm from the shoulder socket, I no longer could hit with my left hand, but held the arm down over my broken ribs to try to guard them against his crushing short punches, and kept battering away at him with the right, to make him straighten up.

After the twentieth round I was sure I would win the decision if I could last out the twenty-five rounds, for he was very tired. The crowd was yelling at me to keep away from him, as they always yell when some one threatens to beat a champion, and crying that I had him beaten a block if I could stay away.

We were both badly tired in the twenty-third, from the heat and the battering at each other, and my seconds told me to keep smashing at his body with the right. In

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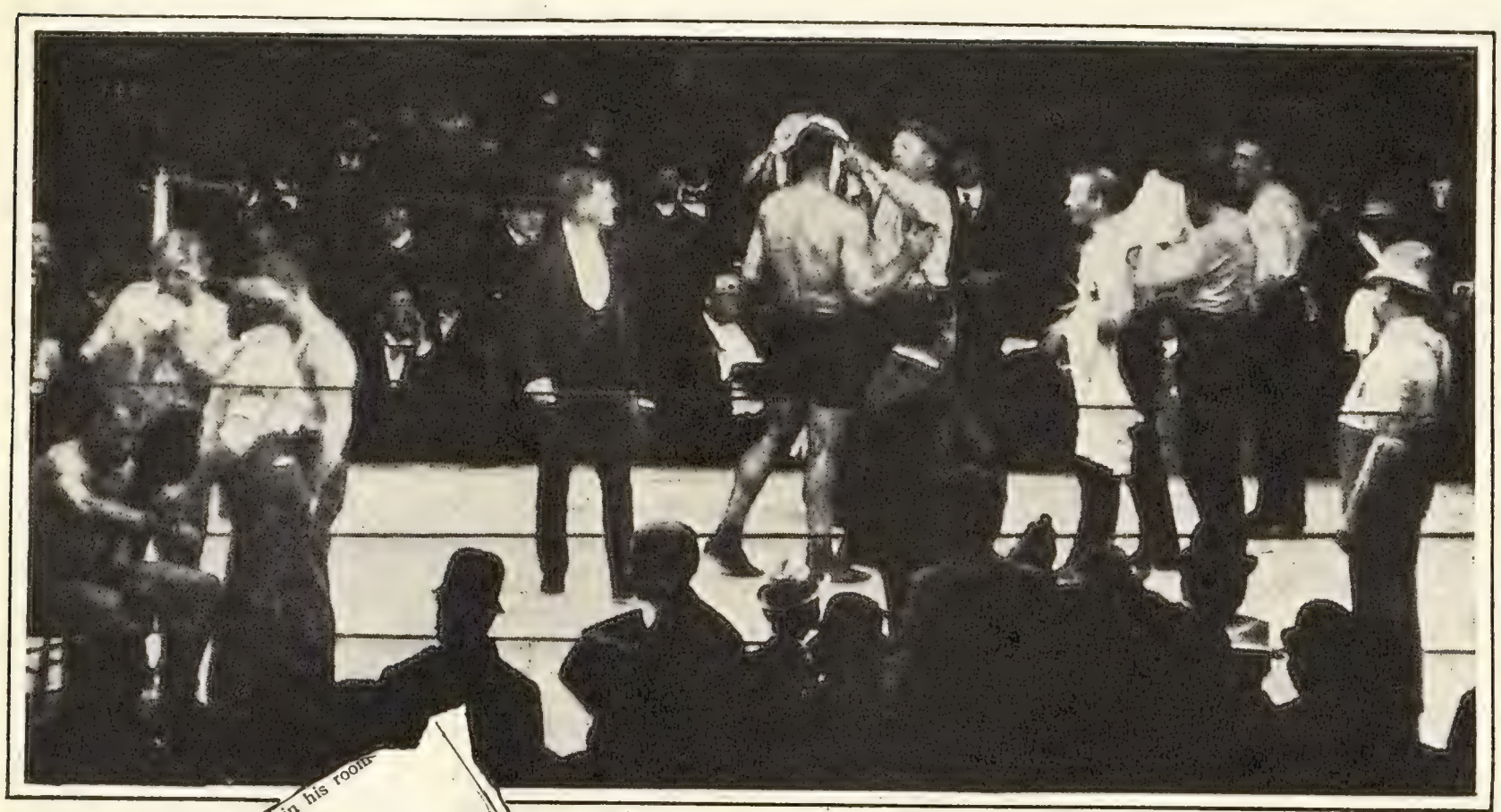
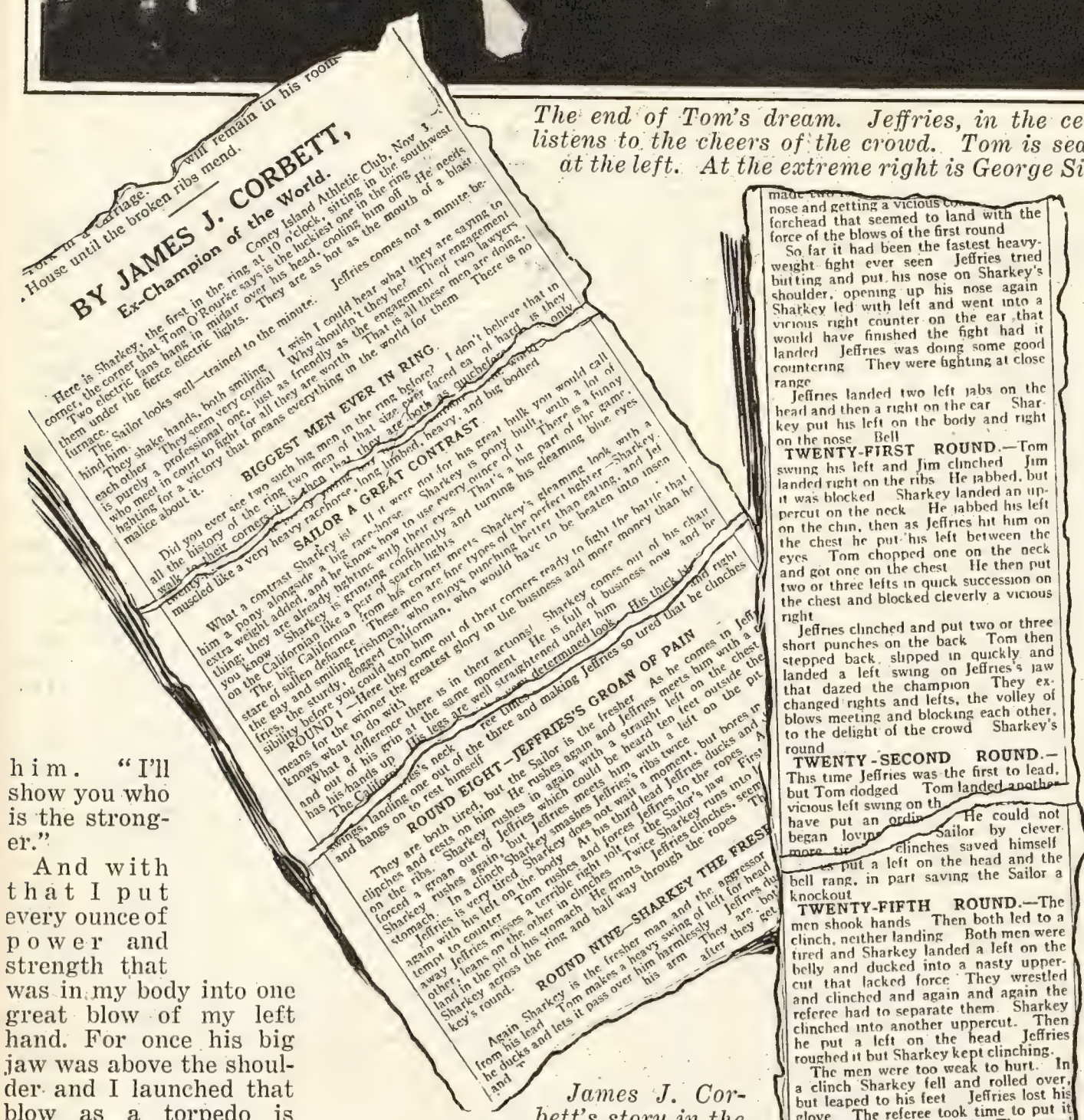


The end of Tom's dream. Jeffries, in the center of the ring, listens to the cheers of the crowd. Tom is seated in his corner at the left. At the extreme right is George Siler, the referee.



House until the broken ribs mend.

BY JAMES J. CORBETT,
Ex-Champion of the World.

Coney Island Athletic Club, Nov 3.

Here is Sharkey, the first in the ring at 10 o'clock, sitting in the southwest corner, the corner that Tom O'Rourke says is the luckiest one in the ring. He needs two electric fans hang in midair over his head, cooling him off. He needs them under the fierce electric lights. They are as hot as the mouth of a blast furnace.

The Sailor looks well—trained to the minute. Jeffries comes not a minute behind him. They shake hands, both smiling. They seem very cordial. I wish I could hear what they are saying to each other. They seem very cordial. Why shouldn't they be? Their engagement is purely a professional one, just as friendly as the engagement of two lawyers who meet in court to fight for all they are worth. That is all these men are doing, fighting for a victory that means everything in the world for them. There is no malice about it.

BIGGEST MEN EVER IN RING.

Did you ever see two such big men in the ring before? I don't believe that in all the history of the ring two men of that size ever faced each other. They are both as quick-footed as they are big and bodied. Only walk to their corners it is then that they are both as quick-footed as they are big and bodied.

SAILOR A GREAT CONTRAST

What a contrast Sharkey is! If it were not for his great bulk you would call him a pony alongside a big race-horse. Sharkey is pony built, with a lot of extra weight added, and he knows how to use every ounce of it. There is a funny thing; they are already fighting with their eyes. There is a big part of the game. you know. Sharkey is grinning confidently and turning his gleaming blue eyes on the Californian like a pair of search lights. That's a big part of the game. The big Californian from his corner meets Sharkey's gleaming look with a stare of sullen defiance. These men are fine types of the perfect fighter—Sharkey the gay and smiling Irishman, who enjoys punching better than eating, and Jeffries, the sturdy, dogged Californian, who would have to be beaten into insensibility before you could stop him.

ROUND 1—Here they come out of their corners ready to fight the battle that means what to do with the winner. What a difference there is in their actions! Sharkey comes out of his chair and out of his grin at the same moment. He is full of business now and he has his hands up. His legs are well straightened under him. His thick body is well poised and his head is set in determined look. His thick [illegible] and right swings, landing one out of the three and making Jeffries so tired that he clinches and hangs on to rest himself.

ROUND EIGHT—JEFFRIES'S GROAN OF PAIN

They are both tired, but the Sailor is the fresher as he comes in Jeffries clinches and rests on him. Sharkey rushes in again and Jeffries meets him with a straight left on the chest on the ribs. Sharkey rushes again, but Jeffries meets him with a left on the chest forced a groan out of Jeffries which could be heard ten feet outside the ring. Sharkey rushes in again with a straight left on the chest. Sharkey rushes again, but Jeffries meets him with a left on the put stomach. In a clinch Sharkey smashes Jeffries's ribs twice. A moment, but bores in again with his left on the body. At his third lead Jeffries ducks and Jeffries is very tired. Sharkey does not wait a moment, but bores in tempt to counter. Tom rushes and forces Jeffries to the ropes. First away Jeffries misses a terrible right lolt for the Sailor's jaw. Twice Sharkey runs into other, leans on the other in clinches. Jeffries clinches, seem land in the pit of his stomach. He grunts. Jeffries clinches. Th

ROUND NINE—SHARKEY THE FRESH

Again Sharkey is the fresher man and the aggressor from his lead. Tom makes a heavy swing of left for head he ducks and lets it pass over him harmlessly. Jeffries du and. Sharkey across the ring and half way through the ropes. They are key's round. his arm after they get

made [illegible] nose and getting a vicious [illegible] forehead that seemed to land with the force of the blows of the first round.

So far it had been the fastest heavyweight fight ever seen. Jeffries tried butting and put his nose on Sharkey's shoulder, opening up his nose again. Sharkey led with left and went into a vicious right counter on the ear that would have finished the fight had it landed. Jeffries was doing some good countering. They were fighting at close range.

Jeffries landed two left jabs on the head and then a right on the ear. Sharkey put his left on the body and right on the nose. Bell.

TWENTY-FIRST ROUND.—Tom swung his left and Jim clinched. Jim landed right on the ribs. He jabbed, but it was blocked. Sharkey landed an uppercut on the neck. He jabbed his left on the chin, then as Jeffries hit him on the chest he put his left between the eyes. Tom chopped one on the neck and got one on the chest. He then put two or three lefts in quick succession on the chest and blocked cleverly a vicious right.

Jeffries clinched and put two or three short punches on the back. Tom then stepped back, slipped in quickly and landed a left swing on Jeffries's jaw that dazed the champion. They exchanged rights and lefts, the volley of blows meeting and blocking each other, to the delight of the crowd. Sharkey's round.

TWENTY-SECOND ROUND.—This time Jeffries was the first to lead, but Tom dodged. Tom landed another vicious left swing on th[illegible]. He could not have put an ordin[illegible]. Sailor by clever began lovin[illegible] more tir[illegible] clinches saved himself [illegible] put a left on the head and the bell rang, in part saving the Sailor a knockout.

TWENTY-FIFTH ROUND.—The men shook hands. Then both led to a clinch, neither landing. Both men were tired and Sharkey landed a left on the belly and ducked into a nasty uppercut that lacked force. They wrestled and clinched and again and again the referee had to separate them. Sharkey clinched into another uppercut. Then he put a left on the head. Jeffries roughed it but Sharkey kept clinching.

The men were too weak to hurt. In a clinch Sharkey fell and rolled over, but leaped to his feet. Jeffries lost his glove. The referee took time to put it on and the bell sounded. The crowd leaped into the ring and it was some time before the decision could be heard. Finally the announcer said:

JEFFRIES WINS

The champion walked over and shook hands with Sharkey. It was a close decision, and many thought

James J. Corbett's story in the New York morning World *of November 4, 1899, tends to confirm Tom's opinion that he outfought the champion.*

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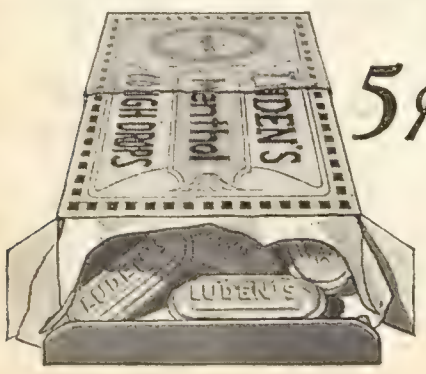

5¢

[I FOUGHT THEM ALL
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

that round he hit me a killing blow with his right, under the heart.

But by that time the giant of a man was tired to reeling as he walked, and I longed for my left hand back again to deal him one blow that would topple him, big as he was.

When we started the twenty-fourth round, they said I had the fight safely won, and to stay away from him if I could. But no man would stay away when there was a chance to win by knocking him out. I drew deep breaths and filled my big bellows of lungs with air, and, although the broken ribs gave me agony, I felt the strength come back and went after him in that round to try to finish it.

I had him very tired, and like to fall in the last round, when the lacing came loose on his glove, and during a clinch the glove came off his hand. They said after the fight that one of his seconds, seeing the tiredness of him, had unlaced the glove before the round started, so that when it came off he might rest and recover.

[NOTE BY HUGH FULLERTON: Tommy Ryan was accused in contemporaneous accounts of the fight of unlacing Jeffries' glove before the twenty-fifth round started.]

The delay gave him strength, and when we resumed fighting he was so strong he threw me around the ring as if I were a baby, and banged my broken ribs with his huge fists, but could not knock me down or out.

There is little else I remember of that last round save that two big tired men leaned against each other, slugging and slugging, and too weary to knock each other down. When it was over, and the crowd was yelling and screaming with excitement, George Siler, the referee, lifted the hand of Jeff, and the dream of my life ended. I knew then I never would go back to Ireland as champion, and that my career as a great fighter was done.

I fought afterwards, but it was not the same. The heart had gone out of me, and I no longer dreamed of being the champion. It is that way with me in all things, I think; for it is the courage, and confidence, and ambition that keep us going, and when they are broken it is hard to drive yourself to do big things.

The beating about the body that Jeff gave me was nothing compared to the hurt of my spirit, for I knew in my heart he was a better man and that never would I be able to beat him.

I HAD put money in a big saloon on Fourteenth Street in New York City. The saloon business was not good for a fighter, although in those days it was thought the thing to do for fighters to own saloons, and mine became a great place for the sports and the fighters to meet.

Mrs. Tom Sharkey—"a grand girl."

There I met many famous people. I mind that Theodore Roosevelt, who was my friend, dropped in often in those days to talk, and at times we went to the rear and I showed him blows and how fights were fought. He was a great one for being interested in fights, and no man loved fair play better.

Carrie Nation came there, too, and she and I had a fine talk, and I offered to get her a hatchet and help her wreck the bar. She smiled and scolded me for being in a bad business, and mayhap I did not disagree with her as much as I pretended to then.

There were many rooms in the place upstairs and never a night but that I sent poor homeless lads there to sleep free.

'Tis odd that while I was in the saloon business they gave me the name of being stingy. Tom Sharkey, who had thrown away lashings of money, and who never had refused a man, especially a sailor, money when he had it, and who had been robbed of more money, perhaps, than most men make in a lifetime, was called stingy. The reason was that I never would buy a drink for any man in my place.

It was the custom of saloon men and bartenders to buy drinks in order to keep the customers buying more, and that, I thought, was wrong. When I went to the place of another, I put my money on the bar and left it there until it was gone; but never in Sharkey's.

A famous place it was, but now I am not proud that I ran it, nor was there great profit in it. 'Tis a joke that those who called me stingy may laugh at, that when I closed the saloon, after years of running it, I had more than $74,000 in bad checks that I had cashed for those who called me "tight," and some of them rich this day.

THE year after the terrible fight with Jeffries I fought many times—but I was fighting, not for the joy of it, or the honor of being a champion, but for money, because I knew my race was run, and had little heart for the game. I fought Joe Goddard again, February 13, 1900, in Philadelphia; Jim Jeffords, in Detroit, on February 19; Jim McCormick in Hartford, March 15; and Tom Conroy, in Baltimore, March 29—and knocked them out quick.

Then, on May 8, 1900, at Tattersall's in Chicago, I met Joe Choynski again for the third time, and we had a grand fight while it lasted, for Joe and I had a personal argument about which was the better man.

The slim lad still had his great punch, and twice in the first round he knocked me flat, and each time I got up. In the second round I hit him a terrible blow and knocked him out. I knocked out Yank Kenney on June 8 of that year in New York, and then met Gus Ruhlin, him I had beaten so easily.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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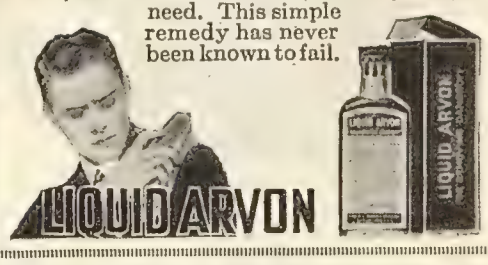
You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



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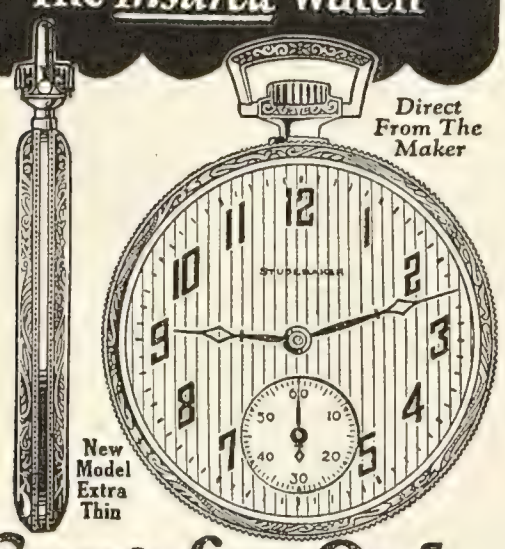

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[CON'T FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

We fought at the Seaside at Coney Island on June 26, and he whipped me in fifteen rounds; and on August 24, in the same club, Bob Fitzsimmons knocked me out in two rounds, and I knew better than ever that when Jeffries beat me he finished my career.

I fought a few more times in the next three years—with Fred Russell, and the business at Cripple Creek with Mexican Pete Everett, and with Peter Maher—but they were not fights.

They wanted me to come to London and fight at the Jubilee, and I tried to get into condition to show the English I still could fight.

I met Ruhlin again in London, June 25, 1902. Though he would have been easy for me three years before, he whipped me in eleven rounds, and shamed I was that it was the only time my old father ever saw me fight, and me fat and falling before a man who in my best days would have lasted but a few minutes with me.

I WAS married in 1904—a grand girl, the best pal a man ever had. She was Katherine McIntosh of Detroit, a trained nurse.

I met her when I was sick in a hospital in Detroit, and the goodness of her, and her kindness to a rough, fighting sailor-man, won me. We were to have been married, but she fell sick and a terrible operation she underwent, and when she recovered she was never to be well, nor to have children, and she told me to go my way—freeing me from my pledge. But I would not have it so, but went back and married her. We went to my town of Vallejo, where I first found friends in the United States, and, until she died, we were the best pals in the world and very happy.

When she was taken I was lonely, as a man will be, and fretted for something to keep me busy. So I went to cities and met old friends, and visited the horse-tracks, but mostly I liked to be at home with a few old friends.

Then one day Tom O'Brien, a grand man, came to me and said:

"Tom, Jeff is sitting up there at his ranch, getting fat and just staring out of his eyes, living in the past. And here you are, doing the same thing. If you two don't get out and move around and do something, you're both going to die early."

"'Tis true," I said. "Jeff just sits and looks, and doesn't have any interest in anything, brooding over his past."

"Why don't you and Jeff go into vaudeville, and put on a boxing act?" he asked.

"Ho, ho!" I said. "No one would come to see us two old has-beens."

But Tom pestered and persisted and persuaded us, until we consented, and we opened in Buffalo, and played to packed houses. The cheers of the crowd were like tonic to us, and Jeff got younger a year each week. Like a schoolboy he was when the crowds cheered him and showed us we were not forgotten.

'Twas funny; we had no act planned, and that first night in Buffalo the folks saw two fat men that had been powerful put on great pillows of gloves and square off to box. The habit was strong on us, for right at the start we took up where we left off twenty-six years before. I led with my right, and crashed at him with the old left, and he battered my ribs, and so we went, puffing and groaning, and when it was over, in the dressing-room, I said:

"Jeff, we must get an act, or we won't last the week."

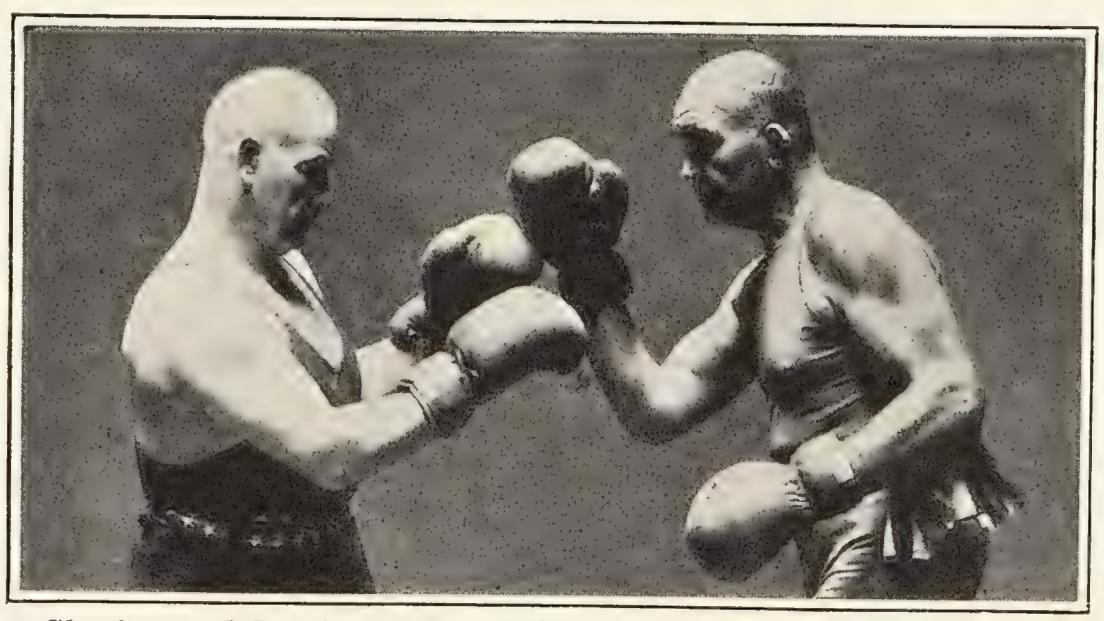
"If we don't there'll be two old crips in a hospital," he said.

So we have toured together, repeating the days of our youth and reducing the fat, besides making some money.

THERE are many things I like to hark back upon—best of all, on the days in the navy, and it is wishful I am I had a score of sons to send through Annapolis, or put on the training-ships.

I have many regrets, and the great one is I ever left the navy, where I rose to be master-at-arms; but also I have some fine things to remember. One is that of the thousands of men I fought against, not one is my enemy. And prouder even yet I am of the fact that the man with whom I fought the greatest battle of all is my friend and pal, who could have the shirt off my back, as I could have his; and to have found that the man who was the greatest fighter of all time is also the finest friend.

THE END



Sharkey and Jeffries in a rehearsal of their vaudeville act. Note the excellent condition of the punching muscles of the two friendly enemies—both over fifty years old.

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"A Thing like That"

Two Sides of a Tragedy

A Short Story by

GEORGE S. BROOKS

Picture by HERBERT BOHNERT

(Reading time: 3 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE peaceful atmosphere in Frank Robelee's office cost several thousand dollars a month. First of all, it was on the twenty-eighth floor, high above the vulgar street noises which might have disturbed his dictation or his meditation. There were thick rugs upon the floors, to save his nerves in case any of his employees happened so far to forget themselves as to appear without rubber heels. And between his office door and the elevator were some thirty boys, clerks, stenographers, department heads, secretaries, and confidential accountants who all lived and had their being in order that Frank Robelee might not be annoyed.

Philosophers have said that some men live to eat and drink, some to work, others to love. Frank Robelee lived to be comfortable.

At high noon, on a warm May day, Robelee leaned back in his overstuffed office chair and wheeled it slightly to the left so that the sunshine that poured through the south window would warm his fat back without shining in his eyes or even dazzling him by reflecting from the white report-sheet in his hand.

Under the soporific stupor that the vagrant sunlight induced, his eyes closed for a minute and he willed to stand by a trout-stream in the mountains, with a sun even warmer on his back, an eleven-ounce steel casting-rod in his hand, and a cold, tumbling, disorderly rush of water at his feet.

"That's right," said the man, aloud. "Get away from this damn' grind for a few days."

"What's that, sir?" asked a sympathetic secretary, whose position in a paneled alcove just permitted her to realize Frank Robelee had spoken.

"Think I'll go away for a few days." The man repeated it with a glow of self-satisfaction.

"Yes, Mr. Robelee."

"Think I'll go up in the country over the week-end. Do some fishing."

"Yes, Mr. Robelee."

"Get Howard Knox on the wire. He likes fishing better'n I do. I'll take him along."

Robelee laid the white report-sheet on the edge of his desk and closed his eyes again. He could lean back luxuriously and dream. Once he voiced his command, his office would find Howard Knox.

In a few minutes the phone box behind his chair buzzed discreetly, the kind of low hum which would never damage a sensitive man's nerves. Robelee picked up the receiver.

"'Lo, Howard. Frank talking. You don't ever come around any more."

"Wish I could, but my nose is right on the grindstone."

"Give the grindstone a rest."

They both laughed, the deep, appreciative chuckles of old friends who are happy in each other's society.

"Goin' up trout-fishing over the week-end. Up to my place in the country. Come along."

"Tempter!" Knox's voice was eager. "Get behind me, Satan."

"You bet I'll be behind you. Every old berry patch we come to."

"Frank, it would pretty near save my hide to get out of this town for a couple of days. I'm up to my ears. And I'd rather go fishing, a day like this, than find a million dollars."

"All right. Meet me at the Grand Central, Upper Level Information, five-twenty-five. Just bring yourself. I'll have the tickets and the Scotch."

"Look here, old man. There is a business deal hanging. If it's settled by four-thirty, we'll go."

"Right. See you at five-twenty-five."

Robelee's face was cracked with an infrequent grin of pleasure as he hung up the receiver.

"Tickets and compartment on the five-thirty," he ordered his secretary. "Now, let's clean up my business so I can leave here by three."

Robelee's office sprang to life. Department managers came and went.

The hour of three was announced with flattering promptitude by the anxious secretary: "You said to tell you you must go and get ready at three, Mr. Robelee."

"Has my car come?"

ROBELEE'S office sprang to life. Department managers came and went.

"Waiting downstairs, Mr. Robelee."

"All right." Frank Robelee rose. "Anything else we had to see to?"

The secretary thought for a minute. "Not a thing, except that tiling contract in the new hotel."

The man was at the door. He stopped impatiently. "That's up to the builder," he said.

"But the builder said that for several reasons he'd like to talk to you about it before he let it."

"Tell him to go ahead. Use his judgment."

"He insisted he'd have to see you."

"Get him on the phone. Tell him I said I don't care what he does. Nothing else? Good-by. See you Monday."

The door closed and then reopened. "By the way," Robelee reappeared, "Howard Knox, this man I'm taking fishing, said something to me about that tiling contract, months ago. I promised I'd do something, forget what. I'll ask him about it, while we're away. So tell the builder not to sign anything until we get back."

With his exit, the office relapsed into a Friday-afternoon lassitude.

In another office not thirty blocks away, white-faced and desperate, a man waited for a phone call. When the gong sounded shrilly, he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Mr. Greenfield is out," said a girl's voice. "But I was to tell you that we won't sign any contracts until next week."

"All right." The man's voice sounded strangely calm in his own ears. He took a pencil and wrote on a scrap of paper: "My life insurance is made out to my wife. I wish her to have it after my just debts are paid. There is no suicide clause in my policy." He signed his name and reached into his desk drawer.

* * *

In his suite at the Engineers Club, Robelee indulged in a fit of temper that terrified his valet. Robelee had once been angry and suffered a stroke.

"I don't see how Howard could do—a thing like that," he shouted, his face purple. "Not when he'd promised to go fishing with me."

THE END

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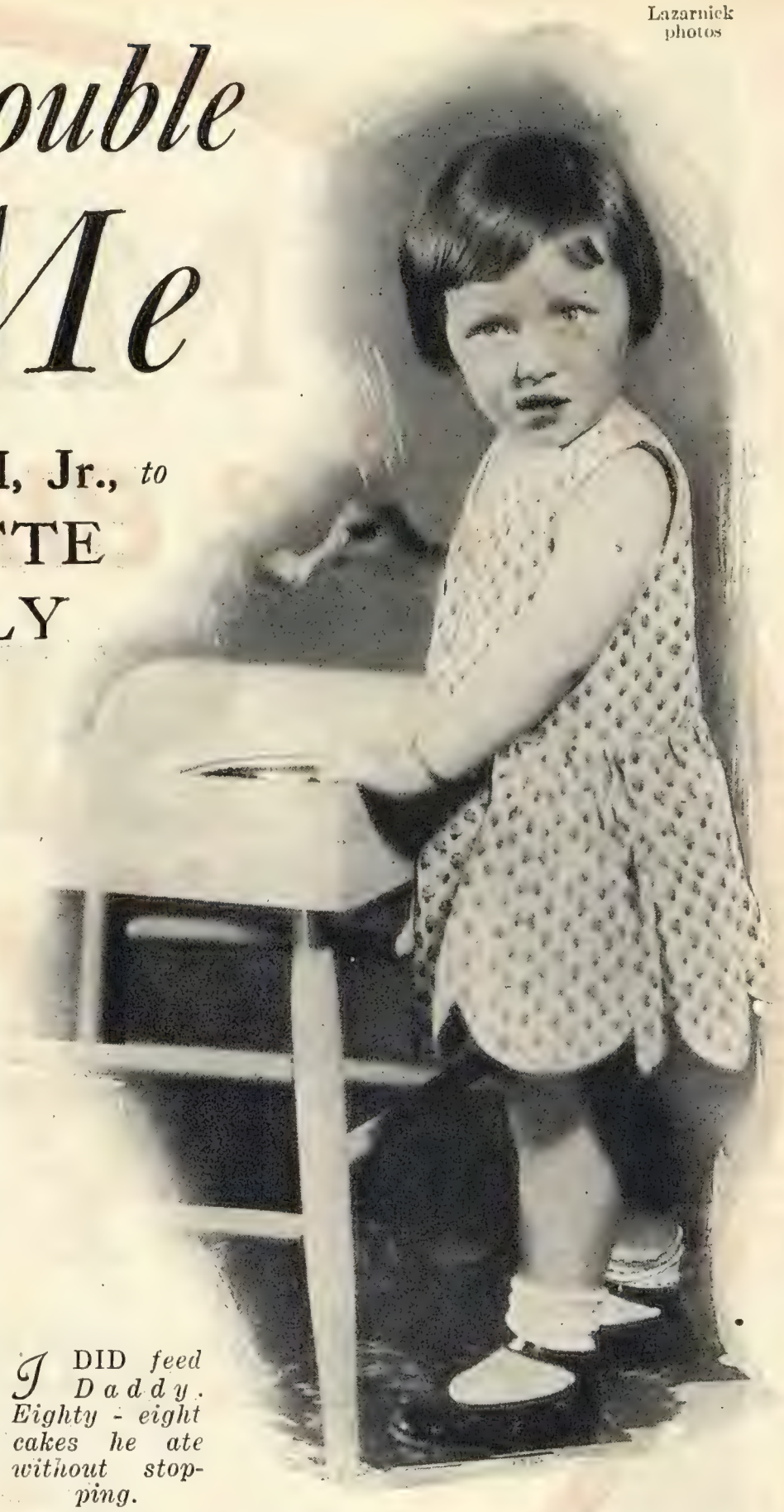
Cooking's No Trouble for Me

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

As Dictated by TONI, Jr., *to*
ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Lazarnick photos



I DID feed Daddy. Eighty-eight cakes he ate without stopping.

DEAR WORLD:

Did you ever eat a sand cake?

I never did, too. But I can make them.

"So good," Mommy says, "they melt in your mouth before they get into your mouth at all."

I made some yesterday because it was raining and I had to stay in the house. Mom was making a choc-o-late cake for some other reason, I guess. Daddy, maybe! Because he says he's almost but *not quite* as fond of choc-o-late cake as he is of me.

I'd like to try some of it sometime to see if Daddy's taste in cake is as good as it is in other things; but the only cake they let me eat is the kind I make myself. There's nothing in mine, Mom says, that will injure the most del-i-cate appetite.

"That is," she adds, "if you don't first scrape the dirt off the floor with the beater you stir your cakes up with."

My beater is my sand shovel and my pail is the mixing-bowl. And that's all the u-ten-sils or in-gre-di-ents I have to bother with. The rest all comes out of my head. Here's my recipe if you want to try it:

CAKE OR COOKIES OR ANYTHING YOU WISH

2 large cups of make-believe
To 1 pound of pretend.
To this a heaping tablespoon
Of 'magin-a-tion lend.

¼ cup of guessing what
The mixture's going to be.
You may serve it cold or serve it hot,
Says my magic rec-i-pe.

"With your imagination," Mom addresses me, "feeding the hungry mouths around this house would settle every trouble I have in this world. I think I'll try your rec-i-pe."

"What's the big idea?" Daddy growled. "There's nobody round here trying to reduce. When do we EAT?"

"Toni," said Mom, "you had better feed your Daddy some of your cakes. He's hungry."

I *did* feed Daddy. Eighty-eight cakes he ate one after another without stopping.

"Wait a minute," he said, before I had time to give him another. "Isn't there any bottom to that pail?"

We turned it upside down to look, and Daddy said:

"I guess it is your 'mag-in-a-tion that hasn't any end."

"More cake, Daddy?" I offered.

"They're just grand, those cakes of yours, honey," he answered, rubbing his stomach de-light-ed-ly; "but I cer*tain*-ly could stand something with a little more substance to it."

"I be your cook, Daddy," I said.

"Make me something, Toni, that will stick to my ribs, and maybe I'll engage you as my permanent cook. Mom's been doing a lot of kicking about her job lately.

"Personally," he added, with a wink behind Mom's back, "I do like a good-looking cook. If Mom's going to walk out on us, you're the only one I know to compete—"

"None of your blarney, now, Daddy. I'm in no mood—"

"I be your cook, Daddy," I said.

"Mix up something snappy, then, old dear. Your Daddy's starving. S-T-A-R-V-I-N-G. Do you know what that word means?"

"Yes, Daddy; starving. I make ice-cream, then Daddy won't starve."

"No! No! Not ice-cream. Food. F-O-O-D. E-A-T-S," he groaned.

"Give him raw meat, Toni," Mom urged. "That magic pail of yours can con-jure up anything, so fill him up. Dinner won't be ready for an hour yet.

"These men—!" she added with a deep, deep sigh. "The road to their stomach is paved with dis-cour-aged hearts, take it from one who never seems to be able to fill 'em up for more than one meal at a time."

"Mom's on the war-path, Toni. We better get out of the way. These women—! They're all alike, always complaining about having to get only three meals a day.

"The trouble with women," Daddy continued, removing his pipe from his pocket, "is that they haven't any imagination. Now, if they would only apply your system, Toni, of make-believe when they're mixing up batters, just think of the grand time they might be having. While they're beating up the mixture they could pretend they were beating up the old man. When they're laying out—"

"That's not nice talk before Toni, Daddy."

"No, but honest, Mom, the more I think of that idea of Toni's the better it sounds. The trouble with women's work is that it is monotonous. Now, if women could imagine—"

"They were clipping coupons when they were peeling potatoes," Mom said, "or counting greenbacks when they are washing spinach—"

"Now you're getting the idea, Mom. Keep it up. It's a great game. I read in the paper once where a woman solved the dish-washing job by pretending they weren't dishes."

"Ho! Humphf!" Mom snickered. "What did she think they were? Sweet-faced cherubs just waiting for the dirt to be scrubbed off?

"Don't be ree-dick-i-lus, Daddy. No imagination will ever make dish-washing anything but washing dishes three times a day."

"Toni wanta wash dishes," I vol-un-teer-ed.

"You wash out the tin you made your cakes in, then, and don't forget to wash your beater."

I have a little dishpan all my own and a tiny little dish-rag and a couple of towels just big enough to dry my dolly's tea-set with. When Mommy washes the big dishes, I wash mine, whether they need it or not. Just like me. I get washed sometimes when I don't think I need it either. We sing as we work, Mommy and me, as she says a singing heart lightens the most dis-taste-ful job, and her heart needs a lot of tuning up in front of a piled-up sink.

As a singer, Daddy says, I have other qual-i-fica-tions he'd rather brag about. It isn't that my voice hasn't volume, he says. It's something about a key that my voice doesn't fit. Anyway, Mommy doesn't mind if I can't find the key when we sing:

Tra-la-la and tre-le-le,
I love my dolly and she loves me.
Tra-la-la and tro-lo-lo,
I take my dolly wherever I go.

Tra-la-la and tre-le-le,
I love my Mommy and she loves me.
Tra-la-la and tro-lo-lo,
I take my Mommy wherever I go.

And so on. You just keep filling in the names of everybody you know until the dishes are all done and put away in their places. And if there is other work to do after, you can keep on singing the same thing until it is done, too.

Toni will dish her housework long enough to cook up another article for LIBERTY next week.

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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

A Tip on FINGER-TIPS

By EILEEN BOURNE

A NOTED wit once described a manicurist as "that divinity who shapes our ends." And, indeed, it is a divinity who has much wisdom to give us concerning that important mission — care of the nails.

As part of every-day upkeep of appearance, certainly, most of us manicure ourselves. But, alas, those three foes which beset us all —laziness, carelessness, and haste —often prevent our pursuing the right method.

We cut the cuticle, we clean under the nail with a sharp instrument, we polish until the nail is burning hot. And each of these deeds is a heinous offense.

A simple, standard procedure which we are going to give you here should be followed for two reasons: it is the quickest and the easiest; it keeps your nails in perfect condition.

You need only a bowl of hot water, soap, a nail-brush, an orange-stick, emery-boards, absorbent cotton, cold-cream, oil or paste, your pet cuticle remover, and your favorite polish.

First, get your nails the right length. Stubby hands should have nails running to the extreme ends of the fingers. Thin hands should have nails as short as comfort permits. Remember that the longer they are the more they are apt to bruise and split.

You may clip them first if you like. Then file, but not with a metal instrument, because that is apt to split the edges and leave them ragged. It is better to use an emery-board.

Begin as far down toward the corner of the nail as possible in order to remove every hanging thread of skin, and then file from the corner to the center.

The reason for this is that the grain of the nail runs parallel to its length and you should never "go against the grain." Points are not so much in favor now as oval or rounded contours.

Now you are ready for work on the cuticle. The nail must be scraped—but, oh, so gently! Dip your orange-stick in the liquid cuticle-remover to hold a wisp of cotton about the end and dip again.

With this swab scrape down each nail and push back the cuticle at its base, lifting as you do so that clinging edge of flesh.

The point of this action is to make the prized half-moon shine or to bring out one that is underdeveloped. Repeat this every single day. Be careful, however, not to press too hard, for the half-moon is the new nail, so soft as to be easily injured. Remove ragged bits of skin with emery-board or a pumice-stone, but never, never cut them off.

Next, scrub the nails thoroughly with a brush that gets under the edges. Any remaining dirt is then removed from the softened skin by an orange-stick. Do not use a metal instrument. It permanently separates the flesh from the nail and leaves a large hollow exposed to dirt, and lessens the beauty of your fingers.

When the fingers are thoroughly dry, apply cold-cream or oil all about the cuticle. Then massage each finger in such a way as to push back the flesh from the base and sides of the nail.

Here is the proper cure for hangnails and the right way to help bring out the half-moon. Massage every day. Cutting the cuticle merely induces hangnails.

BEFORE polishing, scrub the hands again and dry them well. Liquid polish will not stick to a surface on which there is the slightest trace of grease. Do not cover the half-moon, but start your brush at the semicircle and bring it straight to the end.

Take three strokes to each nail and never brush over any section until it is perfectly dry. A deep rose shade is favored by many smart women, but there are several less obvious tones.

You must use an acid polish-remover before each fresh application. And be prepared for the fact that liquid polish immediately cracks off some nails.

If it does, use dry polish. Dab it on each nail and rub it in, either with the flat side of your palm or with a buffer. The latter must be rubbed across the nail in one direction only. This prevents the great heat which produces brittleness. Hitting the nail on the head does not improve its durability.

Next week we are going to make this lesson concrete by pictures.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelop for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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finger tips spangled with this shell-pink nail polish

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I enclose 10c for samples. Send Natural Pink ☐ Deep Rose ☐ (Check your preference).

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Glover's does far more than just dissolve loose dandruff. It is a medical treatment. It scientifically destroys the infection that breeds the dandruff scales. Thoroughly it cleanses the hair cells and restores life and vitality to dormant glands below the scalp's surface. Circulation is instantly stimulated. Old, dead hair is loosened. The scalp tingles with new life. The hair grows thick, lustrous and healthy.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

HERE are twenty questions that will test your general knowledge. If any of them stumps you—and perhaps some will—see if you can dig out the information, comparing your answers with those which will be found in next week's LIBERTY.

Samuel Johnson said: "Knowledge is of two kinds: we know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it."

1—What is the percentage of college men in Congress?

2—On how many wars is the United States government still paying pensions?

3—What was the average age of the Americans who fought in the service of the United States during the World War?

4—How many World War veterans are still receiving care in United States hospitals?

5—How many books make up the King James' Bible?

6—How deep can divers work?

7—How did electricity get its name?

8—What city has the largest area?

9—Who is the only former Vice-President of the United States now living?

10—How does a cricket "sing"?

11—How long is a tennis-court?

12—Does sound travel faster through water or air?

13—What was the origin of the marines?

14—How many pipes are in the largest organs?

15—Where is the greatest depth in the Atlantic Ocean?

16—What present-day sport was invented by the Indians?

17—What early French explorer in America was assassinated by his own men?

18—How many billion-dollar corporations are there in the United States?

19—Where did the word "janitor" originate?

20—What nation was founded as a refuge for liberated slaves from the United States?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What name belongs opposite each of the following to make a pair of lovers famous in literature: Pelleas and ——; Aucassin and ——; Lady Hamilton and ——; Abélard and ——; Antony and ——; Dante and ——; Chopin and ——?

A.—The missing lovers were: Melisande, Nicolette, Lord Nelson, Héloise, Cleopatra, Beatrice, and George Sand.

2—What degree of heat is required to boil water?

A.—The boiling-point of water at sea-level is 212° F. At higher elevations the boiling-point decreases about one degree every 500 feet.

3—What is the retirement age in the United States army?

A.—Sixty-four years.

4—Where is the only house still standing that was once occupied by a Mayflower pilgrim?

A.—Duxbury, Massachusetts—the John Alden house.

5—What is the rarest of all commercial products?

A.—Radium.

6—Which United States Senator has the longest service record? Which Representative?

A.—Senator Warren of Wyoming was elected in 1895. Representative Butler of Pennsylvania was elected in 1897.

7—Do more people live in the city or the country in the United States?

A.—According to the 1920 census, the total population of cities (places over 2,500) was 54,304,603; the rural population 51,406,017.

8—When did Congress hold its first session at Washington, D. C.?

A.—In 1800, when the north section of the original Capitol was completed.

9—What are the five largest States according to population?

A.—New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Texas.

10—Estimate how many bachelors there are in the United States; how many spinsters.

A.—According to the 1920 census, the bachelors numbered 12,967,565; the spinsters totaled 12,550,129.

11—When was the first attempt made to reach the North Pole by air?

A.—July 11, 1897, Salomon August Andrée, a Swedish scientist, with two companions, left Spitzbergen in a balloon. They were never seen again.

12—How much annual income does the government derive from the Panama Canal?

A.—The 5,650 ships that passed through the canal in 1926 paid a total of $24,289,603.16, of which the government's profit was $16,307,948.40.

13—What American General won his rank in a war against mosquitoes?

A.—Dr. William Crawford Gorgas, who conquered malaria and yellow fever in the Panama Canal Zone by eliminating mosquitoes. This made possible the building of the canal.

14—How far can a jack-rabbit jump?

A.—Fifteen to twenty feet when in a hurry.

15—What is the difference in golf between match play and medal play?

A.—In match play each hole counts a point; in medal play the total strokes for the entire game are counted.

16—Who was the boy who "stood on the burning deck"?

A.—Giacomo Jocante Casabianca. His father commanded the French ship Orient in the Battle of the Nile, against Lord Nelson. The boy, ten years old, died with his father on the burning vessel.

17—What religious denomination has the largest number of ministers in the United States?

A.—The Baptist. They have 53,922 ministers. The Methodist denomination is second with 44,514.

18—What is the approximate annual death toll from automobile accidents in the United States?

A.—Twenty-five thousand deaths yearly.

19—What mountains separate Europe from Asia?

A.—The Ural Mountains.

20—Which was the original Jumbo?

A.—An African elephant exhibited by Barnum in 1882. He was of extraordinary size, measuring eleven feet six inches in height, and weighed six tons.

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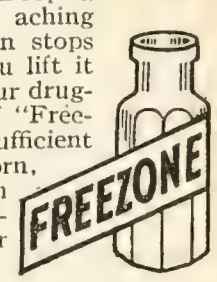

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Without Starving

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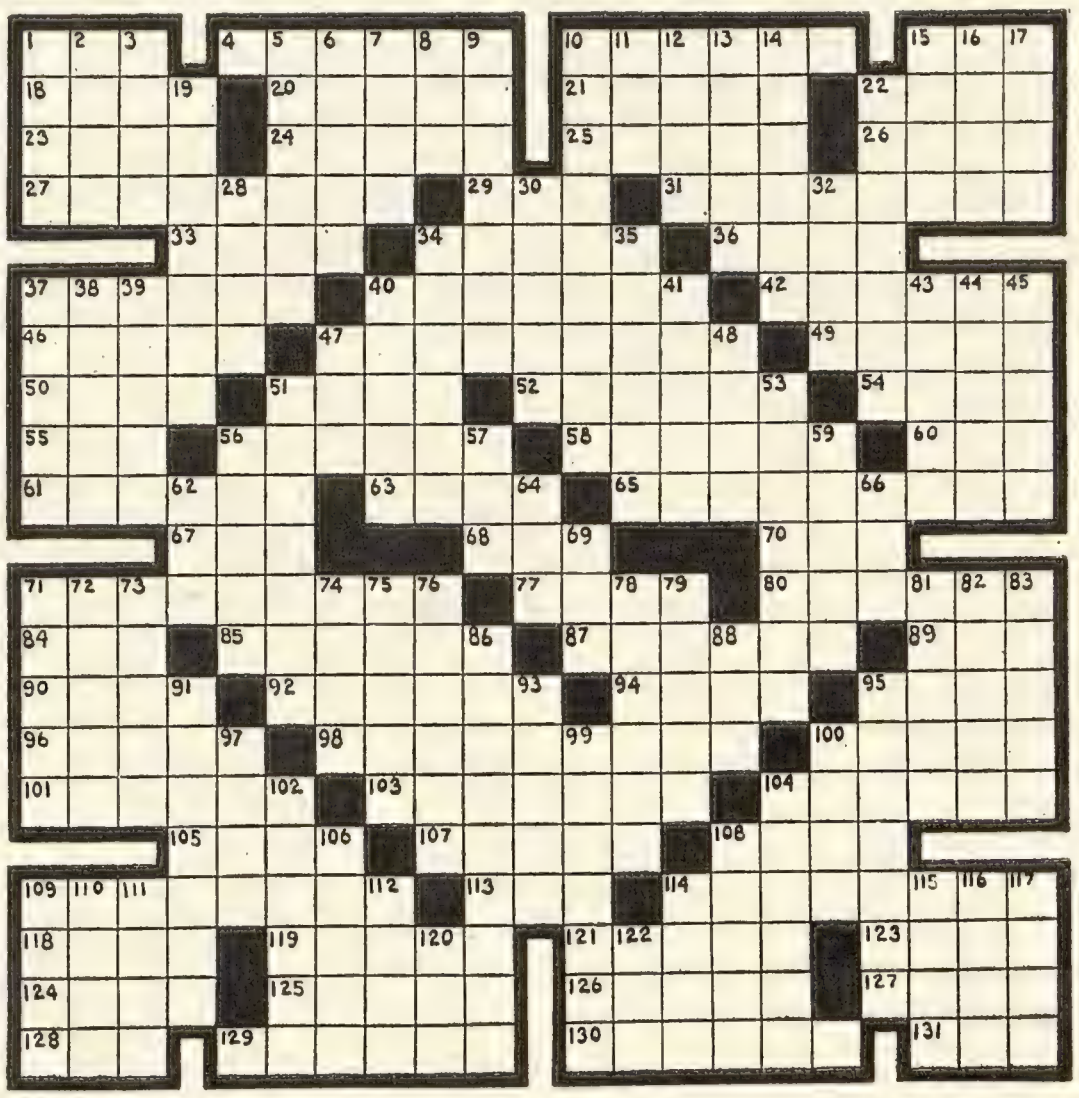


Prize Puzzle No. 59

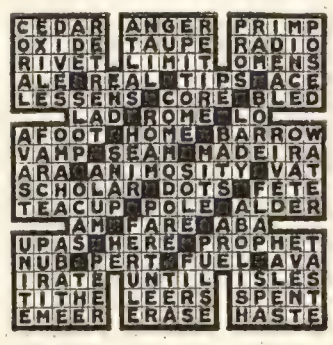
By FRANK RUPPERT, Baltimore, Maryland

HORIZONTAL

1 Droop
4 Espoused
10 Struck smartly
15 Unused
18 A city in Pennsylvania
20 Ingenuous
21 Feminine proper name
22 Lifted
23 Suffers illness
24 Prongs
25 Part of a chair (plural)
26 Ireland
27 Tufted bed
29 Sharp, explosive sound
31 Non-partizans
33 Ethereal
34 Eruptive disease
36 Peruse
37 Grudges
40 Divides into two parts
42 Slops over
46 Made harmonious
47 Ruler
49 Slink
50 Crafts
51 Impudent
52 Surgical appliances
54 Bestowed
55 Female ruff
56 Cooked in a pan
58 Rent
60 Stitch
61 More concise
63 Periods
65 Discerners
67 A form of to be
68 Plan
70 Color shade
71 Abstemious
77 Go by
80 Possessors
84 Oily tissue
85 Body of water
87 Prevents
89 Recline
90 Street-car
92 Soaked up
94 Titular character of a Hardy novel
95 Cover with a hard surface
96 Urged
98 Divides
100 Tardier
101 Staggered
103 Withdrew
104 Menders of chair-seats
105 Abound
107 Chief of a Scottish clan
108 Part of the leg
109 Modify
113 Masculine proper name
114 Instrumentalists
118 Hog
119 Foreign
121 Vends
123 English school town
124 Mistakes
125 To revoke at cards
126 Districts
127 City in Nevada
128 Permit
129 Guides
130 Rented
131 Textile fabric

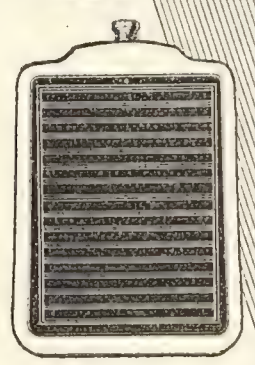
VERTICAL

1 A joint
2 A song
3 Gold paint
5 Penetrates
6 A flower
7 Noises
8 The mother of Cain
9 Abhor
10 One who reveres
11 A beverage
12 Scheme
13 One of the Apostles
14 Follows
15 Feminine proper name
16 Wickedness
17 Cysts
19 Landed properties
22 Shepherding
28 Stem of coarse grass
30 Part of a stove (plural)
32 Faucets
34 Striker
35 Declared
37 Initiate
38 A thick soup
39 Bury
40 Carried
41 Rock
43 Rental agreement
44 Washer
45 Squints
47 Confine
48 Culminates
51 Progenitors
53 Sections of a firing-line
56 Fairies
57 Obstruct
59 Pulls
62 Rested
64 Undermine
66 Tavern
69 Cushion
71 Subsequently
72 Flat-bottomed boat
73 Platform
74 God of love
75 Part of the neck (plural)
76 Scarf
78 Sofa
79 Horse
81 Stimulate
82 Large stream
83 Prophets
86 Instructions
88 Letter of the alphabet
91 Dissolvers
93 Gloomy
95 Large basket
97 Consider
99 Premaxillary bone of fishes
100 Reclined
102 Leave
104 Gliding step or movement
106 Affray
108 Masculine proper name
109 Biblical name (Genesis iv.)
110 Rent
111 Sour
112 Russian hemp
114 Request
115 Boil
116 Character of sound
117 Pretender to gentility
120 Goddess of healing (Teutonic mythology)
122 Sooner than



Answer to Puzzle No. 58

Away Ahead of the Crowd with the



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"NEVER STICKS-ALWAYS WORKS"

The Break of the GAME

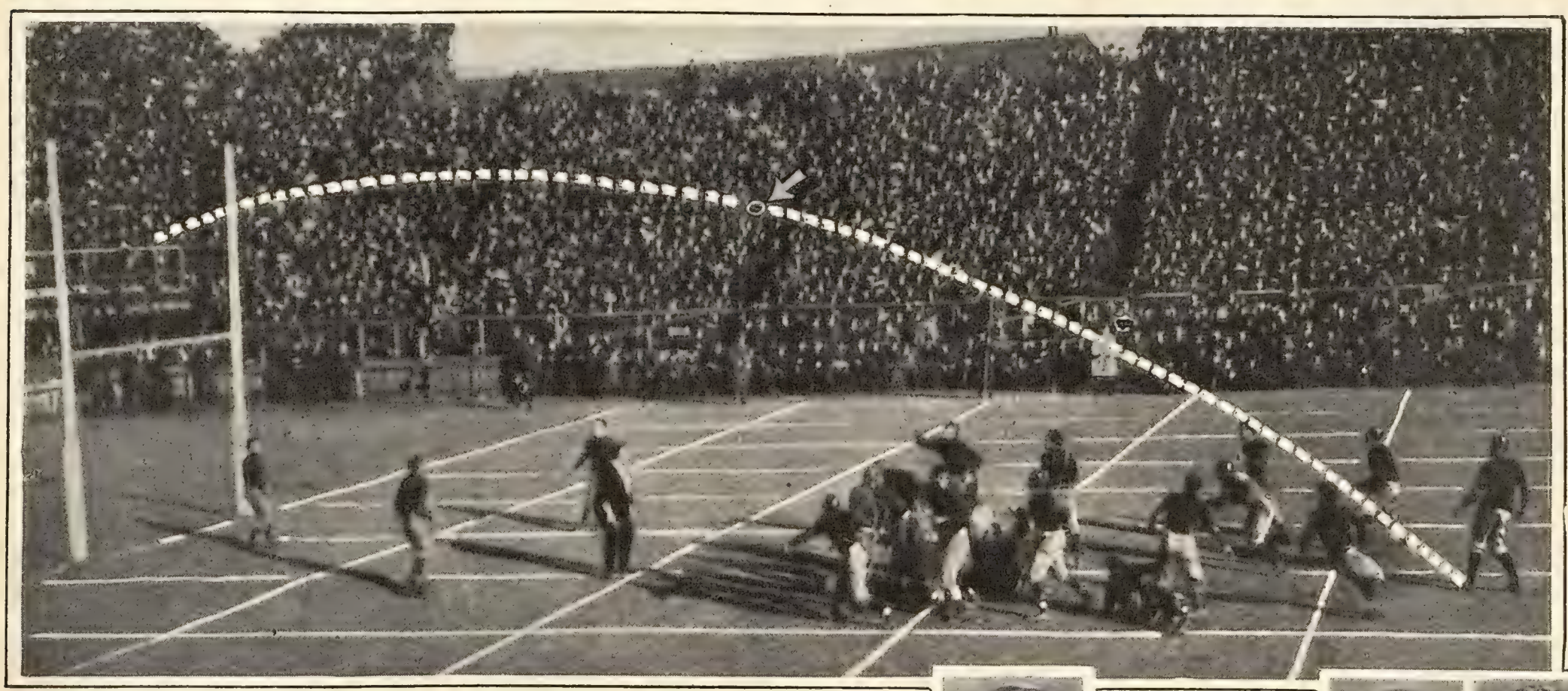


Photo loaned by H. E. von Kersburg

The Specialist—Yale vs. Harvard (1908)

HOW the Crimson defeated the Blue in 1908. Kennard's field goal, illustrated by the dotted line, was the only score in that great game.

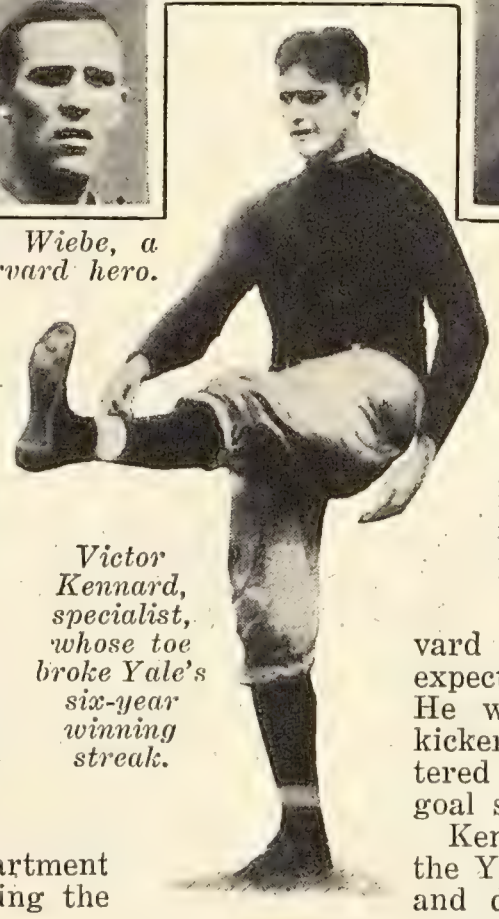
An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

Ver Wiebe, a Harvard hero.

Int. photos

Ted Coy (left)—"one of the greatest"—and Philbin, another Eli back.



Victor Kennard, specialist, whose toe broke Yale's six-year winning streak.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 30 seconds.)

NINETEEN years ago this fall, Yale and Harvard, the football teams of giants, clashed at New Haven in the presence of 50,000 Blue and Crimson enthusiasts.

For sheer man-power, speed, and indomitable defense, the struggle is still looked upon as one of the fiercest ever waged between the elevens of these two institutions.

It was a struggle in which the ball oscillated between the two twenty-five-yard lines with neither eleven being able to register a touchdown. The plays were launched behind splendid interference and the backs drove with power and speed. But the defense stiffened when the offensive eleven worked its way any great distance into the other's territory.

The powerful elevens were composed of some of the greatest players of those days, who delivered in other fiercely fought contests and accounted for most of their teams' victories.

The Harvard team was coached by Percy Haughton, while Lucius Bigelow directed the development of the Yale eleven.

Burch, one of the best ends of his day, was captain of the Yale team, and Burr, a very dependable center, led the Crimson.

Unfortunately, the Harvard captain was unable to get into the battle because of injuries sustained in previous games. Burch, who also had been hurt previously, was relieved in the second half by Tony Haines.

Ted Coy, one of the greatest players of all time, played full-back for Yale and was flanked by Philbin and Wheaton.

Corry called the signals from the quarter-back position, while Brides and Hobbs were the tackles. Goebel and Andrus were the guards, and Biddle played center. Logan played left end.

Harvard also had its quota of great players. Ver Wiebe was the full-back, with White and Corbett the half-backs. Cutler directed the team's attack from quarter-back.

The ends were Crowley and Browne, and the tackles, Fish, Jr., and McKay. The guard positions were taken care of by Hoar and Dunlop, and Nourse substituted as center.

The two elevens were coached to the heights of football efficiency. Each had been drilled in the possibilities of the forward pass, two years old at the time. Neither, however, dared to take many chances with the play.

Slashing drives off the tackles and plunges into the line, varied by an occasional end sweep, were the chief offensive weapons of both elevens. Punting was resorted to whenever there was the slightest doubt of making the required distance. In this department Yale had the advantage, with Coy doing the booting.

It was late in the first half when Harvard got its chance, and Coach Haughton was quick to take advantage of it. The occasion was a fine illustration of the utility of the specialist in football.

FOR nearly half an hour the two elevens tried in vain to show their superiority to the crowd. Finally Harvard got possession of the oval on its forty-yard line.

Ver Wiebe, who had played a wonderful game, started a drive which gradually forced Yale deep into its territory. White and Corbett aided their full-back considerably, but it was Ver Wiebe who finally placed the ball inside the Blue's twenty-five-yard line.

At this point Yale held Harvard for short gains on three downs. Suddenly the whistle of Referee Bill Langford was heard.

Few suspected that the following play would be the turning-point of that bitter struggle. But as the referee stopped the game, a Harvard substitute rushed to the head official and announced, "Kennard for Ver Wiebe."

As he walked off the field, Ver Wiebe's head hung low. He had been the star of the game. He could not understand why he was removed, but he resigned himself and went to the bench, a victim of Haughton's strategy.

Meantime, the Harvard players knew what was expected of Victor Kennard. He was a specialized drop-kicker, and as soon as he entered the struggle the field-goal signal was called.

Kennard dropped back to the Yale twenty-five-yard line and drove the ball squarely between the posts for what afterward proved to be the only score of the game.

KENNARD had gone into the battle without even warming up. He faced the situation with an iron nerve and did what was expected of him by his coach.

It was the break of the game, and although Yale made valiant efforts to score in the second half, Harvard checked the Blue attack.

Driven to desperation, Yale unleashed a forward pass, Johnson to Hobbs, which put the ball on Harvard's fifteen-yard line. Officials, however, ruled that Hobbs was not on the end of the line and therefore not eligible to receive a forward pass.

Under such conditions the ball reverted to Harvard at the point of previous down, the penalty of an ineligible player touching a forward pass. This deprived Yale of a possible score in that memorable battle, the first victory of a Harvard team over Yale since 1901.

When Princeton appeared to be decisively beaten by Chicago in 1922, the Tigers won a victory with fighting spirit alone. The game is described in next week's LIBERTY.

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AS SEEN IN

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

DONALD DENTON

The Signal-Lamp

The Story of A Man, a Wife, and the Red Light of Danger

By
WADSWORTH CAMP

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

(Reading time: 22 minutes.)

LANDON, with exhausted motions, slipped from his two-room shack to the platform and scowled at the creek and the swamp. His wife curved across the sill of the large window above the telegraph table, her dark eyes, timid and inquisitive, staring beyond the track and the signal-post.

"Nothing looks right," she whispered. "I'm scared, Frank."

He nodded. Obviously they weren't in the habit of talking much together. During several minutes they remained rigid, reflective, imprisoned in the universal quietude.

Their experience of southern Florida was limited to the two summer months Landon had spent as operator and bridge-tender at this lonely station; yet all afternoon they had felt gliding close, like an exhalation from the swamp, a threat disturbing but formless.

The sun disappeared behind the mangroves, gigantic and abnormally inflamed; the low, heavy foliage drooped over the creek; beneath the drawbridge the tide swashed drab and viscous; the last familiar herd of fleecy clouds retreated behind a leaden, contracting sky.

Even in his stony contemplation Landon had an air of divided senses; he was listening, too, in a strained, reluctant fashion. Painfully he threw off all his bonds.

"Thought I heard Reid. Must have been wrong."

With stealthy motions he turned and watched his wife obliquely.

"He's due by. Wondering if he'll stop off for supper, Emily?"

Her gesture of brushing away the black, curling hair from her forehead hindered his seeing if her cheeks reddened or her eyes showed fear. He sighed. He leaned against the shack wall, his hands in his pockets, brooding. Again he was bound by the silence.

Except for hasty greetings from boats going through the draw, or from periodical supply trains, Landon and his wife's only human contact came through Reid, the section inspector, who had formed a growing habit of pausing when importantly he rolled along in his gasoline track car.

Landon lifted the revolver into Reid's view. "Nobody at headquarters," he said, "knows there's bad blood between us."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SIGNAL-LAMP
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

Reid, Emily's first glance must have informed her, was ten years younger than her husband, and, opposite Landon's stooped shoulders and wrinkled face, sturdy and handsome. Landon, moreover, couldn't avoid smearing his overalls about the mechanism of the draw, while Reid each time dashed up in laced boots, khaki knickerbockers, and a blue shirt which flaunted a colorful tie.

Then, Reid had the habit, or the gift, of speech, and Emily brightened and played up to it. Inevitably she would. From the first day, indeed, Landon had secretly cursed the caprice of the railroad that had sent him to so desolate a post less than a year after his marriage with a young and gregarious woman.

Often his duties made him leave Emily and Reid alone, and several times, coming back from the draw, he had caught them whispering. Only the other night he had surprised them in the shadows, but he hadn't been sure their hands were clasped.

He had reached a mood where he had to be sure. That was why, in the sinister, smothering dusk, he waited sullenly for the snapping banner of sound Reid's approach always unfurled.

He straightened. Emily came from the shack and stood beside him.

"That's wind," she breathed. "It'll be cooler."

The mangroves were suddenly alive, their branches crackling and grinding; but Landon caught another noise—the whipping of Reid's banner in his ears, defiant, mocking, a challenge he couldn't evade.

REID and his car loomed larger, nearer, with reckless haste; the brakes commenced to scream, and fat drops of yellow fire poured from the bands. His tall, trim figure vaulted to the platform.

"Quick! Give me a hand here, Landon!"

"What's the rush?" Landon asked, as he helped Reid lift the car to the platform.

Without replying Reid took a rope from the tool-box, and lashed the car to the platform railing.

"Why are you doing that?"

Emily had edged quietly nearer. Reid hadn't bothered to answer Landon, but at her suppressed question he smiled and spoke gently:

"You're green as cabbage here. You never saw a tornado leap out of the Caribbean. You'll be wiser before the night's done. Afraid I couldn't make it. If it'd struck me on a bridge I'd have been blown in the middle of the ocean. Know you haven't much room, Mrs. Landon, but you'll just have to put me up for the night."

Landon straightened and stiffened. If Reid tried that trick he would make sure before dawn, no matter what the effect on all three.

"Can't make me believe," he mumbled, "a blow as bad as that's on the way."

The wind stormed from the mangroves as a re-enforcement for Reid. Capriciously it loosened the dark mass of Emily's hair and set it straying across her face. Reid gaped at her. She wouldn't meet his eyes, laughing in a choked manner.

"I expect you know better about this climate than Frank."

"I expect," he answered, "I do. Haven't you felt all afternoon as if the world was going to burst?"

She nodded.

"Didn't know why. Listen! Hear that, Frank?"

From the creek quavered with melancholy exigence two long blasts of a horn, followed by two briefer notes. In that moment Landon loathed his job; would have flung it in the face of the railroad, if he could, because already it forced him to leave Reid alone with Emily; and she reminded him of it; and Reid hurried him, too anxiously.

"A swell night to be afloat! If I was on the water just now, Landon, I'd be in a sweat to get through the draw."

Landon went slowly along the embankment, tugging bitterly against the vigorous impulses that retarded him. The waning twilight had turned a deep umber. It seemed to lower crushingly upon his smallness. The mangroves struggled against the strengthening gale with harsh sounds like sobbing breaths.

Because of the agitation in his soul, Landon went on, heedless of such blatant warnings from the storm about him, scheming to change the poison of leaving Emily and Reid alone together into an anodyne. He could go quietly back, and, with a little luck, look on while they were unconscious of his nearness.

Since Reid clearly meant to keep to his plan of spending the night, Landon would use any means he could to make sure about him and Emily. He couldn't go on like this, always leaving them alone without knowing; he loved Emily too much—even more, very much more, than his own self-respect.

On the bridge the wind snatched at him, nearly tossed him into the turbulent water. He dropped to his hands and knees, and crawled to the draw, unlocked it, and thrust the turn-bar in the socket.

Running dizzily in his little circle he heard the mournful appeal of the horn again, and sighted a fishing-boat creeping along the edge of the mangroves, without lights, scarcely definable in the brown murk. As the bridge swung wide, it glided, phantom-like, through the draw. Landon perceived, shrouded in oil-skins, a man squatted beside the wheel, one hand stretched up to the spokes. Probably his companions were sheltered in the cabin.

"Hello!" Landon bawled, selfish in his concern. "Isn't safe to leave the creek in this wind. Moor deep in the mangroves, and come up to my shack."

That would place a guardianship over Emily and Reid while Landon went about his duties. But a hoarse voice boomed out of the blackening fog:

"Obliged to you, but we'll take our chances to get to ice."

The dim shape wallowed into the whipping mists, and Landon, tight-lipped, closed and locked the draw. Was Reid's anxiety, then, really a ruse, as he had suspected, to let him stay the night?

Fishermen ought to know more about the weather than a railroad inspector. If Reid's forecast was just, it wasn't reasonable they would dare open water to save their catch.

The wind, however, when he started back, reached a more dangerous and undependable force. Fighting it on hands and knees, he had an air of warding off the darkening umber, which seemed something solid that was being broken into fragments and set whirling about his body by the gale. But there was rain now; that was why he felt a sensation of multiple blows. When he reached the platform he lay gasping. After a moment he lifted his head and peered at the shack.

"Don't budge that, operator," a voice spoke as

THE window was dark. Emily hadn't lighted the lamp. In their avid acceptance of opportunity had those two forgotten Landon ought to be back? He crawled to the shack and cautiously raised his eyes to the level of the dark window.

Reid's mumbling voice traced for him two shadows over there, amorphous masses against the black. He caught and strained at the sill. Were those shadows enlaced? Desperately, futilely, he peered.

As if aware of an unendurable espionage the

Landon jumped for the lever. A man in oilskins held a ready automatic.

slighter of the shadows glided from the solider one toward the window. Reid's voice rose to a passionate intelligibility:

"Wake up! You've got to duck out of here. It can't go on."

SHE made a slow, sibilant, hushing sound. Reid came closer, reaching out the blurred masses of his arms.

"Emily, I can give you what you need and ought to have, and he hasn't got the nerve to make trouble. I could take his job at his first move. I'll marry you when it's fixed, but you've got to get away from him now."

Her monotone was as emotional as a cry:

"Keep quiet! What you thinking of? Frank'll be back."

"And maybe he won't," Reid said grimly.

"What you mean?"

"Listen for yourself," he said, "and tell me you'd like to walk a bridge in that."

Landon, flattened against the wall, listened, too, and knew Reid was right, and the fishermen desperate fools.

The swamp was a turmoil of clamorous destruction. The shack quivered. The rain battered it, urged by the crazy screaming of the wind. Underneath every other sound a roaring persisted with the effect of distant, perpetual cannon-fire. Reid sprang to the window.

"We'll have to shut this if we swelter."

Landon took his hands from the sill and crouched while the sash rattled into its groove. He shivered as if the hot storm came from ice. He had found no anodyne. Instead he had made the poison more deadly.

He was sure enough about Reid now, but, no matter what her attitude might portend, Emily had said nothing yet to make him entirely certain about her. But after what he had heard he would be sure tonight. He'd find the nerve.

He fought to the door, opened it, slipped through, and forced it shut against the gale.

"Light the lamp. I've got work."

Emily was tremblingly apologetic.

"It got dark so fast I didn't realize. The wind frightens me."

A match scraped, and her pallid, shaking hand lifted in its accompanying glow to the lamp. The flame showed Landon that Emily's face was as white as her hand, and that Reid's was flushed and full of self-satisfaction.

He had the nerve at that moment to have it out with Reid, and the strength in his fingers, he felt, for Reid's bronzed throat. If not, the company's revolver lay on the shelf under the table. But he didn't have the courage to suffer the necessary prelude of questions in front of Emily. He clung to enough self-respect to draw back from that.

"It's your job," Reid said, "but in your place I'd have set my lamps before this."

LANDON was grateful for a task for his furious hands. He swung the red and green draw and signal lamps from the floor to the table, and lighted and adjusted them.

"Nothing on the line," he grunted, "except Twenty-five, and she isn't due for an hour yet. Besides, I had to let that boat through."

"What was she, Frank?" Emily asked.

All three seemed talking under compulsion.

"Fishermen," Landon answered, "scuttling to get their load to ice. Didn't think the storm was too bad to risk it."

"Queer!" Reid said with more life. "Something funny there. Fishermen ought to know better."

The frame building rattled as if worried by giants. Emily gave a cry. Reid laughed nervously.

"This shack won't stand much worse than that. Maybe, Landon, you'll have to show Twenty-five the red to stop and take us off."

The bare thought sufficiently animated Landon, for at that season Twenty-five was the road's most precious train, carrying the mail, express, and a string of sleeping-cars.

"I wouldn't show Twenty-five the red," he announced, "if the three of us blew to kingdom come."

"I've standing enough at headquarters," Reid boasted, "to take the responsibility."

It hurt Landon that Emily should witness such ostentation. He snatched up the lamps, went to the door, and, without a word of caution from either, slipped through. But he'd not leave them long this time, and when he came back he'd somehow get Reid alone and have it out, even if it did cost him his job.

Clinging desperately to the rungs he climbed the ladder of the signal-post. Since it stood across the right of way from the shack he could see Emily and Reid through the blurred window. They stood apart; of course they could guess where he was now. He thrust the lamp in its socket, the green side facing south, to inform Twenty-five's driver that the bridge was closed and the line clear.

That turned the red lens toward the window. In a flash it transformed the water streaming down the panes to a crimson cascade. It placed that significant veil between Landon and the pair within.

During such a storm a plausible accident might happen to a man. As he slid down to the ballast, Landon stared through the window

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SIGNAL-LAMP
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

at the signal-lever beyond the telegraph table, which was designed to permit the operator to turn the lamp without leaving the shack and climbing the ladder.

If an apparent accident should happen to Reid tonight, Landon would be justified in throwing the lever and giving Twenty-five the red; otherwise, he resolved, it wouldn't be touched. After all, it was still his job to keep the line clear for the road's crack train.

He took a deep breath and started for the bridge, lying craftily flat when angrier gusts clawed at him, for he didn't mean that an accident should happen to him. Drenched, at the edge of defeat, he set the bridge lamps and got back. As he burst in, dripping and breathless, he saw Emily placing food on the table, and caught Reid's impertinent pursuing glance.

"He said," Emily explained timidly, "that it wouldn't do to light a fire. We'll have to make out."

From the other room she had brought a section of tinned beef, thickly cut slices of bread, a dish of butter.

"Never felt such wind," Landon gasped. "That fishing-boat'll never ride it out."

Again Reid's eyes were puzzled.

"Funny! Can't think what was in their heads."

They scraped chairs to the end of the table, and sat there fidgeting, while they pretended to eat, while they listened and braced themselves against the shaking of the building. Landon found in the drip, drip, drip from his soaked clothing a sort of clock, measuring the duration of his suspense.

EMILY had brought the food from the other room. She would take back whatever was left. That moment, Landon decided, would mark the limit of his suspense. Meantime he counted mechanically the dripping of the water.

He straightened. Emily was up, collecting the dishes, and Reid was erect also, too warm in his anxiety to help her. She shook her head, and Landon said:

"Reid!"

Reid turned swiftly. Emily hadn't lighted the lamp in the other room. Left to herself she would put the dishes down and hurry back. He arose, crossed the floor, and shut the door behind her. He turned the key in the lock. The storm nearly smothered her quick alarm. She commenced pounding at the door.

"Stay in there," Landon shouted, "until I call you."

He turned his back on the resonant panels and, slowly, ponderously, his hands hanging loose, paced toward Reid.

"Why did you lock her in?" Reid asked. "Can't you see she's scared?"

His manner of secret satisfaction had slipped, uncovering a guilty solicitude. Landon nodded.

"Scared at more than the storm, Reid. Scared at me, and, maybe, scared for you."

Reid's jaw sagged.

"Why? Don't know what you're talking about."

Landon saw him edging along the table toward the revolver, and sprang in front of him, letting his hand dangle within reach of the tempting grip.

"No you don't!"

"Landon! You out of your head?"

"If I am," Landon said, "you ought to know why."

"I know," Reid blustered, "you're kicking yourself out of a job."

His fingers groped behind him for the telegraph sounder. Landon's hand closed over the revolver.

"Don't touch that key, Reid."

He lifted the revolver into Reid's view.

"Nobody at headquarters," he said, "knows there's bad blood between us. Suppose I reported you were fooling with this, and it went off by accident? I guess under those circumstances I might make Emily back my story."

Her anxious attempts at the door scarcely penetrated the storm and their absorption. Reid made a bad show of hurt amazement.

"Why should there be bad blood between us? Why should you want to harm me, Landon?"

Landon's shoulders curved lower.

"You've got a fine opinion of me, Reid. You must think I'm dumb and blind, or so set on this job I'd swap Emily for it without a whimper. I've been watching you all along.

"This evening I found out sure why you were coming here so much. Don't lie. I heard you begging Emily to run away from me. I heard you brag you'd take my job if I made trouble; that I hadn't the nerve to interfere."

The red from the flank of the signal lamp stained Reid's face, illuminating its guilt. Perhaps it suggested to him a stratagem, for, after a period during which he plainly sought to measure Landon's nerve, he moved toward the lever. Landon raised the revolver.

"Hands off that! It's still my job to decide whether Twenty-five's to be flagged or not."

He experienced a brief joy at Reid's fear, for the inspector snatched up his hat.

"That's right," Landon said. "I thought you'd see you'd better not spend the night here."

"The tool-shed," Reid mumbled, "will be safer shelter than this shack with a crazy man."

Landon's hand with the revolver wavered. Why couldn't he bring the accident about now? Reid was at the door. This instant, or the chance would be gone! Hadn't he any nerve?

But he wasn't certain yet that he possessed the right to punish; he wasn't any surer than before about Emily. The remembrance shocked him. He stumbled forward.

"Wait, Reid!"

Reid hesitated, his hand on the knob. Landon cleared his throat. His shoulders drooped more than ever. His weary eyes wouldn't meet Reid's.

"Did she want to go with you?"

Reid lost his look of fear. He wet his lips, but didn't answer. Landon's shoulders sagged further.

"Ought—she to want to go with you?"

Reid laughed comfortably.

"Ask her, Landon. Then you won't be able to believe a single word she says."

Landon shut his eyes. He opened them at a spatter of rain. Reid was gone.

He moved now like a man under an inescapable mass. He placed the revolver on the table. He turned with an air of reawakening to Emily's cries and knockings. Dragging his burden, he got to the door and unlocked it. She came through flushed, taut, angry.

"Why did you lock me in, Frank? Where's Reid gone?"

"Sneaking to the tool-shed. He's not likely to come back."

SHE swayed forward until the crimson from the flank of the signal-lamp painted her face as it had stained Reid's; but from her dread Landon got no joy. Reid was right.

Even if she fell on her knees and swore, Landon couldn't know certainly. Without something in the way of a miracle he'd never be sure of the past now. With tired futility he told her what she must already guess.

"I heard Reid before supper trying to get you to leave me."

Her breathing quickened. Her eyes, hitherto lowered, lifted before the force of her rage.

"Then you were the sneak. To listen! You'll need another job."

Without realizing it, they screamed at each other to make themselves heard above the discordant chorus of the storm. He grasped her arm.

"Did you want to go, Emily?"

She fought.

"Leave me alone, Frank. You hurt."

"You answer me, Emily," he ordered her.

"Leave me alone. You're breaking my arm!"

"I won't leave you alone until you tell me."

But he had to release her immediately because of another demand of his inexorable job. In a maddening iteration the sounder chattered his call:

"J. C., J. C., J. C."

The operator at the next station south reported the passage of Twenty-five nearly on time in spite of the hurricane. Within ten minutes she would thunder past the shack, and Landon hadn't found the nerve to bring about the punitive accident to Reid that would have given him the right to flag her.

He tapped out his O. K., and turned gropingly back to Emily. She retreated to the wall near the outer door, her hands defensively raised.

"Don't you touch me again! You leave me alone—"

She swung toward the door, wide-eyed. Landon looked, too, with a troubled unbelief. A series of knocks drummed through the room.

"Reid," Landon said, "wouldn't be likely to crawl back. Open the door, Emily."

With a hesitant gesture she turned the knob. The door crashed inward, letting a rain-soaked figure reel aimlessly in to collapse on the floor.

"You get up, Reid," Landon began.

THEN he realized, at first with satisfaction, afterward with perplexity, Reid's actual condition. The inspector was unconscious, although the twitching of his limbs and the flickering of his eyelids promised a near restoration.

A stain as crimson as the blurred flank of the signal-lamp spread gradually from a wound at the back of Reid's head. Emily, forgetful of the rain spouting through the doorway, sank to her knees. Her voice was as groping as her hands about Reid's hair:

"Wind must have blown him—against the rail—"

The storm seemed to Landon to have passed its maximum. Could it be accountable for that ugly wound? If Reid should recover his senses, as his symptoms prophesied he would, before the passing of Twenty-five, he'd have every right to ask Landon to stop her to take him off.

"Get up, Emily. He'll come out of it in a minute."

Landon freed himself from the evil hypnosis of her bent over Reid. He turned doubtfully toward the lever. It was in its proper position, but, just the same, something had altered radically at that side of the room. It was the window. The blur of red had vanished; in its place a dull, premonitory green splashed the panes. Some one had climbed the signal-post and turned the lamp in its socket in order to stop Twenty-five here. Who could have done that except Reid? But had he had the time?

Landon jumped for the lever, planning to throw it and turn the lamp back to "All clear." But as his fingers tightened on the handle Emily gave a cry, and a strange voice spoke:

"Don't budge that, operator."

Stiffly Landon glanced over his shoulder. A man, shapeless in oilskins, and consequently familiar, had come silently in. Because of the angle of his sou'wester his face was indistinct. He held a ready automatic.

"We don't aim to hurt anybody we don't have to, operator."

He jerked his head at Reid.

"But he came prowling in the tool-shed where we were waiting, so he got a crack to keep him quiet before he knew where he was. Stand away from the lever, and watch yourself."

While Landon obeyed, the man strode to the table, picked up the company's revolver, and dropped it into his pocket.

"Sis," he said to Emily, "better make yourself scarce."

She rose, trembling, looking to Landon for guidance.

"Go into the other room," Landon said, "and shut the door."

She went to the threshold with short, nervous steps.

"What you going to do?" she asked Landon.

The man in oilskins answered:

"He's going to keep a whole skin if he behaves himself."

Impatiently Landon pointed. She went in and closed the door.

"Ought to have known," Landon said, "there was something wrong when you talked about running out of the creek."

The other touched politeness in his deprecation:

"We knew you were green here."

He indicated Reid, whose motions, while still spasmodic, hinted his approach to an awakening.

"But we didn't expect to find him. He must have had something else on his mind. Kind of thought, looking through the window, he was too sweet on your girl to wonder about fishermen throwing their lives away."

His laugh rumbled with coarse sympathy.

"Too bad, pardner! Now listen to business. It was friendly of you asking us up to stay out the storm, but if you put a finger on that lever before Twenty-five's stopped, I'll shoot you just as if I hated your soul; and that goes for him, if he wakes up, and the woman, too. We're not here for fun. We know what Twenty-five's carrying tonight."

Landon shifted his weight.

"But you can't get it, or, if you do, you can't get away with it. Your boat's probably kindling-wood. If she isn't you'd never dare take her outside tonight."

"Green, I said," the other answered. "We moored deep, as you kindly advised, and these tornadoes don't last long, as a rule. She's whipping away to the northwest now, and we'll be in the Gulf Stream tossing for the Bahamas before dawn, and lost on one of the British out-islands before the police rub their eyes; and your line's cut so you'll give no alarm from here for the present. Now maybe you see I mean it. I'll be outside that window, watching this room until Twenty-five's stopped. If a hand touches the lever I'll shoot, and I couldn't miss a sparrow at that distance."

HE went out, tense beneath his confidence, and whistled twice. Through the receding storm the racket of running feet and excited voices came to Landon, informing him that the party was large enough to take care of the crew and passengers of Twenty-five once she was stopped.

Twenty-five's only salvation lay in not being stopped, and the massive lines of the watcher outside already bulked against the window.

What could the nerviest man in the world do to get Twenty-five past? As he pondered, Landon fancied beneath the diminishing roar of the storm the nearing rumble of the train. He thrust his hands in his pockets and lounged, with an appearance of surrendering to the inevitable, away from the lever.

Slowly he circled toward the awakening Reid. Hate him as he might, he had to use him, if he could, in the fulfilment of his duty. Two would be better than one. Reid, for instance, might make a diversion while Landon took a desperate chance with the lever.

The idea of giving Emily to Reid in that fashion revolted him; of going out, as he almost certainly would, without knowing whether she wanted to be taken, whether he ought to be glad to give her.

As he strolled past Reid he prodded the twitching body with his foot. He turned and sauntered back, stirring Reid again with less restraint, for the rumbling of Twenty-five was more pronounced, and faintly he caught the wail of her siren.

Reid sat up, and Landon loafed beyond him, and leaned against the far wall, facing the window.

"Reid," he said softly, "don't let on."

Reid stood up, lurching crazily. His wavering glance got Landon in focus. He blazed:

"I'll fix you for that! Following to smash a man from behind!"

"Reid," Landon whispered, "we're in trouble here. Listen!"

"I'll listen to no more from you," Reid flashed.

Twenty-five's prolonged cry sounded nearer. Perhaps already her driver glimpsed the forbidding red, and questioned and complained with that mournful tongue. But to Reid in his ignorance it sang of escape from Landon's jealousy, and punishment for his fancied cowardly attack. Always facing Landon, he crept warily backward toward the lever.

Landon watched, fascinated. He could guess what was in Reid's mind. The lever was in its normal position, and, with his back to the window, Reid couldn't know that the lamp had been changed on the signal-post. He meant to throw the lever, thinking to stop Twenty-five.

He intended to have Landon carried off under arrest. Doubtless he schemed to take over the station himself until a new man could be sent, remaining alone all that time with Emily.

The moment held a justice that elated Landon. In trying to discipline him, Reid would punish himself. In attempting to halt Twenty-five he might actually let her through; for, in the confusion following the shot that would certainly answer Reid's first tampering with the lever, Landon might have a chance to attempt something.

Then why should he vibrate on the brink of a warning? Hadn't he wanted to shoot Reid himself? But that was different. Punishment for Reid in this shape would be too impersonal; quite meaningless. Or, perhaps, he didn't have any nerve.

"Reid," he grunted, "don't go near the lever. If you do you'll get lead."

Reid's laugh was vindictive.

"Where's your gun?"

Landon displayed his empty hands.

"Yes. Bluff!" Reid laughed. "You haven't got your gun now."

OFTEN he had caught Reid and Emily whispering.

He reached back, and Landon knew he couldn't let him touch the lever. He sprang for Reid, flung his arms around him, endeavored to drag him away. As they struggled Landon saw beyond Reid's shoulder the white dawning of Twenty-five's headlight on the window. In it the bulk of the sentinel rose distinct and motionless. Landon thought he heard him chuckle. Fighting over the girl, that man was thinking.

In spite of his wound Reid had strength enough to meet the fancied attack. He didn't give Landon a chance for another warning. At first he had him by the throat; then he wrenched free from his grip, let go his throat, and struck him on the point of the chin.

Landon went down, one conception constant in the abrupt blurring of his senses: if this room were dark, the white, dazzling radiance of Twenty-five's headlight would confuse the man outside. For Twenty-five was near, already braking angrily. While her whistle lamented and implored, Landon tore his shoelace loose.

"Reid! There's a gang for Twenty-five. Those fisher—"

Reid didn't take his glance from Landon.

"No more tricks! I'll hand you over. You're through."

He reached for the lever, but didn't move it. An incredulous yell burst from the watcher. It was cut by the snap of his automatic and the splintering of glass. Momentarily Reid's face questioned. Then it became an expressionless mask, and he slumped down, and lay still.

EMILY'S scream from the other room filled Landon's ears. Since she couldn't see anything, she didn't know that the shot had been for Reid. Was her terror for Reid or for him?

He'd probably never know, because Twenty-five was close, and if he should throw the lever now she'd gather speed and be past before the men outside could change the lamp again.

Before Emily got the door of the other room open, Landon tore off his shoe, hurled it at the lamp, flattened himself, and in the sudden darkness crawled forward until his shoulder was against the lever.

As he shoved, and the sickly green was replaced by crimson, the automatic cracked again. But Landon smiled. A man standing in a blinding light couldn't wing sparrows in a dark room. And Twenty-five's complaints softened to a tone of satisfaction, and the shack shook from her approach.

Emily was in the room. Landon caught her whimpering, and heard her fumbling search, through the passion and the panic of the men outside.

Landon lay, tense and breathless, by the lever. Would they rush in to do for him? The voice of the watcher, still authoritative for all its wrath, relaxed him. He was sure his second shot hadn't missed. Besides, the record was bad enough. Leave the woman alone. The quicker they got to their boat the better.

The angry voices, the crackling in the mangroves receded, letting into Landon's mind again the groping movements of his wife. He wouldn't speak, because he couldn't tell which one she sought for. After a time her choked voice came to him:

"Frank! Frank!"

She was near, so close that by holding out his hand he could touch her. Her fingers sought along his clothing to his face. With a sob she clasped and kissed him.

"You know," he said, "Reid got it clean."

She held him tighter, cried hysterically.

"I wanted to die when I thought it was you. You made me mad tonight, Frank. Thinking such things! I was holding him off. I couldn't have a fight with him, on account of your job. Why don't you ask me now, Frank?"

Her tears told him all he wanted to know. Happily he enfolded her.

"When they're clean away I'll light up and see if I can splice that line so's I can report. You know, Emily, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I got a boost for this."

"You ought to!" she said. "The nerve!"

THE END

The SPORTS FROCK for Evening Wear

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

WE met in one of the very old, very gray, very ivy-grown courtyards of a Paris hotel at tea-time to talk over the important matter of the fashions and what significant changes had taken place in them this fall. The group consisted of artists, past and present, doughboys who developed into buyers from San Francisco, retired gentlewomen of the South who had become professional escorts in shopping, sections of the American Legion, and young women over here to "study" nobody knows what. Here are some of the summaries, if not expressed in the original words.

One might as well mention right off that plaits appear to be finished. At least, little fine ones. Sometimes Molyneux and others use double box-plaits. But wide ones and fine ones alike come into a tight bandage of a yoke or girdle that goes as near to the knees as it dares. Louise-boulanger uses wool soft as angora and arranges it in gathers. Her down-in-the-back and up-in-the-front dip of the skirt is the line of the future, and her feminizing influence dominates all.

She is the Callot of the moment, bringing the brocaded satins and embroidered laces and the bouffant lines of old into the austere light of the present, all the while mingling them with the cubes and the squares and the half-moons of today.

Evening things of the future promise to be the dresses of a Victorian lady brought down to date, and their softness is already encroaching on day clothes.

AS Monsieur Molyneux was changing last week by airplane from one villa in the south of France to another, we sat in Paris watching his collection, and the youngest of the artists at our tea-time meeting remarked that all she could remember of the collection was how he had "worried" that velvet of a certain afternoon gown.

It was kneaded until it was flaky as pie-crust and thin as paper; and while tying it into the knot of a sash or streamer on one hip, he had made it simulate the crinkled, rolling movement of the outside of a shell. In the costume he had mingled this plain velvet with a printed velvet. The new combination of plain and printed velvet furnishes one of the fashion notes of the day.

But you wouldn't know the material was velvet: you would think it was chiffon. Just as you wouldn't know fur for what it was, but would take it for woolen. As for tweed, you would mistake it for something soft as kasha. And woolen you would take for down. Beaded fringe is so fine that you look again to see if it is made of beads or star-dust.

Some of the fringe is of twisted velvet for half its length, and in its lower half is of a fine thread of satin. And then some of it is of thin tubes of rubber that supply a springing movement to the garment.

All of this information is leading to a generalization, which is that the immediate new styles largely lie in the materials, which range from delicate to gorgeous, from simple to bizarre.

Over in America we have remarked that clothes were reaching such a stage of standardization that even evening gowns were made on the models for sports things. We see the movement this season in its very culmination. A plaited short skirt for the day version of the sports frock, shown herewith, is in the new beige-colored knitted material, which is sort of like Turkish toweling, only softer—much softer.

The skirt for the evening dress is circular in cut, with the longer, uneven hemline, the material being of pale green chiffon, picked out with rhinestones and pearls. You might say this was a departure from any idea gleaned out of sports costuming; but, if so, it is the only one.

To balance it, many sports skirts are getting flary and circular from the knees down.

In the day model of this sports wardrobe, as shown herewith, the jumper is of tan, beige, and flesh silk threads interwoven with gold lamé. A new, elaborate, and very effective material for clothes, which have already been remarked to become day by day fussier, more ornate—more feminine as we understand the word. The jumper of the evening gown is in the same green chiffon as the skirt, and is heavily embroidered in pearls, rhinestones, and coral.

The *pièce de résistance* of this dress is the Susan Lenglen kerchief for evening, cut on exactly the same lines as the one for daytime and heavily spangled.

THE two costumes shown here embody most that is significant in the present fashions as they are being shown in Paris, but to Chanel goes the triumph of the sports kerchief for evening, and she is using it with many of her evening dresses, even when they are fringed and in other respects depart from sports clothes for inspiration.

Sometimes the kerchiefs are of white mesh with ivory spangles, sometimes in blue with spangles of the same shade, and sometimes they are black. The one in our model is in coral, and the jewels the mannequin is wearing are pearls and rhinestones.

The tiny tailored belt, exactly the shape of those on sports dresses for daytime, is of rhinestones. The tailored belt of our day model is of gold kid. And, if you please, this lady also has her jewelry, which consists of bracelets in wrought gold. Her kerchief is of orange kid. Her hat is a combination of dark brown and beige felt.

It seemed important to show this style, which is now raging in all of its effectiveness; for, like most art at its culmination, it carries the note in it of what is to follow. You can see the soft elaborateness of a greater femininity in even the day frock and in a much greater degree in the one for evening.

For the sports motif Chanel has been the constant sponsor. Louise-boulanger is the prophet of the other. One sees it principally on the stage today. By next season we shall probably be adopting it.

In cut the outstanding difference comes in a line departing from straight to slightly bouffant round the bottom, and in the substitution of gathers for plaits.

An evening dress (above) on the outlines of a sports frock, in green chiffon, with pearls, rhinestones, and coral.

The sports dress above has a bodice of tan, beige, and flesh silken material.

The Fascination of FLUFFY RUFFLES

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, September 25.

THIS is a grim and serious world. Even women, however rich, are full of purpose and go in for ponderous careers or intellectual uplift. I say "even women," because woman has, down the ages, retained the art of making of our hours of ease gay, butterfly moments of pure enjoyment. And when even she fails to supply the essential frivolity which greases the wheels of world endeavor, society, though maybe wiser, is a great deal sadder.

Fashion, which is the mirror of character, has been, of course, reflecting our seriousness, so that the element of lightness is lost, even in our clothes. When women get completely serious, even in dress, it is time to enact a law against the inhibition of frivolity.

The ladies themselves are the most potent of all laws opposed to such foolish sternness. Alcoholic spirits are not nearly so potent in enlivening society. Only, it is hard labor to infect others with lively spirits when you yourself look sad and heavy. Abraham Lincoln, who, his biographers say, "dripped sadness," was forever supplying a necessary lightness by his funny stories. Woman does the same thing with frills and furbelows. The more clever and intellectual she is, the more she dares to wear dainty and frivolous clothes. The new fall fashion of fluffy ruffles comes to the world of women as a direct gift from such ladies. These styles are woman-made and not at all professional.

Featherhead flappers had nothing to do with bringing about the new, ruffle-embellished mode. Great ladies, most of them really intellectual enough to understand Kant, are the ones who have compelled couturiers to give us dainty, fluttery fashions this fall. Such women as Mme. Ganna Walska McCormick, who has a beautiful voice and works long hours each day to improve it, who is the head of a business of her own, are the ones who have made the new styles.

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellows was one of the first and the most influential factors in bringing back frills to feminine apparel. I have had Fromenti sketch one of her typical toilettes, created for her by Cheruit, to show where the mode is drifting. So successful was the *esprit leger* of this one costume, Cheruit makes it the leading feature of her fall collection.

Shirred panels of black moiré are made into butterfly ruffles on this evening cape.

Gold-and-brown-striped lamé tricot makes the new type of sports frock for fall.

Essentially, this evening outfit is simplicity itself. There is an uncomplicated frock of black tulle, with the straightest and plainest of bodices, and a real butterfly skirt, made of two very full ruffles of black tulle that fall to the floor in back. Over this is a tailored jacket of black spangles, which may be worn or not.

Our other evening gown is from Louiseboulanger, who does the same thing in another way. This is a dress of printed artificial velvet in rich tones of red and brown on a gold background. The skirt is one very full ruffle, tacked on to the waistline in what would be cartridge plaits if they were stitched. They are left loose to make the silhouette more fluffy, and the half-circle capes under the arms increase this effect. For the sake of feminine grace, the wide girdle of self-material is closely fitted, but it flares into a frivolous bow and long loose ends on the right hip.

ABOUT the hardest thing the Paris dressmakers ever had to do was to make the sports costume feminine and fluffy. They *had* to do this because the great ladies who patronized them were sick and tired of serious clothes, even for sports. This was probably easiest for Louiseboulanger, who is a woman alert to the supreme charm of daintiness, and I have chosen one of her new sports frocks to show you how ruffles and bows can enhance this kind of dress.

The material is just as significant as the cut, and Louiseboulanger has made this dress of Rodier's new lacy tricot, with narrow stripes of pure gold and chestnut brown running through it. The slim blouse is made of this tricot, with a big bow at the neck, the collar being formed of a scarf that winds twice around and ties on the left side.

The big pouch pocket that makes the hipline uneven is an important detail, and so too is the wide rust-colored belt, encrusted with gold circles and having a gold buckle. The skirt has four inset fluffy panels of the striped tricot between plain panels of beige tricot.

Our cape model is the newest and most original evening cape that Paris has produced this fall, and it comes from Cheruit. As you see, it has ruffles, and they are like no other ruffles. The foundation of this cape is black moiré, and this is covered by panels of moiré, shirred on to the neckline and gathered into fan-shaped ruffles just below the hipline. The collar of brown marten is lined with red velvet.

Gay printed velvet on a golden ground makes this frock with half-capes under the arms.

The double fluffy-ruffle skirt of black tulle has a slim bodice which is worn beneath a jacket of black spangles.

Try *These* Recipes *on your* WAFFLE-IRON

By ETHEL SOMERS

PREPARING the New Iron—When the waffle-iron is new, if of aluminum, it should be heated dry or treated with a bit of paraffin, as directed by the manufacturer before using. Aluminum griddles should *never* be greased. On the other hand, if the waffle-iron is made of iron, it should be greased thoroughly with unsalted fat, placed over a hot fire, and allowed to smoke until the smoking stops. Repeat this process until the iron is seasoned enough so that the waffles no longer stick.

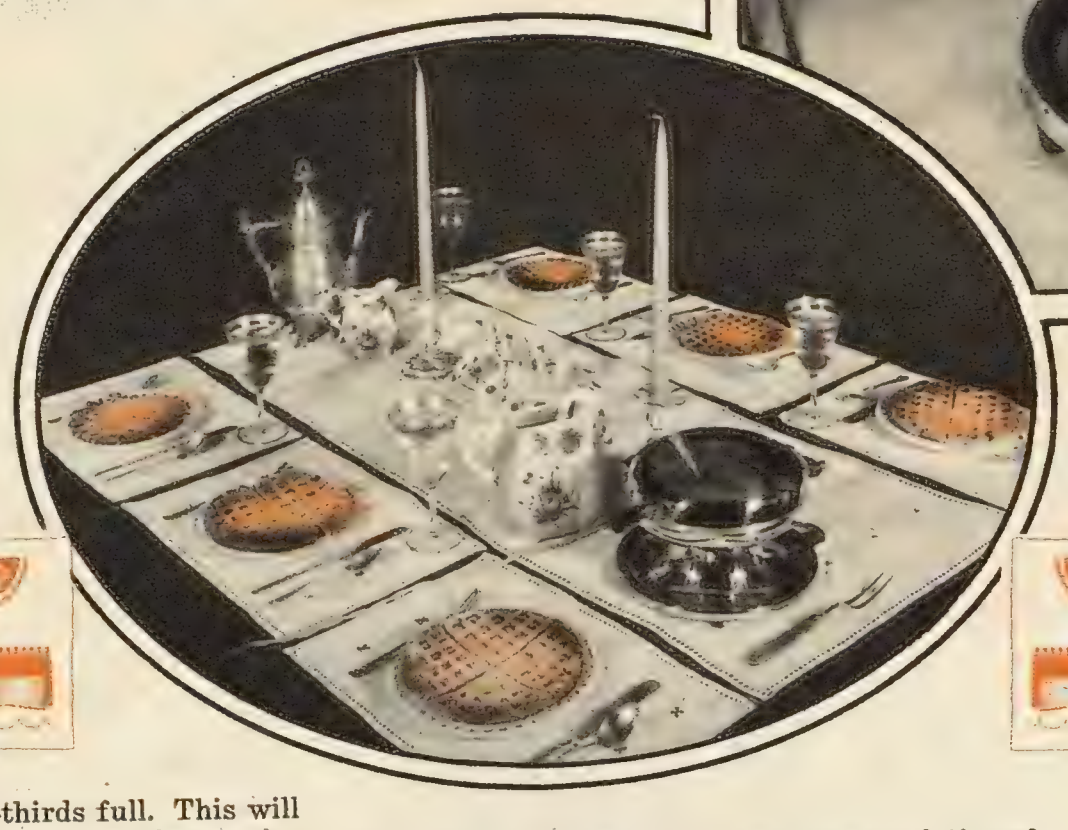
Heating the Iron for Use—Heat the waffle-iron for about five minutes. If a gas iron is being used, heat first on one side and then on the other for five minutes each. Electric irons heat on both sides at once. If you are using a gas iron, alternately grease the inner sides of the iron after each baking with ½ tablespoon fat or butter. If aluminum, simply heat.

Mixing—Mix and sift the dry ingredients until thoroughly blended. Combine the well beaten egg, milk, or cream, and melted fat if used. Slowly add these liquids to the dry ingredients, stirring to prevent lumps. When all of the liquid is added, beat vigorously with a mechanical or Dover beater. Add the floured chopped fruit, grated cheese, minced meat, or corn, if any of these are used. Bake at once in the waffle-iron.

Baking the Waffles—Pour the waffle mixture into the heated iron, filling each compartment not more than two-thirds full. This will take from 3 tablespoons to ¼ cup of batter for each baking. If an electric iron is being used, cover and bake 1½ minutes or until brown. If a gas iron is being used, lift it at once after pouring in the batter, and revolve it in its frame, so that the hot or lower side will be on top. Cook 1½ minutes, turn again, and bake a second time for 1½ minutes. Opening the waffle-iron during the baking, besides delaying the finishing, is apt to split the waffle. When waffles do not brown in 1½ minutes to a side, the iron is not hot enough. To remedy this, prolong the period of heating after the waffle-iron is emptied. If the waffles are specked or unevenly brown, the iron is too hot. To remedy this, leave open a minute before using. Serve the waffle on a hot plate.

WAFFLE sets include a large pitcher for the batter, which is poured into the hot electric waffle-iron and cooked at the table.

HOT waffles, fruited or plain, and served with creamed food, accompanied by hot coffee and a salad dessert, make an ideal means of easy entertaining at supper.



ONE suggested waffle supper includes grape canapé, waffles with creamed meat or fowl, vegetable salad, coffee, fruit ice, and cake. Another, orange canapé, waffles with creamed vegetables, fruit salad, coffee, molded ice-cream, and cake. A third, honeydew melon, waffles with syrup or sugar, coffee, frozen fruit salad, and wafers.

Plain Waffles

2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter

Fluffy Waffles

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
3 eggs
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons butter

Sour-Cream Waffles

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar, if desired
2 eggs
2 cups sour cream (or rich sour milk plus 1 tablespoon butter)

Rich-Cream Waffles

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ or 1 cup milk
1 cup cream
3 or 4 eggs

(If 4 eggs are used, add 1 cup milk; if 3 eggs are used, add ¾ cup milk)

Sour-Milk Waffles

2 cups flour
¾ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sour milk
1 tablespoon sugar, if desired
2 or 3 eggs
2 to 4 tablespoons melted butter, depending on the richness of the sour milk used.

Blueberry Waffles—Add 1 to 2 cups of lightly floured washed blueberries to any of the above waffle batters.

Date Waffles—Add 1 cup chopped dates to any of the above waffle batters.

Green-Corn Waffles—Add ½ to 1 cup of scraped fresh corn or drained canned corn to any of the above waffle batters.

Cheese Waffles—Add ½ to ¾ cup grated American cheese to any of the waffle batters that use milk (not cream) and omitting the butter called for in the recipe.

Corn-Meal Meat Waffles

¼ cup corn-meal
1½ cups flour
¾ teaspoon soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1½ cups sour milk
1 tablespoon melted ham or meat fat
¾ to 1 cup ham or meat, minced

Creamed Dried Beef

¼ pound dried beef
4 cups milk or cream
3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon pepper

CUT the dried beef into shreds. Cover with cold water and heat to just below boiling. Pour off the water, add the butter to the beef, and cook slightly until frizzled or curly. Remove from the fire and mix in the flour until thoroughly blended. Gradually stir in 1 cup of the milk and mix to a smooth paste. Add a second cup of milk and cook until the mixture thickens. Add the remaining milk and cook over a very low fire or over water *at least* 20 minutes to thoroughly cook the flour. Season and serve hot over waffles, toast, potatoes, or rice, as desired.

YOU can prepare a host of deliciously different meals from recipes in LIBERTY'S three recipe books: *100 Standard Recipes* (substantial meals); *Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks* (excellent for special occasions); and *A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* (suggestions for parties, teas, luncheons). Each book is 10¢, but all three may be had for 25¢. Use coupon, please.

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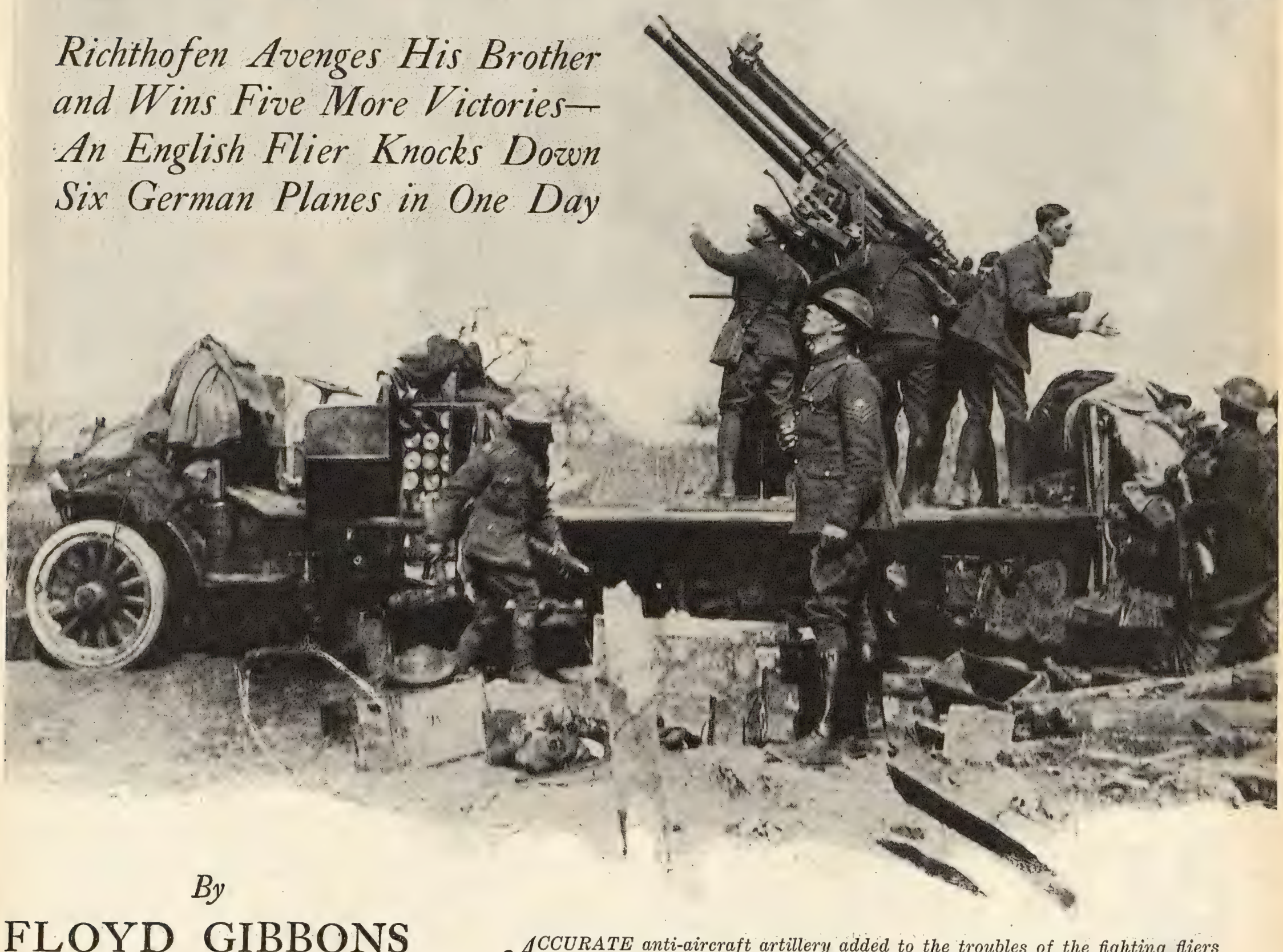
The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen Avenges His Brother and Wins Five More Victories—An English Flier Knocks Down Six German Planes in One Day



ACCURATE anti-aircraft artillery added to the troubles of the fighting fliers in the last year of the war. This gun behind the British lines has just sent a shell among some adventurous members of Richthofen's circus.

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 16 minutes 30 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The final year of the war—1918—saw the growing power of the Allied air service. Once again, as in 1916, the British asserted their supremacy in the sky. On the ground, the Germans were opening their spring offensive. Richthofen began his own spring offensive on March 12, when he won his sixty-fourth victory. The next day, Lothar, his younger brother, was shot down and injured severely.]

PART NINETEEN

IN driving off the British planes which were in pursuit of the disabled German triplane piloted by Lothar, Manfred undoubtedly saved his brother's life. He killed one of the pursuing British pilots.

The victim was Second Lieutenant J. M. L. Millett, a fighting pilot of the Seventy-third Squadron, which had left its airdrome shortly after 9 o'clock that morning in speedy new Sopwith Camel scouts equipped with Vickers and Lewis machine guns.

Millett came from Windsor, Nova Scotia, where his father received a cable a week later notifying him that the boy had been shot down in flames behind the German lines. Richthofen's official account of what happened reads:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-fifth Victory.
> Date: March 13, 1918.
> Time: 10:35 A. M.
> Place: Between Gonnelieu and Banteux, in Square 1853.
> Plane: Sopwith Camel. Englishman.
>
> I started with Staffel Eleven and fought later on with two staffels of my squadron against from twenty to thirty Englishmen (D. H. 4's, S. E. 5's, and Sopwith Camels). I forced down a D. H. 4 from 12,000 to 6,000 feet. My opponent glided down in the direction of Caudry with only a very slowly working engine.
>
> The fight took place quite a distance behind our lines. The Englishman came to earth at La Terrière in Square 2256. As I saw that my adversary was closely harassed by Albatrosses of my other staffels, I let them have him and I went up to 10,000 feet, where I fought with several Sopwith Camels.
>
> Then I saw an Englishman attacking one of the planes of my staffel. I pursued him immediately and approached within twenty yards of him from behind. My shots put holes through his benzine-tank, because his plane began smoking. I think also I had hit the pilot, as the machine suddenly dived toward the ground. The Englishman must have recovered, as he seemed to try to land his machine in the fighting area near Gonnelieu, but the plane crashed just behind our lines.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

At the close of this combat, Richthofen led his staffels back to the airdrome and landed as quickly as possible to demand news of Lothar. He was told that Lothar was unconscious in a near-by advance hospital, to which place he sped by motor. The brother's head and legs were in bandages, but the doctors assured the ace that he would live.

It had been a close call—a narrow escape

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Keeps Hair Neat
—Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

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If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

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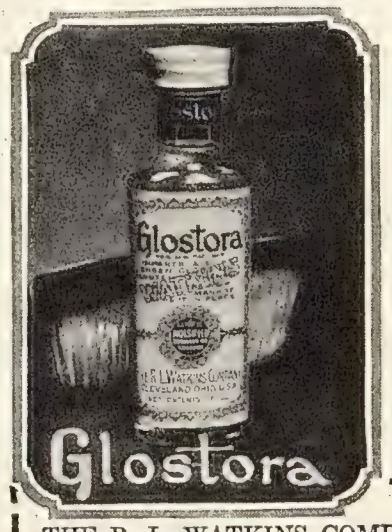

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

from a death in the Richthofen family. It was not without a deep effect on Manfred. It gave him a new and shuddering vision of what he might expect any day.

He telegraphed his mother a cheering message, in which he deprecated the seriousness of the younger brother's wounds and assured her that he would soon recover.

Although he flew daily during the next five days, he did not bring down his next plane until March 18.

The victim of this fight, who survived without a wound, but spent the rest of the war as a prisoner, is alive today and lives at McKay, New Westminster, British Columbia. His name is William G. Ivamy.

This Canadian war bird got into the war only by refusing to submit to all official efforts to keep him out of it. When he tried to enlist in Vancouver, the medical inspector turned him down. He went to England and was accepted. He was twenty-five years old at the time.

Fed up with his association with mud and mules as an infantryman, he transferred to the air service and began his aerial career as an artillery observer in November, 1916. Another year and he was a full-fledged fighting pilot on the Somme Front.

His story of the fight with Richthofen follows:

"I MANAGED to survive until that day I came in contact with the jolly old Baron. It happened this way: A naval bombing squadron had been detailed to bomb the German airdrome at Molain on March 16 and 17, and to do it without escort. On the next day, the 18th, the day of my last fight, the bombers were given an escort of ten S. E. 5's and nine Camels.

"We crossed south of St. Quentin, following the D. H. 4's which carried the bombs. They were down around 9,000 feet and we were up around 12,000. I was deputy flight commander and brought up the rear of the last formation.

"After we were about eight miles across, I could see the German planes getting into position to have a smash at us, they being about 3,000 feet above us and seeming to number between fifty and sixty.

"As we were following the bombers, the German planes were in position on four sides of us and above. Directly the D. H. 4's had dropped their bombs, they turned for home, and this evidently was the signal for the Germans to attack. The lot of them came down on us with a bang.

"THEIR plan of attack was to get any one with streamers on. As deputy flight commander, I flew these streamers and, being in the rear of the flight and highest up, I got it first. I can't say that I had much of a fight with His Highness the Baron, as I was slightly handicapped from the start, having an explosive bullet in the petrol-tank and the emergency tank being punctured.

"I was saturated and blinded with petrol and sitting up there with a dead engine. There was nothing to do but descend, which I did in a veering nose dive.

"I have a faint recollection of the speed indicator going off the scale, but the old Sopwith hung together and I made the best landing I ever made, up the side of a hill among a bunch of German infantry.

"By the time I could get out of the bus three German planes were buzzing over it and the scrap up above seemed to be over.

"I looked up and saw that the S. E. 5's had pulled away a bit to the north, so we were rather in the soup. We lost five out of our nine fliers: the flight leader, two deputy flight leaders, and two new fellows—three of them prisoners and two killed.

"The S. E.'s lost two and the bombers one. I don't know what the German casualties were. It was just two days after this that the big German push of March,

Good gunnery by English airmen brought down this Fokker triplane behind the German lines.

1918, began, and this accounts for the number of German machines that were in the air that morning.

"I am awfully curious about how Richthofen counted his victims. I have heard from various sources that the number of machines shot down by his entire circus was claimed by him personally, and after the holy mix-up that morning, I should imagine it would be hard for any one to claim any one definitely."

HOW British fliers felt when brought down behind the German lines as prisoners of war is a matter of photographic record which the Germans did not fail to make. Their dejection is reflected in the looks with which they faced the cameras.

It appears from Richthofen's report that he, in command of three staffels totaling thirty planes, must have been operating that morning in conjunction with another German squadron of equal strength to comprise the sixty planes that Ivamy saw. Richthofen's report follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-sixth Victory:
Date: March 18, 1918.
Time: 11:15 A. M.
Place: Above the Molain-Vaux road, near Andigny.
Plane: Sopwith Camel, B5423.
Clerget motor 35751. One Canadian, prisoner.

I started with thirty planes of my squadron and flew to the front, commanding all three staffels, at an altitude of 16,000 feet. Just as we were approaching the front, I saw several English squadrons crossing our lines and flying in the direction of Le Cateau.

The first squadron we encountered was flying at approximately 17,000 feet. Together with Lieutenant Gassman of Staffel Eleven, I shot into a Bristol Fighter, which finally lost its planes and collapsed in the air under the fire of Lieutenant Gassman's guns.

After this I took my thirty planes in hand again and returned to the 16,000-feet level and started in pursuit of two enemy squadrons which had made their way right through to Le Cateau. I ordered the attack just as the enemy tried to fly to one side and retreat.

The enemy machine flying next to me, apparently a Breguet or a Bristol Fighter, was jointly attacked by Lieutenant Lowenhardt of Staffel Ten and myself. The tanks were shot full of holes and the machine dashed down in a vertical line. Lieutenant Lowenhardt had brought down the machine.

Next I attacked, from the rear and center of two English one-seater squadrons, a single plane which was flying pennants and forced it to land near Molain.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Individual man-to-man and plane-to-plane fighting was still the backbone of combat aloft, but the tendency to organization flying began to show itself more and more.

It is almost inevitable—in the opinion of air experts—that the war birds of future conflicts will have little opportunity for individual combat. Control of the air when next disputed will be decided, not by individual aces, but by flights, swarms, flocks, squadrons, fleets, clouds, and avalanches of highly specialized planes maneuvering under a central control.

ORGANIZATION air fighting increased on both sides as the zero hour for the great German offensive drew near. The onslaught opened early on the morning of March 21, and Picardy, the ancient cockpit of Europe, was the scene.

The general fighting, which is known as the first battles of the Somme, 1918, opened with the battle for St. Quentin, which the Germans won decisively in three days' terrific struggle over the area bounded by the River Oise to Chauny, then the road to Guiscard, to Ham, to Peronne, to Bapaume, to Boyelles, and thence to the river Cojeul.

Richthofen flew daily, but his new duties as commander of a bigger organization required that he stay aloft to observe and direct his fighting units rather than engage in personal combats.

The German advance on the ground seemed overpowering. The British retreat had begun, and by March 24 it had become almost a debacle. It might well have been, were it not for the heroic services rendered on that day by the Allied air forces.

One English pilot who fought against Richthofen's circus broke all previous records by shooting down six of the forty-five German planes which were destroyed that day. His name is J. L. Trollope, and he is today a real-estate agent in London.

One missing arm and a Military Cross with bar testify to his war record, but it remained for the war correspondent of the London *Times* to save the report of that busy day for history. Only the theory that the British army censor was busy retreating could possibly explain how these illuminating facts were ever allowed to reach the world:

Captain Trollope was out with a formation when they saw four German fighting airplanes trying to interfere with some of our observing machines. Captain Trollope attacked one of the enemy and fired into it from close range, when the German airplane fell all to bits in the air. The other three Germans scattered and got away; so, going on, Trollope soon espied two more enemy two-seaters below him, close to the ground.

He dived at them and engaged them one after another, and both went down and crashed, the fighting being so low that in each case their striking the earth was clearly visible.

Captain Trollope then climbed up to rejoin his formation, which was again engaged with another party of enemy. He entered the mêlée, and used up what ammunition he had left, and came home for more.

Having replenished, Trollope started out again and met a party of three of the enemy trying to cross the battle line. He went for one of them, but his gun jammed, and he had to draw off till his gun got going again.

Then he turned and attacked another of the enemy, who was nearer than his original antagonist, fired into him at point-

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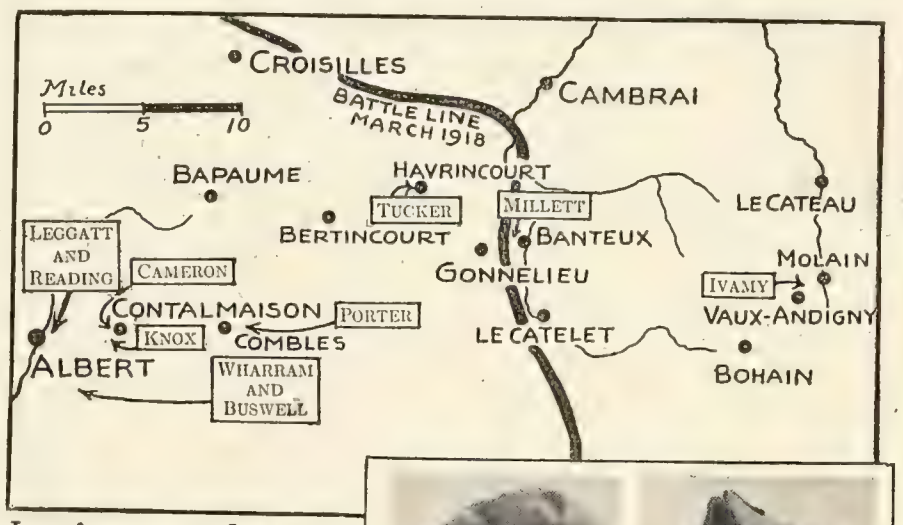

In fourteen days of March, 1918, the Red Knight conquered six English planes. This map shows where they fell, and also the scenes of two other victories by his staffel.

Second Lieutenants Matt Leggatt (left) and Wilson Porter, Jr., went down to death under the flaming guns of the flying uhlan.

Lieutenant C. E. Wharram (left) and Second Lieutenant Donald Tucker—two victims of Richthofen's war birds.

Two men who traded shots with the German ace: Second Lieutenants Donald Cameron (left), killed, and W. G. Ivamy, captured.

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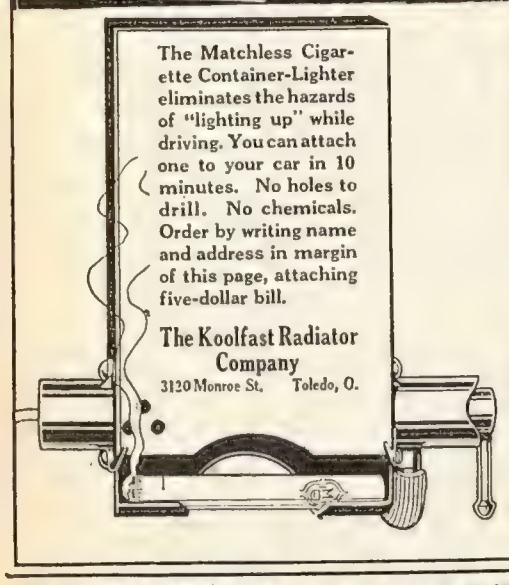

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY]
Continued from Page Eighty-five

blank range, and the enemy went down spinning and broke into pieces. Turning from his last victim, Captain Trollope then went after the third of the enemy party, caught it up, attacked it, and the German broke into flames in the air. This made five of the enemy shot down in a single day, and Trollope turned for home.

But on the way he saw another enemy scout attacking one of our slower machines. He went to the rescue and tackled the enemy, who went down spinning, and the other pilot saw it crash.

Richthofen commanded some of the planes that Trollope downed that day. On the previous night, the German ace wrote a letter to his mother. It is the last of these epistles that has been found to date.

He knew the plans for the morning and the uncertainty that went with them. He felt that it might be his last letter home, but he managed to keep this feeling out of the words he sent to the gray-haired woman in Schweidnitz.

The letter read:

In the Field. March 23, 1918.

LIEBE MAMA:

You will have received my wire advising you of Lothar's fall. Thanks to God, he is doing nicely. I visit him daily. Please, mother, don't worry about anything. He is really doing quite well.

His nose has already healed, only the jaw is still bad, but he will keep his teeth. Above his right eye he has a rather large hole, but the eye itself has not been damaged. Several blood-vessels burst under his right knee and in the left calf.

The blood he spit out did not come from any internal injuries. He had merely swallowed some during his fall. He is in the hospital in Cambrai and hopes to be back at the front within a fortnight. His only regret is not to be able to be with us at the present moment.

MANFRED.

IT was a busy five days that Richthofen started the morning of March 24. The squadron commander, as the highest ranking officer in the air, had to keep in the closest possible communication with all of the planes under his control.

Communication between planes at this time consisted principally of signals by wing movements, streamers, or colored pistol rockets. At the same time the leader had to observe the approach of enemy units from all directions and not permit his own force to be taken unawares.

Nevertheless, in the five days that followed, the ace found time to down one plane on each of the first two days, two on the third day, three on the fourth day, and one on the fifth day of this eventful period.

Ten English planes failed to return to their lines on the opening day of the battle, and the German ace's brief report explains what happened to one of them. He wrote:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-seventh Victory.
Date: March 24, 1918.
Time: 2:45 P. M.
Place: Above Combles.
Plane: S. E. 5. Brought down behind enemy's lines.

During a very long fight between ten S. E. 5's and twenty-five machines of my own squadron, I attacked an Englishman at an altitude of 7,500 feet.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A convoy of English prisoners taken by the Germans in their 1918 spring offensive. One of Richthofen's men snapped this photograph when the weary Tommies halted for food near the staffel airdrome.

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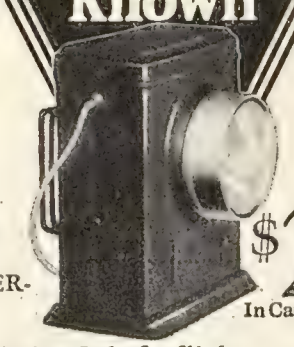

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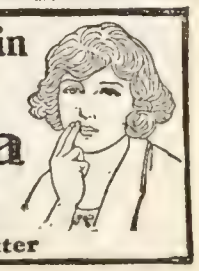

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-SIX]

Both wings were severed from the English machine by my bullets.

The remnants were distributed in the surroundings west of Combles.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Among the "remnants" that took that mile-deep dive to earth was the body of one of the tallest pilots in the Royal Air Force. Second Lieutenant Wilson Porter, Jr., of Port Dover, Ontario, Canada, was six feet two inches in his socks, with broad shoulders, slim hips, and the belly of a greyhound. His twenty-six-year-old eyes beamed perfect health and the quick perception of a dashing horseman.

That's the way Wilson Porter, Sr., in Port Dover, describes the son who never came back. About what happened he knows only that the boy was reported missing on March 24, 1918.

> I only know that he was in three battles in the artillery and was wounded in his left arm and then transferred to the air service [writes the father]. I never could find out what happened to him on March 24, 1918. We never heard anything after the "missing" telegram.

The British casualty records show that young Porter's squadron of fighting S. E. 5's left the airdrome shortly after noon on that day, and that Porter was last seen in an engagement with German scout planes west of Peronne.

Porter's S. E. 5 was the only one of its type missing at that place and time, which coincides with Richthofen's report and is the basis for the conclusion that the young Canadian was his adversary.

DURING a longer fight on the same day, another group of S. E. 5's of the Forty-first Squadron bumped into one of Manfred's staffels while on patrol over Havrincourt, and, in the mêlée, Second Lieutenant Donald Cecil Tucker, nineteen years old and just out of school, went down to his death.

Many months after the Armistice, F. J. Tucker, the father, who lives in Somerset, England, received Donald's identity disk from the War Department. It had been found at Longueval on the charred remains of a flying officer.

The father believes his son was shot down in flames, which would eliminate him as Richthofen's victim for that day.

The next afternoon, nineteen-year-old Second Lieutenant Donald Cameron went down in a wreath of flames and smoke. The flying uhlan reported:

A German pilot, wounded in the air, receiving first-aid treatment. With good luck, the fighting men-birds who fell behind their own lines soon went aloft again.

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-eighth Victory.
> Date: March 25, 1918.
> Time: 3:55 P. M.
> Place: Above Bapaume-Albert road near Contalmaison.
> Plane: Sopwith one-seater. Burnt. Englishman (beginner).
>
> With five planes of Staffel Eleven I attacked several English one-seaters northeast of Albert.
>
> I approached to within fifty yards of one of the machines and shot it to flames.
>
> The burning machine fell between Contalmaison and Albert and burnt on the ground. Bombs which had apparently been in the plane exploded several minutes later.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

The incendiary words "burn," "flames," and "explode" occur five times in the comparatively short report, a reiteration which might lead the psychologist to discern an obsession based on the mental picture of a human torch falling downward through the air.

Donald's major wrote a letter to the mother, whose home is Wellbrae Park, Strathaven, Lanarkshire. He did not mention the word fire, but he did say that the young flier was carrying bombs on the flight from which he never returned.

Second Lieutenant W. Knox, a young Welshman from Cardiff and a fighting pilot of the Fifty-fourth Squadron, appears from an examination of all available material to have been the next adversary of Richthofen. Knox left his airdrome in a Sopwith one-seater in the afternoon of the day following the death of Don Cameron.

His orders were to "do a patrol," but his destiny was an aerial rendezvous with death at a quarter to five over the woods of Contalmaison. Richthofen reported:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Sixty-ninth Victory.
> Date: March 26, 1918.
> Time: 4:45 P. M.
> Place: Woods south of Contalmaison.
> Plane: Sopwith one-seater.
> Occupant: Englishman; burnt in the air.
>
> Flying with Lieutenant Udet and five gentlemen of my staffel, I spotted a Sopwith one-seater.
>
> I attacked, and at first the adversary tried to escape us by clever flying.
>
> From a distance of not more than the length of one plane, I shot him to flames.
>
> The machine broke in two parts as it went down.
>
> A body fell out and into the woods near Contalmaison.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Fifteen minutes after the cremation of Knox, another funeral pall of black smoke went streaking down the afternoon sky and ended in a smoldering pyre just outside the same shell-splintered forest. The ace reported as follows:

> Requesting acknowledgment of my Seventieth Victory:
> Date: March 26, 1918.
> Time: 5 P. M.
> Place: Two kilometers northeast of Albert.
> Plane: R. E. Old type, two-seater.
> Occupants: Englishmen; burnt.
>
> One quarter of an hour after my first victory today I spotted in almost exactly the same spot an old R. E. plane flying low at an altitude of 2,000 feet.
>
> I dived and put myself behind it.
>
> Then I shot 100 bullets into it until it started burning.
>
> At first the Englishman in the observer's seat defended the plane with the rear machine gun. The plane fell burning and also burnt on the ground.
>
> BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

THERE were two British R. E.'s missing that afternoon. The four men that flew in them were never heard of again. These obsolete machines, undoubtedly sent aloft as last hopes to relieve the British emergency on the ground, were the easiest possible prey for the fast-flying Fokker triplanes.

From the available accounts, it appears likely that Second Lieutenant Matt Leggatt and his pilot, Second Lieutenant V. J. Reading, were Richthofen's victims.

Armed with Lewis and Vickers guns, they had left the Fifteenth Squadron airdrome shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon to patrol the German line near Albert and return, if possible, with a report of the size and whereabouts of the German reserves. This would account for their flying at so low a height over so dangerous a part of the active front.

Leggatt had reached the front in France in 1916, won his "pip" as an officer in 1917, and was on flying duty in the air service in January, 1918. In the Scottish

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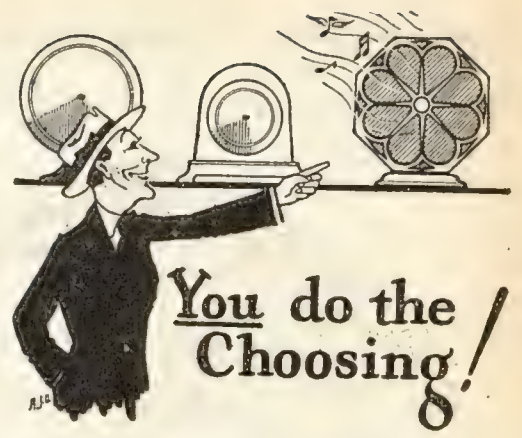

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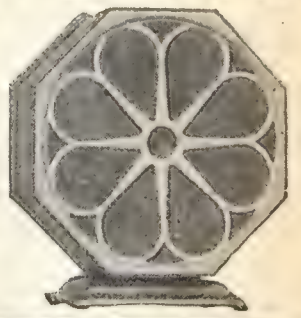

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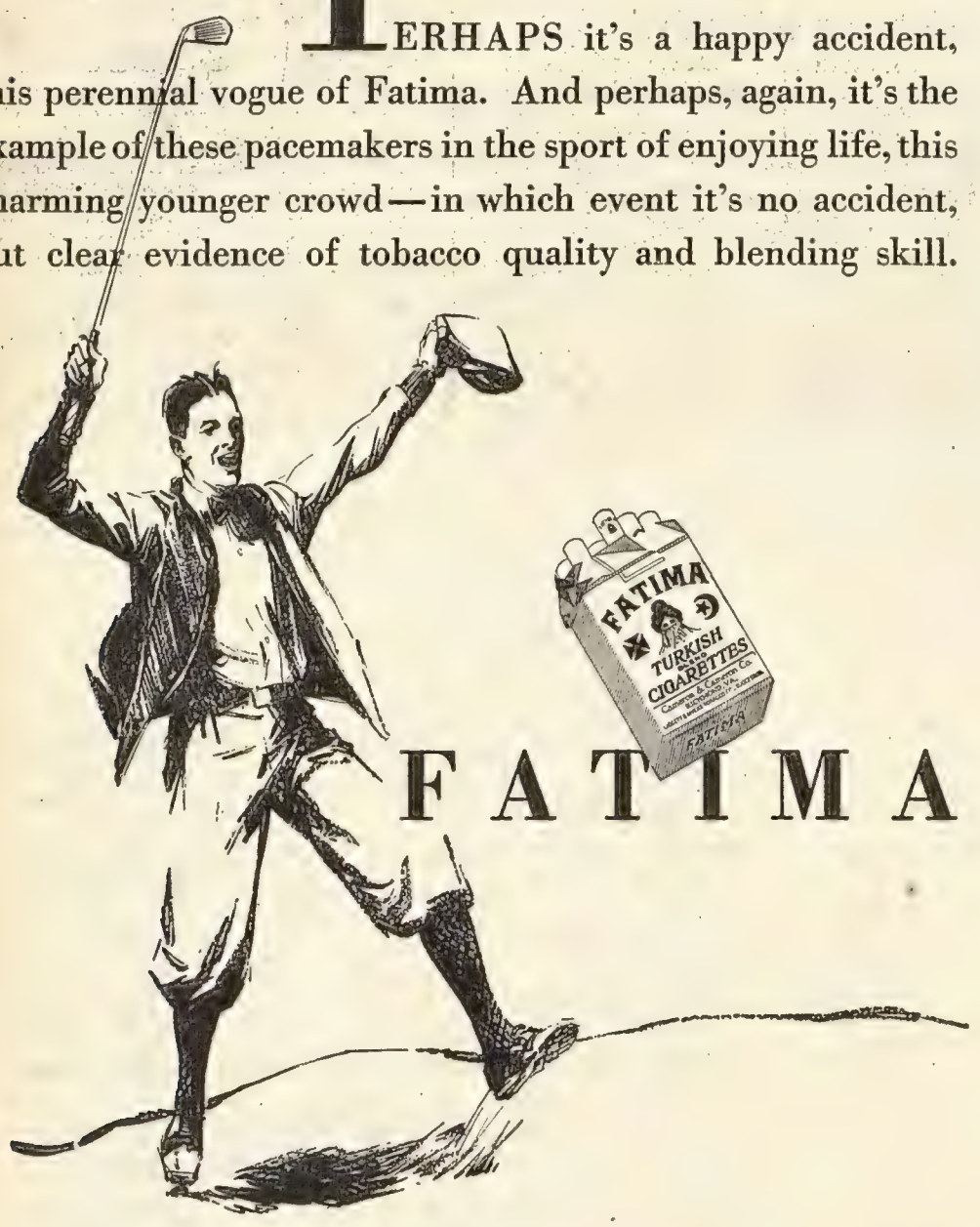

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Regular 50 cent bottle sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

town of Ayr lives Mrs. Celia E. Leggatt. In response to my letter she wrote:

> Matt was twenty-two years old and we had just been married six months before his death. He went back to France on January 28, 1918, and from then up to the time he was killed was flying almost every day.
>
> The pilot with whom he was killed was Second Lieutenant V. J. Reading and their machine was supposed to have been shot down near a place called Pasirilus.

Arthur Reading, Esq., whose home is Knoddishall Lodge, Saxmundham, Suffolk, is the father of the pilot who died with Leggatt.

In the scrapbook of Richthofen is to be found the photograph of the charred skeleton of the second plane that went down under his guns that day. In a woman's handwriting on the back of the photograph are the two words: "Manfred's Seventieth."

The other R. E. that fell in the fighting that day—probably sent down by some of Richthofen's *Herren*—was occupied by Lieutenant C. E. Wharram and Second Lieutenant T. H. Buswell of the Fifty-second Squadron.

Wharram, whose father lived in Berkshire, England, was a student at Leeds University at the outbreak of the war. He obtained a commission in the South Staffordshire Regiment in 1915 and served at Gallipoli, where he was wounded. He completed his air training the following year and went to the hospital again from the effects of an incendiary bullet.

He returned to the front on March 21, and five days later made his first flight after leave. It was his last.

Richthofen shoots down three planes in one day. One of his victims, who fell out of his cockpit three miles in the air, and then fell back again, tells his story in next week's LIBERTY.

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

Song from Pippa Passes

By ROBERT BROWNING

[Robert Browning (1812-1889) was distinguished as a poet by original thought, insight into human character, and dramatic genius. In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, also a poet, and lived for some years in Italy. He died in Venice, and is buried in Westminster Abbey.]

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

Womanly Beauty—Charm

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Skin Without Hair

Wherever you go, whatever you wear, to be really attractive you must have a skin free from disfiguring hair.

For 20 years Del-a-tone Cream or Powder has been preferred by most fastidious women as the quickest and best method of removing hair.

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By Evan John David

The thrilling, true story of an old salt's adventures as the captive pilot of a liquor smuggler—a tale stranger than fiction.

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CELLULOID PIES

Ma Morse Treats to the Movies

A Chapter of Fun in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Continuity

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"GRAND sale!" Junior Morse yelled. "Everything cut and slashed to nothing before sold. Come on, Ma!"

"I'll be right up," Mrs. Morse called, embellishing her fresh pie-crust with the Big and Little Dippers. Her nerves were rather on edge from the all-day rainy-Saturday ordeal of having the neighbors' children parked in her garret.

It was her second trip up the attic stairs. The first had been at 1:30; she had puffed upward to witness Columbus and the Indians—an impromptu one-act play. It cost a dime, and among other intimate props she recognized her new auburn hair switch.

"This is the last time today," she told the boys. "I'll get high blood pressure up here under the roof." And she ducked her head to escape braining herself against a low beam.

The glory that was her tidy garret had vanished: it was now called The Beehive Dept. Store —Cornerstone Layed in 1800—and Mrs. Morse became a generous bargain-hunter:

She bought back her own canned soup at five cents per can, paid three cents for some of her own soap flakes, and pretended not to see a tired summer fly floating in her nickel glass of orangeade—squeezed from her own fruit. Then she spent a dime on a cardboard ham which up to that moment had graced the drug-store counter as a hot-water bag.

"I declare, I spent more than I expected," she told Junior. "But now you all have enough money for the movies. They're having one of those funny Custard comedies down at the Bijou."

She found Lil and Sandy downstairs, packing. They hoped to move into their own apartment the next day!

"The boys are going to the movies," Ma told them, adding her avoirdupois to a stubborn I-won't-shut trunk. "You two had better go along so they can get in."

"All right," Lil said. "We'll take them in and then come right out. The linoleum man'll be at the apartment about five."

A parade of dripping umbrellas and giggling boys—headed by the newlyweds. An appetizing detour into the nut-and-popcorn shop!

"I guess we look funny," Lil whispered to Sandy. And then she smiled as the traffic cop stopped a swell limousine to let her cross with her muddy-footed brood.

"Are they all yours?" the ticket-chopper asked Sandy in the lobby. Lil blushed.

"Sure." Sandy winked. "And here's a cigar."

Howls of laughter! The Custard comedy was being flashed upon the screen. Lil shooed the excited boys up to the gallery, and then she and Sandy retreated before the usual broadside of custard pies began to fly in this popular comedy.

A sevenfold series of creak-creak-creaks as the boys jerked down their seats. A patter-patter-patter as Junior's package of popcorn went rolling down the gallery stairs.

Nobody dared look away from the screen for fear of missing something: flying charlottes russe, insides dripping from squashed pastry, squirting vichy bottles, pigeon-toed flour tracks—

And an uplifting close-up of the hero, the unwilling recipient of a custard pie hurled from a Fifth Avenue bus!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

English as She Is Spoke

Marion, aged six, was sitting on the front step when the grocer drove up and stopped his horse in front of a rose-bush. The horse took a step toward the bush.

"Whoa!" called Marion. The horse stopped.

In a minute he took another step.

Again "Whoa!" and another pause.

Once more the horse stepped toward the bush.

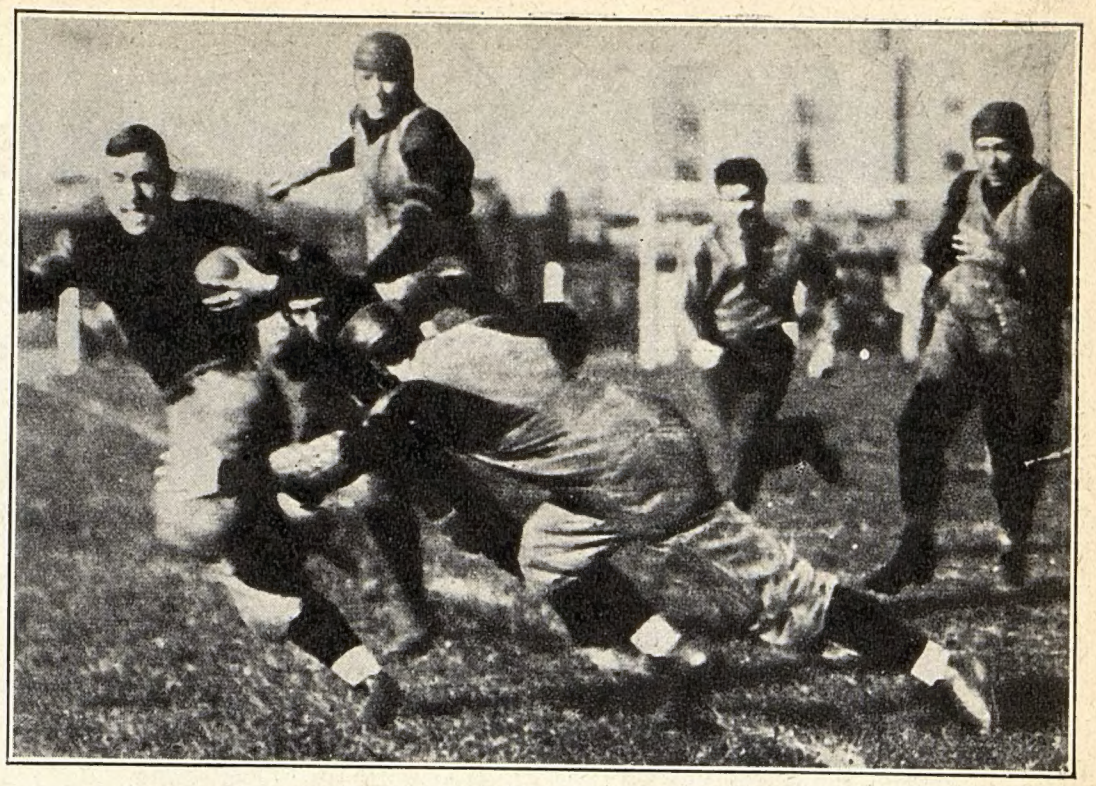
"Whoa!" Marion shouted. "And keep whoaed!"—A. D. Murray, 36 Reservation Road, Milton, Mass.

At a Disadvantage

My little niece Betty, aged six, has been taking dancing lessons. There happened to be just one little boy in the class with several little girls. A few days ago the boy stopped coming for lessons.

"I don't blame him," said Betty's mother. "He was the only boy in the class."

"I don't blame him either, Mother," replied Betty. "Lots of times the teacher tells us to hold out our skirts —and he hasn't any."—Mrs. Eli H. Austen, 710 South Oak St., Owatonna, Minn.



ONE MINUTE *to Play!* ' ' '

IT'S time now. Whistles. Shrieks. "Hold that line!" "There he goes!" Dull thud of hurtling bodies. Breath-taking plays. Impossible tackles.

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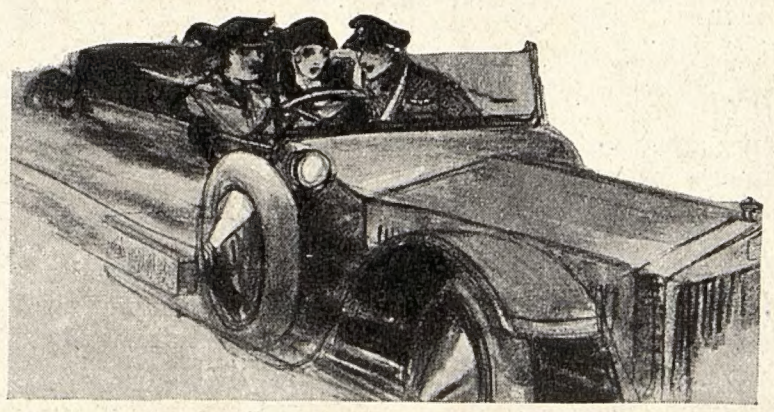
44. Ontario
45. Montreal & Quebec
46. EASTERN ATLAS
47. WESTERN ATLAS



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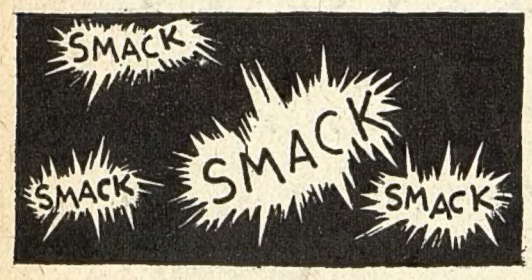
VOX POP

Results of Reading LIBERTY

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Some time ago LIBERTY printed an article on how the amusement parks enable a bashful young man to break the ice with his bashful sweetie. It was called The Lady Must Squeal, by Homer Croy.

The author certainly did arouse my curiosity, and at last I decided to give it a trial.

One night I was introduced to a very sweet and shy young sheba. I immediately suggested our visiting an amusement park. Well, going there we were very prim and proper. We sat as far apart as the



rear seat would permit, and I was beginning to think that Mr. Croy was full of whale-oil.

Well, we arrived there, and I immediately suggested going on the scenic railway. No sooner had we reached the top of the incline, and the car started gathering speed for the downward swoop, when I felt two charming arms around my neck. Of course I then enclosed her in mine to protect her in case the car left the track.

And then came darkness. When we gained the surface again I was the proud possessor of four kisses and great esteem for LIBERTY.

We had similar happenings on other amusements which we went on. —*H. V. L.*

Stop Stuttering!

POE, IND.—I'd like to read LIBERTY, but every time I get to the important part of a story my "reading time" expires and I have to quit and start over again on some other story.—*I. S. Q.*

War versus War

BOSTON, MASS.—Your story of Richthofen is most superb propaganda against war.—*G. H. Blair.*

From a Mind-Reader

AKRON, OHIO—I enjoyed your War Birds—also am following The Red Knight. But if you want to give us something hot I'd suggest you check up on Frank Luke from Arizona, the one real flaming genius America produced in the war. He didn't last long, but Oh! Boy!—while he lasted. . . .

Why not send one of your star men out to Arizona? Have him start at the beginning and follow Frank to the end, in a grave back of the lines.

We never heard of him very much, because he wouldn't stand discipline. He's the fellow, you know, who would go A. W. O. L. in his plane and bag a plane or two or a balloon on his way home.—*Lester N. Steele.*

Advises F. P. A. to Go A. W. O. L., P. D. Q.

ROSLYN, L. I., N. Y.

You know your onions, Franklin P.;
Your article was good, by gee!
That one on how outrageously
The gals play poker.

When in a game with women-folk
Who laugh and talk and hum and joke,
It gets one's goat till one goes broke—
And broke and broker.

But even though you rate our praise,
If we right now were in your place
We'd leave the State for fifteen days—
Or maybe twenty.

Because these female poker-players,
Nerve-destroyers, game-delayers,
Are the champ last-word purveyors,
And they're all going to make a grab for their pencils, pens, crayons, portable typewriters, and other damthings that won't ryhme with anything and Get you plenty!

—*George S. Cowlam.*

Illustration for This One Deleted by Censor

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The asinine stupidity of the article by Franklin P Adams, regarding women poker-players, is astounding.

In his article he touches on the unfairness of women in playing the game, and then winds up his outburst by admitting that all men are more deceitful than women.

I think that Mr. Adams must have been in a game with some women, and instead of the women losing their camisoles, Mr. Adams retired minus his B. V. D.'s.—*Alba V. Cottle.*

When Thinking People Think

MADISON, WIS.—Who could read Coach Jess B. Hawley's LIBERTY article, Football *versus* Suicide, and not be struck with the real reason why there is opposition among thinking people to overdeveloped college football as it is today? The reason is that football is too swell-headed.

Supported wildly by thousands of middle-aged and middle-intelligent alumni, the game has built up an aristocracy that is laughable. It is on every campus.

Football has clamored over our schools with its trail of pool-hall sportsmen and fat idol-worshipers, to use the library and hall for a pedestal to stand on before the uneducated and flaunt its righteousness in the faces of the faculty and most of the student body.—*R. N. C.*

Great Rita (This is a Pun)

CHICAGO, ILL.—Give us more of Rita Weiman's works. They're great!—*Ralph Wm. Voigt.*

Marvelous Memory

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—Is *Junior* dyeing *his* hair, too? Ask Leslie Thrasher how come that in two of the recent covers of LIBERTY—Come, Puss, Puss! and Stunting!—his hair is black, while some time ago, in Dog-gone! it was yellow. Women are bad enough. Don't start the men!—*A Reader.*

Brimming Ladies

JACKSON, TENN.—About this gal called Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, and her article—The Sexless Figure—in defense of fat women.

Where did she get the idea that the American woman should desire to become as one of the fat, superfluous creatures described in her article?

She tells about one big thing weighing little less than two hundred pounds who is just brimming over with life. Weighing two hundred, and probably with a corset attached, she couldn't help but brim over somewhere.

I like my women good-looking, slender, and healthy.—*L. M. H.*

How Fouled Fighters Fall

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Re Mr. Edward Doherty's article, Fair Fight or Foul?—which was very enjoyable—wish to state that after seeing the movies of the Dempsey-Sharkey fight eight times, it is impossible to tell from them whether the body punches in the seventh round are fair or foul—as Dempsey's back is to the camera. (They appeared to me to be fair.)

So one must judge from Sharkey's actions after the knock-out. The films show him holding the pit of his stomach as he starts to *sink* to the floor. He was helped on his way with a left hook to the jaw. If he had been hit below the belt he wouldn't have sunk—he'd have dropped, helpless, and they'd have carried him from the ring.—*Milt Frohman.*

Bullets Up His Sleeve

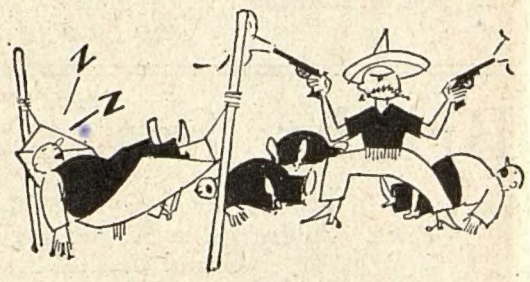
ROCHESTER, N. Y.—In the September 10 LIBERTY Richthofen uses up his 1,000 rounds of ammunition chasing an English flier, and then, by making faces at him or using hypnotism, forces him to land behind the German lines.

To keep the Englishman from burning his plane he showers him with a barrage of bullets. How come? Did he borrow them from the Englishman?—*M. Starks.*

We Know an Eskimo Who Never Saw a Polar Bear

ROCHESTER, PA.—Some people seem to have all the luck. I spent seven years in Central America, and another seven in Panama, and never saw a single person killed.

This Mr. Batson who wrote Revolutions à la Carte, spends forty-



eight hours in Ceiba and sees more fire, hell, and sudden death than even Chicago can boast of.

Truly "the pen is mightier than the sword."—*E. L. Hubbard.*

Too Near Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—There are, no doubt, valleys in the mountains of Alabama as ultra-primitive as those described in your story, Ben Bennett's Boy, but certainly not that near to Birmingham.

I do not know where Mr. Dangerfield resides, but the tale has the earmarks of having been written from afar.—*D. P. Yullison.*

ARTISTIC ERROR—BEG PARDON

Mr. Joseph J. Carosella, of Waterbury, Connecticut, referring to the issue of September 10, writes:

"The drawing by Harold von Schmidt, for A Ride in the Country, where he depicted a group of Nubian jazz artists earning their nocturnal beans, took the proverbial cake. The saxophone-player was playing a left-handed saxophone. On all reed wind instruments the left hand is always the hand nearest the top. They can't be played any other way.

"And, ye gods and little fishes, if there wasn't also a southpaw banjo-player!"

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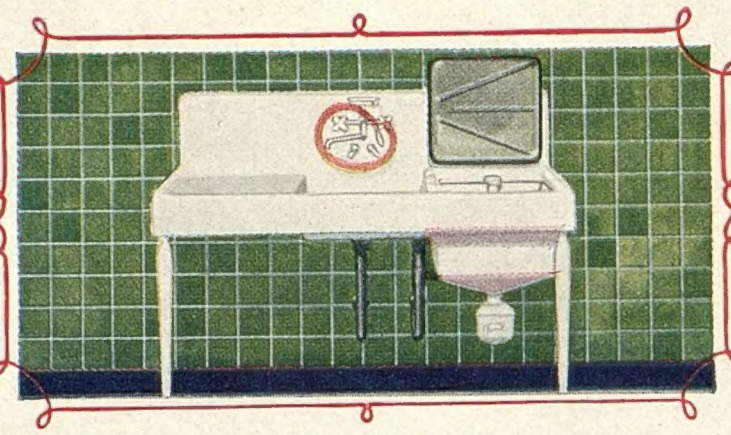

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